MEMOIRS

Of a Certain

ISLAND

Adjacent to the

Kingdom of *UTOPIA.*

Written by a Celebrated AUTHOR *of that Country.*

Now tranſlated into ENGLISH.

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MEMOIRS
OF A
CERTAIN ISLAND
Adjacent to the
Kingdom of *UTOPIA.*

A Noble Youth, who had ranged o'er almoſt all the habitable Part of the Globe in ſearch of Pleaſure and Improvement, at laſt arrived at an Iſland famous for Arts and Sciences, and talked of, by the neighbouring Nations, as a Place where all uſeful Accompliſhments might, in the moſt elegant manner, be attained. He had no ſooner landed, than he was charmed with even the firſt and rudeſt Proſpect; but when he had entered farther, and could diſtinctly view the lovely Landſcape, he became quite loſt, and raviſhed in Contemplation. Where-e'er he caſt his wondering Eyes, all had the Face of Joy! of everlaſting Peace!——

and ſoft Repoſe!——no Tumults——no Noiſe—no ſtormy Tongues of Faction, nor Elemental Hurricanes ſeemed ever to have diſturbed the Quiet of this happy Shore! Every thing was ſerene and gay!——All Nature ſmiled as at the firſt Formation!———A thouſand Breezes fanned the ambient Air, and wanton'd on the ever-blooming Trees!—A thouſand various kinds of Birds, in warbling Notes, chanted their Maker's Praiſe, and bleſt the Paradiſe they dwelt in!——Here yellow Fields confeſſed indulgent *Ceres!*——there verdant Meads rejoiced the brute Creation——At diſtance he beheld the tow'ring Mountains riſe! Huge Oaks and ſtately Elms adorned their lofty Summits, and nodding o'er the Verges, ſpread a delightful Shade o'er all the Vales beneath!——The God of Waters too ſeemed to have made this Iſle his choiceſt Favourite, and from his mighty Source numberleſs little Streams ran winding thro' the Plains, to glad the Earth, and eaſe the Tiller's Toil!———Ah! *cry'd the Stranger (tranſported with the rapturous View)* how charming! how glorious! is all that meets my Sight! How every thing is formed for Profit and Delight!——The People born under ſuch auſpicious Influences muſt certainly be the *richeſt* as well as *happieſt* Nation in the World!——What would I not give to be one of thoſe Darlings of Heaven!——With what Tranquility might I paſs my Days in theſe refreſhing Groves!—theſe cool Retreats!—theſe bliſsful Bowers!—How could I ever wander thro' this enchanting Scene, and ſtill find ſomething new to entertain Reflection!——O Land of Joy! where the extenſive Sight at once takes in more than Imagination's ſlow-paced reach can fathom in an Age!——He continued in this extatick Reſvery, till, on a purling Rivulet's delightful Bank, extended at full Length, he ſpy'd a Being of more than mortal Beauty.—It appeared a

Boy,

Boy, not exceeding eight or ten Years of Age; his Complexion ſeem'd malleable Ivory—his poliſhed Limbs and fine-proportioned Body were wholly expoſed to View;—he was all naked, but where an Azure Scarf fell from his Neck, and ſerved to ſkreen thoſe Parts, which Modeſty forbids to be revealed: It was compoſed of thinneſt, pureſt, Air! bright and clear as an unclouded Sky!—his Eyes were Stars, whoſe Shine out-rivalled that which uſhers in the Morn, but more benign and ſoft than thoſe which form the Milky Way!—Eternal Youth ſat ſmiling on his Cheeks! and Graces all Divine play'd round his Ruby Lips!—A Wing each Shoulder bore, whoſe dazzling Pinions were dip'd in liquid Light, and diffuſed unutterable Day around the Place!—In his right Hand he held an unbent Bow, while on the other his heavenly Head leaned penſive and reclined.——An Object ſo new! ſo aſtoniſhing to human Eyes, was very near depriving the Adventurous Gazer of his Senſes; but Fate, who had made choice of him to be the Diſcoverer of Secrets, to which the greater part of the World were wholly Strangers, ſtrengthened him to ſupport all that was neceſſary for the mighty Purpoſe:—his Amazement!—his Terror! began by little and little to abate; and at laſt he! a Mortal, beheld Divinity, without any other Emotions than what proceed from that reverential Awe, which all who but contemplate Incomprehenſibility muſt feel.—He doubted not but he was in the preſence of a God, and proſtrated himſelf on the Earth in humble Adoration.—Riſe! (*ſaid the Deity, and as he ſpoke, Ambroſial Odours iſſued with his Breath*) riſe, worthy Stranger! for ſuch I am ſure thou art, ſince, uncorrupted by the vile Schiſm which infects this Iſle, thou dareſt to worſhip a Power, whom almoſt all the Natives here renounce. Far be it from me (*reply'd the wondring Youth*) ever

to omit that Adoration which is the due of all Celeſtial Beings—much more to thee! who, if thy raviſhing Form and Bow deceive me not, art the moſt kind, beneficent, and condeſcending of them all. Thou judgeſt right *(reſum'd the ſmiling God)* I am indeed the Deity of *Love!*—diſtinguiſhed Patron of this once happy Iſle!—the People then were born to Bleſſings!—I interceded with each heavenly Name, and every God combined to make them happy:—*Mars* gave them Courage to ſubdue their foreign Foes! *Minerva* Wiſdom, to diſcover and circumvent home-bred Conſpiracies!—*Bacchus* enriched their Vintage!—*Ceres* bleſs'd their Harveſt!—*Venus* gave Beauty to their Nymphs, and my Companion *Honour* influenced their Swains!—*Hymen* aſſiſted at their Marriages!—even *Jupiter*, and the Ocean's God heard my Entreaty, and rendred them too great to be withſtood;—they were formidable to the moſt diſtant Nations,—their Forces were feared, and their Alliance courted;——this Spot of Earth was then the Pride and Envy of the Creation——but, alas! what is it now?——what will it be in time?—Divine Juſtice has already began to inflict the Puniſhment their Apoſtacy from all that's good deſerves, and they muſt ſoon, very ſoon, be as wretched as they have been bleſs'd.—I can no longer take their part,——they no longer vouchſafe to own me,—and there is an over-ruling, —an Almighty Fate, which prevents even the Immortals themſelves from giving unask'd Aſſiſtance. —No Incenſe now burns on my neglected Shrine! —no Offerings are paid!——my Temples are defaced!—my Altars broke!—and, in my ſtead, the miſtaken Wretches, with ſacrilegious Worſhip, idolize a *Fiend!*—'Tis true, the Demon has uſurped my Name!—my Face!—my Voice!—they ſtill revere and call on *Cupid*,—*Cupid* they ſtill adore—— But not a *Cupid* accompany'd with Innocence, Virtue,

tue, Conſtancy, but a *Cupid*, uſhered in by wild Deſires, Impatiences, Perplexities, and whoſe ghaſtly Train are filled with Shame, Diſgrace, Remorſe, and late Repentance and Deſpair! Yet this is the Deity to whom they ſacrifice—this is the God they invoke, and with *Pecunia* drives from their perverted Souls all Sentiments of Honour, Virtue, Truth, or Gratitude.———A blind Gratification of unlicens'd Wiſhes is all they aim at, they endeavour not to *merit*, but *obtain*; and their Deſigns once compaſſed, regard not by what means: but ſoon, tho' too late to repair it, they will perceive their Error.———Ruin comes on apace, ſwift from her horrid Court the Blood-dy'd Monſter flies, unnumbered Miſeries fill her remorſeleſs Hands, and Plagues on Plagues ſhe brings: ——— Diſcord and Madneſs are her Harbingers, and have already begun their Work;—a univerſal Infatuation ſeems to have ſeized the Minds of the Inhabitants of yonder proud *Metropolis*; they are in haſte to be undone—they hurry to Perdition.—But ſince I ſee Curioſity and Expectation in thy Eyes, I will once more reviſit that ungrateful City, and viſible to no ſight but thine, ſhow thee the Deſtruction theſe Ideots are ſo fond of, and by what means they are provoking the Vengeance of long-ſuffering Heaven.

The God no ſooner ceaſed, than, ſwift as Thought, a radiant Cloud deſcended, and wrapping itſelf round them, wafted them in a moment from that bliſsful Solitude, to a Place all Noiſe, all Hurry, and Confuſion! The Stranger found himſelf in a great Street, where Multitudes of People were paſſing backwards and forwards;—the Preſs was ſo thick, juſt in that part of it where he alighted, that he would have been in ſome danger of being trod to Death, if not protected by a Deity.——— There were a vaſt Number who ſeemed endeavour-

ing to get through a large Gate-way, which, tho' wide open, was rendred almoſt inacceſſible by the mad Impatience of thoſe, who, joſtling for Admittance, were a hindrance to one another: But our Knight-Adventurer, accompany'd by his Celeſtial Guide, made an eaſy way through the Crowd, and came into a ſpacious Court, in the middle of which there was a *Well* vaſtly deep, and of a prodigious Circumference: two ſtately Figures, oppoſite to each other, o'erlook'd the liquid Chryſtal;—one was of *Pecunia*, Goddeſs of Intereſt, the other of *Fortune*, mounted on her Wheel's extremeſt Spoke: a thouſand Wretches, in ſuppliant Poſtures, invoked the Benevolence of that fickle Deity. The Shrine of *Pecunia* was compaſſed with her Prieſts, and round the *Well* unnumbered Crowds ſtood gazing, as if in expectation of ſome wonderful Event.—Here was to be ſeen, at once, all the various Sects which make up the whole Sum of Human Kind—all Orders,—all Degrees,—promiſcuouſly mingled, Nobles and Plebeians,—Grandees and Knights of Induſtry,—grave Judges, private Centinels,—Prieſts,—Generals,—Women of Honour mixed with common Proſtitutes,—the Prude,—Coquette, the Miſer, and the Prodigal laying aſide all Prejudice of Principle or Education, here met, and joined in Converſation on their common Aim. Nothing ever was more worthy Obſervation than the different Looks and Motions of this confuſed Aſſembly;—ſome, with Countenance elate, an Air all arrogant, appeared to have arrived at the height of their Wiſhes, and had nothing to fear either from Gods or Men;—others, in all the Poſtures of the moſt violent Deſpair, tearing their Hair, wringing their Hands, beating their Breaſts, and filling the regardleſs Air with Cries and Lamentations;—a third ſort ſeemed divided betwixt Hope and Fear, one moment believing they ſhould immediately be

poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed of all their Souls were ſet on,—the next that they were undone for ever. There were ſome, tho' but a few, who behaved themſelves with Moderation, and would fain have been thought unaffected with their Misfortunes, which yet they could not help diſcovering, by biting their Lips, hanging down their Heads, and ſuch-like Tokens of ſullen, ſilent Diſcontent———In fine, in all this numerous Throng, there was ſcarce a Perſon who appeared to be in his right Senſes, and our Traveller not able to comprehend the meaning of what he ſaw, took the liberty of entreating his Divine Companion to inform him. The Deity having brought him there for no other purpoſe, immediately comply'd with his Requeſt, in theſe or the like words.

The Story of the Enchanted WELL.

YOU muſt know (*ſaid the Celeſtial Intelligence*) this Spring was firſt diſcover'd by a Perſon, called *Lucitario*, a famous Necromancer, who having, by ſome ſecret Services, rendered himſelf dear to the Intereſt and Favour of the Sovereign of this Iſland, eaſily obtain'd his Permiſſion to eſtabliſh it a Place of Worſhip. Accordingly he erected thoſe Statues you ſee placed there, the one of *Fortune*, the other of *Pecunia*; and in a little time, by the help of his pernicious Art, wrought ſo far on the Minds of the deluded Multitude, as to make it almoſt univerſally believed, that whoever would be rich, muſt repair to this miraculous Spring: which tho' in reality never any other than common Water (ſuch as you ſee it now) he had made appear to the

Eye like liquid Gold, flowing in Tides of Wealth to the Receiver's hand.——Under pretence of keeping the imaginary Treasure from being plundered, he encompassed it with a Wall, and placed a Guard about it;———none therefore were to reap any Advantage from this wonderful and exhaustless Source of Plenty, but those whose Offerings should be acceptable to the Deities, to whom, as he pretended, this *Well* was consecrated. The artful Wretch dress'd up Creatures of his own (O most abominable Prophanation!) in those Vestments which Priests are wont to wear when they officiate at the sacred Altars;—it was in their Hands the Sacrifices were intrusted,—to them all Oblations were paid: and happy did they think themselves, who were most magnificent in their Presents to these pretended holy Men ——Some came loaded with Plate,—others with Jewels, rich Furniture, Pictures, Beds, every one brought according to his Ability; for their Master *Lucitario* had ordered, that nothing should be refused.——'Tis incredible to what straits three Parts in four of these deluded Islanders reduced themselves, to glut the Avarice of a few, whose Adherence with the Necromancer raised them to a Condition far above what they could have hoped.——It was they indeed, who batten'd in the Spoils of the others,—the floating *Gold* poured into their Coffers, while *Water* only was the Portion of the rest.—Young *Spendthrifts*, who, indulging themselves in the Vices of the Age, had revelled away the greatest part of what their careful Ancestors had saved, were willing to risque the Residue in Offerings to these Shrines, in hope of having twice as much as they had spent restored.—— Grave *Grandfires*, who had amass'd vast Heaps of Treasure, sufficient to have preserved them and their Posterity for many Generations from Want, gladly plunged it all into this magical *Well*, not doubting

doubting in the leaſt but they ſhould have Returns proportionable to the Value of the Sacrifice.——The *Rich* were greedy to increaſe their Store,—the *Indigent* eager to know a better State;—thoſe who had already made their Fortunes, were ambitious of raiſing them;—thoſe who had not, thought this the only way;—all were alike tranſported,—all equally infatuated,—and all ſuffered in the ſame fatal Diſappointment,—except, as I have already taken notice, thoſe who were privy to the Juggle, or whoſe Intereſt with *Lucitario* kept him from permitting they ſhould be impoſed on.—But among all who had the Misfortune of falling into this Snare, none had a greater Loſs than the Duke *de Conbree*; he had a plentiful Eſtate, and ſold or mortgaged it all to render himſelf acceptable to the imaginary Deities of this deſtructive *Well*.—While he had any thing to beſtow, his Expectation was kept alive by the continual Aſſurances the counterfeit Prieſts gave him, that in a very little time he would find his account in what he had done; but when all was gone, when neither Tree nor Acre was left; and Banker would advance no more, he was diſmiſſed from his Attendance at the ſacred Spring, with the cool Pity of his baſe Inveiglers, who told him they were extremely troubled at the Severity of his Fate, but it was not permitted them to pry into the ſecret Reaſons of the Deities diſpleaſure;—That *Fortune* ſeemed averſe to his Deſires, and he muſt ſtudy Patience and Reſignation.—Had he not indeed been Maſter of thoſe Virtues, or had been poſſeſſed of a little more Fire in his Conſtitution, he would at once have demoliſhed the ruinous Structure, and diſcover'd to the amazed Multitude the ſecret Paſſages through which the Wealth they had hoped to gain had been conveyed for other Uſes;—but being rather of a Temper more inclined to Indolence than too much Activity, he forbore

forbore any Endeavours either to redreſs, or revenge thoſe Wrongs, he now, too late, perceiv'd he had ſuſtain'd.—Robb'd of the means of living according to his Quality, and reduced to that uneaſy State of a Dependance on his Lady's Jointure for even the common Neceſſaries of Life, he fell into ſo exceſſive a Diſcontent, that he reſolved to ſhut himſelf from the View of all who knew him, and retired to the Houſe of a Woman, whom he had formerly been enamour'd with for her fine Voice. She had a very handſome Settlement of ſome thouſand Crowns a year, which he had given her; and O! prodigious Proof of Honour in a Woman of her Profeſſion, ſhe generouſly relinquiſh'd it all, nay intreated him on her Knees to reſume it, aſſuring him ſhe gave it back with greater Joy than ſhe receiv'd it:—When you beſtow'd on me (*ſaid ſhe*) this laviſh Teſtimony of your Love, I accepted it with an infinity of pleaſure, becauſe I knew ſuch Offerings come not but from the Heart! by that I found your Paſſion;—but in reſtoring it, I have an opportunity of proving the Sublimity of mine:—To have it in my power to contribute any thing to your Conſolation in an Exigence like this, gives me a Tranſport which Words cannot reveal.—O that I could alſo put you in poſſeſſion of all that curſed *Well* has taken from you! how gladly would I do it, tho' the beſt part of my Blood were the Exchange. Never did ſhe ceaſe ſolliciting him in this tender manner, till ſhe had prevail'd on him not only to reſume what he had given her, but alſo to accept of a great deal of ready Money which her Frugality had ſaved, reſerving only ſo much to herſelf, as ſerved to initiate her into Holy Orders. She went immediately into a Monaſtery, and is an Example of *Piety* to thoſe ſhe is now among, as in her late Behaviour ſhe was of *Honour* here. I wiſh, for the Glory of the

Fair

Fair Sex, I could produce many more ſuch Inſtances of Generoſity. But, alas! there are but few of a Diſpoſition ſo Heroick, not but the Avarice and Self-intereſtedneſs, which is generally obſerved in thoſe Women who make Sale of their Beauty, is chiefly owing to Men.——When a Courtezan, celebrated for her Charms, receives the Addreſſes of a Man who, perhaps, to her own knowledge, has been the Undoer of a thouſand poor unhappy Creatures, whoſe artleſs Innocence required no more than Love for Love; why ſhould ſhe not ſet a Value on herſelf, make him bid high for her Poſſeſſion, revenge her Sex's Injuries, and pay at once for all!—Beſides Men, when they make choice of a Miſtreſs, ſeldom regard any thing but her *exterior* Beauties, the *Soul* is the ſmalleſt Part of their Aim; and as it very rarely happens that a Woman, who has any Merits *there*, can ſubmit to *bargain* for the Favours ſhe diſpoſes, how can either Love, Gratitude, or Conſtancy be expected!——The *Duke* indeed had the good Fortune to find it otherwiſe, but ſuch Chances happen not in every Age:——I know of none to equal it.—The young Count *Marcus*, after having laviſhed the beſt part of his Eſtate on *Mirizaida*, could not be admitted to play at picquet with her, till he produced his Stake; the mercenary Woman perceiving his Ebb of Fortune, fell in league with a Creature of *Lucitario*'s, one to whom he left the chief Management of the Affairs of this *Well*; he contrived it ſo, as to enrich her with the Spoils of the more Worthy; ſhe now keeps her Chariot,—a handſome Equipage, paſſes on thoſe, that know her not, for a Woman of Virtue, and has the aſſurance to report the *Count* addreſs'd her for Marriage; but that finding him too profuſe in his Expences, ſhe had diſcarded him——That is ſhe, the preſs begins to give way, you may perceive her eaſily, ſhe ſtands near the Shrine of *Fortune*; obſerve

ſerve with what Diſdain ſhe rolls her Eyes around——mark, how ſhe laughs, and ſeems delighted at the melancholy Aſpect of a Lady that ſtands by her.——*Venus* has been liberal enough in giving her Attractions—Her Face is perfectly lovely—her Eyes want not Vivacity nor Sweetneſs—her Features are regular, and what ſhe has not in Complection, is abundantly made up by Art——ſhe appears altogether compleat——and yet, if you examine her ſtrictly, you will perceive a certain Air about her, which diſcovers ſome part of her Character.——Of much the ſame Diſpoſition is that fine Lady on her Right-hand, and owes, with as little deſert, much more to the Smiles of Fortune; ſhe has had ſix ſeveral Children by ſix ſeveral Men, without being Wife to any of them——has lived from the Age of 16 to 45 in the Circumſtance of a kept Miſtreſs, but is now married to a Perſon of the firſt Quality in the Iſland.—That young blooming Creature who ſeems talking to her, is her Daughter, ſhe had her by a Gentleman who is Governour of a foreign Plantation—ſhe is extremely agreeable, but inherits too much of her Mother's Humour.—But look—behold! where the vain gay *Marthalia* comes—ſee how the Crowd gives back to make room for her—what homage does ſhe not now receive from the mean-ſpirited Multitude; and yet there is ſcarce one here, that does not remember her in tatters, and know her for the moſt diſſolute and ſhameleſs of her Sex.——After a long Scene of continued Lewdneſs, ſhe at laſt married an old Servant of the Necromancer's——he languiſhes under an incurable Diſeaſe, and ſhe has the Management of his Affairs, and is by this means become a Woman of conſequence to thoſe unhappy Wretches, who yet have any dependance on this curſed *Well*——Her Change of State has not made the leaſt alteration in her Humour, ſhe was ever proud,

proud, inconſtant, mercenary, deſigning, a Contemner of the Gods, and a moſt zealous Votary to that *Demon*, who, for the Puniſhment of ill-judging Mortals, is permitted to aſſume my Name——the Advantages of Dreſs and Grandeur give her Opportunities which before ſhe wanted—ſhe is now careſs'd by thoſe, whoſe Servants once deſpiſed her, and the Footman, who could not formerly be prevailed on to take her in his Arms, ſees her now in his Maſter's, and lights him to that Bed, he would not once have ventured to go into himſelf—ſo ſtrangely does a little Pomp influence the Minds and Affections of Mankind!———But there are ſome who of late have ſeverely repented truſting themſelves in her Embraces, and curſed the artificial Sweets and Perfumes, which hindred them from diſcovering thoſe Scents, that would have been infallible Warnings of what they might expect in ſuch polluted Sheets.———But I can no longer endure to look upon her—the Object is too foul—for whatever ſhe may appear to you, I, who ſee into her Soul, and deteſt the Impurity of it, grow ſick at the Reflection—let us take off our Eyes from a Sight ſo loathed—let us carry them where Pity need not bluſh.—See, where apart from the gazing Crowd, the weeping *Graciana* ſits!—how innocent ſhe looks!—how lovely in Dejection!—how enchanting are her very Tears!—how does her Glances adorn even the moſt impairing of all the Paſſions!—what a Sweetneſs dwells in her Sorrow!—one would almoſt think Joy could not add to the Harmony of her Features!—and yet, ſhe is as different from what ſhe once appear'd——her Beauty as much ſunk beneath its former Brightneſs, as it is ſtill ſuperior to moſt others.——But becauſe her Hiſtory has ſomething particular in it, I will give it you at large.

The Hiſtory of GRACIANA.

HER Father was one of the richeſt Citizens in the Iſland, ſhe was his only Child, and it is not to be doubted but that ſo many Charms as you ſee in her, join'd to the Reputation of being a very great Fortune, attracted a number of Admirers: The old Gentleman was wearied with the continual Sollicitations of Perſons, whoſe Quality, Eſtates, and Characters were unexceptionable; but the Tenderneſs he had for her, finding her Inclinations averſe to Marriage, would not ſuffer him to preſs her ſo far, but that he ſtill left it in her power to refuſe.——In the moſt happy and undiſturb'd Tranquility did ſhe live, till her Intimacy with *Romanus*, a young *Utopian*, who on ſome diſguſt had quitted the Place of his Nativity, and was recommended by his Friends to ſome of the Miniſtry here, as a Perſon qualified to ſerve them in any Employment they ſhould think proper to entruſt him with.——The Father of *Graciana* being a leading Man in the Senate, was one of thoſe whoſe Intereſt he ſollicited for Promotion; and it was by this means he became acquainted with her, and had opportunity to inſtill that Poiſon, which has been the Bane of her Reputation, and her Peace of Mind—there was no room for her to ſuſpect his Deſigns were any other than honourable, the advantage in marrying him being wholly on his ſide: and this appearance of Security kept her from giving any check to thoſe Emotions which he alone had the power of inſpiring—In fine, ſhe became entirely my Votary; ſhe loved him

him with a Tenderneſs ſo pure, that it deſerv'd my peculiar regard; and as often as I look'd down and conſider'd it, I melted into pity for the Woes I knew ſhe was pre-ordain'd to ſuffer: for *Romanus*, by nature ſelf-intereſted, ambitious, mercenary, and ungrateful, was little meriting ſuch a ſoft Sublimity of Paſſion.——I had not the power to influence a Soul ſo guarded as was his againſt my Darts, by Avarice and Pride, thoſe Foes profeſs'd to Conſtancy and Love.——While he believed a Marriage with *Graciana* would raiſe his Fortune in the World, ſo long he intended it; but when once the Scene was chang'd, and ſhe no more could be ſubſervient to his *Intereſt*, ſhe ceas'd to be of conſequence to his *Wiſhes*:——her Beauty—her Virtue, her Good-nature—her Truth and Tenderneſs, were all too light in his eſteem, when poiz'd againſt the weightier Charms of Grandeur, Noiſe, and Hurry:——a gilt Chariot and ſplendid Equipage had greater Attractions than the loveliеſt Eyes; nor would *Apollo*'s Harp have had any Muſick in it, comparable to the neighing of half a dozen *Flanders* Mares, and the hoarſe Bellowings of a numerous Train, crying, *What's your Honour's Will?——Ho, there, my Lord calls!*——Her Father dying, left her to the Care of a particular Friend, a very honeſt Gentleman, but one who had not a Diſcernment ſufficient to prevent him from falling into the Infatuation of *Lucrario*'s Magick—he became, like the reſt, bigotted to the Enchantments of this *Well*, and ſunk in it not only his own Eſtate, but that of the Orphan entruſted to his Management——When he perceiv'd his Error, Grief for what he had done, threw him into a Fever, of which he died.——*Romanus*, who had not been conſulted in this Affair, was very much concern'd when he was told it——he never had an opinion of the *Well*, and knew immediately ſhe was undone, and conſe-

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quently no Wife for him; the firſt thing therefore that he thought on, was how to break with her handſomely, for their Loves had already proceeded as far as a Contract, and it was always a Maxim with him never to quarrel with any body, and when he acted the moſt inhuman purpoſe, always to do it with the face of Friendſhip. He had a vile Paſſion for the Poſſeſſion of *Graciana*, which was as yet ungratify'd—and to make him entirely at eaſe, it was neceſſary firſt to ſatiate that, and then find out ſome means to make the Fault of quitting her wholly on her ſide——In order to this monſtrous Intention, he pretended an Increaſe of Tenderneſs, viſited her every day, ſeem'd uneaſy whenever he was obliged to take leave of her—writ to her in the moſt moving Stile, and faſhion'd every part of his Behaviour in ſuch a manner, as made her think the loſs of her Fortune had been far from making any alteration in his Sentiments to her diſadvantage———When he found this Stratagem had work'd the Effect he aim'd at, and that her Breaſt was perfectly free from all thoſe but too juſt Suſpicions her Misfortunes had at firſt created in her, he took his time to make uſe of the advantage—he then told her, that to his great diſcontent, he fear'd it would be an Impoſſibility for them to marry as ſoon as he had hoped——the Promiſes his Friends had given him of making his Fortune, were ſlow in their execution, and till that was compleated, he could not bear to think of ſuffering her to ſhare an abject State with him—but conjured her, entreated her on his knees with ten thouſand well-diſſembled Sighs and Tears, and Words all ſeeming Truth and Ardency of Love, not to beſtow on any other that Heart ſhe had made him hope he had an Intereſt in—and concluded all with telling her, a little time, he doubted not, would make them both happy in their mutual Deſires.—

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He deliver'd this in ſuch a manner, and had ſo artfully prepar'd her to receive it, that ſhe, wholly free from all Deceit herſelf, was not the leaſt dubious of what he ſaid, and continu'd to admit his Viſits with the ſame, or more, Freedom than ever. —— She ſo ſtedfaſtly believ'd ſhe ſhould be one day his Wife, that, by degrees, Intimacy improving Familiarity, ſhe began to conſider him as if he were already her Husband;—ſhe regarded him with the ſame Tenderneſs, the ſame kind Concern for his Intereſt, as if the Ceremony of the Church had made her Paſſion her Duty.—Nothing, however, had paſs'd but what was conſiſtent with the Rules of Honour, till one unhappy Night, after a thouſand repeated Oaths and Proteſtations of eternal Fidelity, the poor deluded Maid, warm'd with his Fire, and ſooth'd by his Vows, yielded to all he ask'd,—allay'd the burning Fever in his Breaſt, and fill'd her own with everlaſting Anguiſh.—— The Rapture paſt, and wild Deſire appeas'd, all that remain'd now was how to get rid of her: ſhe had Kindred who had the power to revenge her Wrongs, if he ſhould openly affront her, and as all the Acquaintance on both ſides were ſenſible of the Profeſſions he had made her, he muſt either make it appear publickly ſhe was unworthy of them, or incur a Character he was very unwilling ſhould be given him. To avoid this, he laid a Plot ſo vile! ſo horrid! that one would think he muſt have ranſack'd Hell, and choſe the blackeſt Demon there to aſſiſt him in the forming it:—he told her a long, but plauſible, Story, that an Accident had happen'd, which render'd it unſafe for him to be ſeen in Town; but that not able to quit the ſight of his dear *Graciana*, he had taken private Lodgings, and chang'd his Name, and deſir'd that ſhe would direct her Letters (as almoſt every day there paſs'd ſome between them) to the Chevalier *d'Eſhart*.—

How might not any one by ſuch a Tale have been deceiv'd? The unſuſpecting Fair condoled his Misfortune, and obey'd his Orders; nothing could be more tender than what ſhe writ, and when he had receiv'd as many as he thought convenient for his purpoſe, he expos'd them to the Peruſal of all thoſe of her Friends, from whoſe Reſentment he had any thing to fear.—He accompany'd this pretended Diſcovery of her Falſhood, with ſo many Complaints of the Severity of his Fate in the Injuſtice ſhe had done him, that every body was of his ſide.—— It was in vain that ſhe proteſted her Innocence,—— exclaim'd againſt the Baſeneſs, the unexampled Barbarity of *Romanus*,—ſwoon'd,—almoſt died to find herſelf thus cruelly betray'd;—not one believ'd, not one pity'd her.—He had taken care to make it appear that there really was ſuch a Perſon as the Chevalier *d' Eſtart*, who had Lodgings at that very place to which her Letters were directed; and having no date upon them, 'twas eaſy to pretend they had been ſent before that Gentleman left the Iſland, for he was now gone from it with a deſign of ſettling in a diſtant Nation.—In ſhort, every thing look'd feaſible enough, and he had the Satisfaction of having an unqueſtionable Pretence never to ſee her more; the Blame, the Infamy was her's alone, and he is at this day receiv'd and careſs'd by the neareſt of her Relations, while ſhe is not permitted to own them as ſuch, or to enter their Houſes.—Caſt out and abandon'd by all from whom ſhe could have hoped Support,—ruin'd in her Fortune, —undone in her Reputation,—but more wretched in the Reflection, that ſhe owed all this to her too great Tenderneſs for the baſeſt of his Sex: ſhe was ſeveral times about to lay hands on her Life, but the Gods, to whom ſhe yet is dear for many Virtues, have ſtill averted the intended Blow.—— She now has pretty well vanquiſh'd her Deſpair,

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but will ſcarce ever be able to overcome her Melancholy, tho' I dare promiſe there is ſomething in ſtore for her, which will one day compenſate for her paſt Sufferings.

Here the *Deity* was prevented from ſaying any more by the Stranger, (who, very much tranſported with Rage at the Lady's baſe Treatment) could not forbear crying out,—But what is become of *Romanus*, the ingrateful! the perfidious Wretch! Did not ſuch a more than Devil-like Diſpoſition excite the extremeſt Vengeance of the offended Gods?—Did they not make him an inſtant Example of their Abhorrence of ſuch Crimes?——No, *reſum'd the Divine Hiſtorian*, his time of Puniſhment is not yet arriv'd; and tho' that which I have related (monſtrous as it is) is not the greateſt of his Crimes, he is allow'd to continue in them,—to perpetrate yet more!—not that Juſtice ſleeps, or is remiſſive in her Office, but this Traitor to all Honour and Fidelity is permitted to triumph for a while, on purpoſe to make miſerable thoſe unhappy Wretches, who, deviating from the Rules of Virtue, yield themſelves a Prey to his Inſinuations;—he is to them the Miniſter of avenging Heaven, as the Furies will hereafter be to him.——He marry'd ſoon after the Concluſion of his Affair with *Graciana*,—but what avails that ſacred Tye!—What Benefit has the agreeable *Mariana* of the vaſt Fortune ſhe brought him!—Is ſhe the better uſed, the more beloved for being one of the beſt and moſt tender Wives in the World!——No, *Romanus* has not a Soul capable of being touch'd by any of theſe Virtues; he is too proud to acknowledge an Obligation, and too much an Atheiſt to yield, even to thoſe Rules the Immortals themſelves obey.—He had not been a Husband above a Month, before he had a publick Intrigue with the Dutcheſs *de Cruzalla*, whether it proceeded from Intereſt or Incli-

nation is uncertain; for the latter has ever been ſo much govern'd by the former, that it is to be queſtion'd, if ever he thought it worth his while to purſue the one without ſome View of the other: therefore as this Lady being at that time a very great Favourite with the Sovereign, 'tis highly probable his Paſſion might ariſe from a Hope that ſhe would make her Lover's Fortune, either by procuring him a Title, or a Place at Court, both which his ſubtle-working Wit has long been endeavouring to obtain: but finding his Expectations on that ſide deceiv'd, he not only broke off his Amour with her, but made it his buſineſs to ridicule her in all Companies; his Baſeneſs, and her Indiſcretion, made the Affair ſo known, that her Lord (tho' before that, the moſt indolent Man in the world as to her Conduct) could not avoid taking notice of it, and ever after kept her in a Reſtraint no way agreeable to her Humour;——but not being very fond of taking that Revenge on *Romanus*, which Husbands in ſuch Caſes uſually do, he contented himſelf with doing him what private Miſchiefs he could, without calling him to any publick Account. During his Life, *Romanus* found it impoſſible to ſucceed in any thing, all his Deſigns were circumvented,——all his Artifices ſubverted,——all his Stratagems defeated,——but a few Months rid him of this potent Enemy;——he died, and left the Stage free for him, whoſe Cunning and unweary'd Induſtry could be foiled by none, but where Jealouſy made Vengeance equally diligent and watchful. Flattery, of which he is a perfect Maſter, in a little time after ingratiated him into the favour of ſome Men in power, who endeavour'd all they could to ſerve him, aſſiſted his Meaſures, and had certainly anſwer'd the Aim of his Ambition, if an unexpected Accident had not happen'd, which put an end at once to their Intentions,

tentions, and cut him from his Hope for ever.——He was very near being created a Peer, when the Perſon, who had been the greateſt of his Friends, and moſt capable of ſerving him, turn'd his mortal Enemy. The Occaſion of it was this:——He was entruſted by this Miniſter with an Intrigue he had with a Woman of Condition; ſhe happen'd to be agreeable to the Taſte of *Romanus*, and inſtead of managing the Affair for his Patron, endeavour'd to ſupplant him in the Affections of his Miſtreſs.——He had the advantage of a much more lovely Perſon, and had Arts of inſinuating what he would have believ'd, which were difficult to be withſtood. The Lady grew fond of him in a little time, and the Stateſman happening to come at an hour when a Viſit from him was not expected, catch'd her in Bed with this new Favourite.—He took no other Revenge on her, than calling her ungrateful and falſe; but *Romanus* had fallen a Victim that moment to his Rage, had not his Agility been his Protection.—He jump'd out of the Window as the other enter'd the Chamber, and the firſt Guſt of Paſſion being over, he would not expoſe himſelf ſo far, nor the Occaſion of his Diſpleaſure, as to ſend him a Challenge, but took an effectual Method to ruin him another way. He infus'd a Suſpicion of his Loyalty in the Sovereign's Breaſt, and when he came into the Preſence, big with the Expectation of approaching Honour, he was diſmiſs'd with Frowns, and order'd to appear there no more till ſent for. He is of too quick an Apprehenſion not to know immediately from whence this Change proceeded, but there was no Remedy;—he had now a laſting and implacable Enemy. To repreſent the inward Horrors he felt, or the Curſes he vented on himſelf, and thoſe who had been the Authors of his Diſappointment, would ill become the Mouth of a Deity;——he rav'd, he tore, blaſphem'd the Gods,

and call'd all Hell to his assistance to revenge his Cause,—but all in vain; his Malice, as his Hope, was fruitless, and enervate Rage recoiled upon himself, preyed on his Vitals, and was very near driving him into Madness; he had certainly sunk into a gloomy Melancholy, if his continual Inventions, his never-ceasing Stratagems had not kept his Mind awake.——The perpetual Hurry of his tortur'd Brain, which to another would be the greatest Curse, is to him a Blessing, because it preserves him from falling into a Lethargy of Thought, an Evil of the two more dangerous to the Senses;—— he is for ever studying,——for ever contriving,— one Scheme is no sooner overthrown, than another is built up.——This indeed must be said of him, that he has a very great Genius!——a prodigious Depth of Thought!——an Aptitude of Apprehension!—the most agreeable manner of Address, and fine way of delivering his Sentiments, of any Man in the World;——and if he had any true Notions of Honour and Virtue, has all the other Requisites to make him as brave and estimable a Man, as his Pride, Ostentation, Avarice, and Hypocrisy have render'd him the contrary.

By what I have told you concerning *Graciana*, the Dutchess *de Cruizalla*, and this other Lady, you may perceive that, with his Ambition, he has the Mixture of a different Passion, tho' 'tis commonly in his power to govern it, whenever it seems to thwart the other more predominant one.—His Soul is of too active a Disposition to permit him to leave a moment unimploy'd, and when he has the smallest Cessation from Business, or that the more weighty Cares of his Interest will give leave for gay Amusements, no Man takes more pleasure in them, or has a greater Relish for that Joy which is in the power of the Fair Sex to bestow.——At some unbended Hours that *Cupid*, which these Islanders worship

worſhip in my room, has ſo much Influence o'er his Wiſhes, that he appears as tender, as melting, as aſſiduous, as if he were form'd for ſoft Deſires alone, and *Love* were the only Buſineſs of his Life. —It was in one of thoſe ruinous Diſpoſitions (unfortunately for her) he happen'd to be introduc'd to the Acquaintance of the celebrated *Miranda:* Vanity, of which he has no ſmall Share, was perhaps not leſs buſy than his other Paſſion, to induce him to an Attempt of making a Conqueſt of this Lady's Heart; ſhe was not almoſt univerſally admir'd for her *Beauty* alone—ſhe had Charms ſuperior far—and if a thouſand languiſh'd for the poſſeſſion of her lovely *Perſon*, there were ten thouſand who would have died to have engroſs'd her *Mind.* There was ſomething ſo prodigiouſly enchanting in the Wonders of her *Wit*, that whenever ſhe open'd her Mouth to ſpeak, her Words ſeem'd choſen by the God of Eloquence! Nor were her Sentiments leſs to be admir'd than the manner in which they were expreſs'd;—her Soul was all angelick! pure, and untainted, either with the faſhionable Vices of the Age, or the common Frailties of her Sex,—— and was a *Woman* in nothing but her *Form!*—Belov'd by the Gods, ador'd by Men, did the charming, the happy *Miranda* live till this curs'd Interview. —O that it had been the Will of *Fate* to have kept for ever aſunder Souls ſo oppoſite to each other! or permitted her good Genius to have warn'd her of the Danger of ſuch a Meeting!—— but in her Deſtiny, Mortals may learn how little they ought to depend on human Wit, and that the moſt excellent of created Beings is yet widely diſtant from Perfection.—*Romanus*, who had the deſtructive Art to appear what he pleas'd, and knew how to diſguiſe the Truth ſo well, that by the moſt penetrating Eye he might be taken for what he ſeem'd, put on a Countenance and Behaviour,

ſuch as he thought by her's would moſt engage her to approve of his Converſation.—He found ſhe had a Soul perfectly turned for Friendſhip, all Softneſs and Tenderneſs, Conſtancy and Sincerity, and therefore affected to be ſo too.—All thoſe wild Deſires, which, at ſight of an Object ſo enchanting, had invaded his diſorder'd Breaſt, were with undoing Artifice diſguiſed in *Eſteem*.—He profeſs'd only to admire the Beauties of her *Mind*, and but careleſly ſpoke of the Charms of her *Perſon*; and tho' he omitted nothing that the moſt ardent *Lover* would have ſaid, yet he ſtill cloſ'd his Proteſtations with ſome Expreſſion or other, which might aſſure her that he had no Wiſhes but what terminated in *Friendſhip*: He moſt cautiouſly avoided giving her any cauſe to imagine he was poſſeſs'd of the Paſſion he really was;——he would often aſſure her, that he conſider'd her not as a *Woman*——that in entertaining her, he did not ſo much as think of the Difference of Sexes, but that he could not help imagining there was ſomething of a Sympathy in their *Souls*, which engaged his tendereſt Sentiments.—By this way of proceeding he entirely won her to admit his Viſits, and to entertain her as often as he had leiſure;—his Converſation is too engaging, and has, indeed, the Appearance of too many Advantages not to be joyfully accepted by thoſe who apprehend not the Dangers of it.——*Miranda* thought herſelf happy, in having a Friend ſo qualify'd,—the little Foibles and Impertinences of her own Sex took off the pleaſure ſhe might elſe have found in their Society.—She had often wiſh'd there was ſuch a thing as a Male Friend without Deſign, and was overjoy'd to have met with one whom ſhe believ'd ſo perfectly diſintereſted, and at the ſame time adorn'd with ſuch a Strength of Judgment,—ſo flowing a Wit,—ſuch a Nobleneſs of Sentiments, and ſuch an elegant manner of uttering what he meant,

meant, that in converſing with him the Improvement was equal to the Pleaſure. She was extremely deſirous of Knowledge, and he, being perfect in the Sciences, would read her Lectures on them for whole days together;—bring her the moſt celebrated Authors, explain thoſe Paſſages which want of Learning, not Capacity, made not ſo intelligible to her;—in this agreeable, and as yet innocent manner, did a whole Year wear away, in all which time ſhe never had the leaſt reaſon to ſuſpect he had any Deſigns to the prejudice of her Virtue; on the contrary, there was not a Perſon in the World on whom ſhe would have ſo much depended for a Protector of it:———her reſerved Temper and Nicety in the choice of her Acquaintance, gave him frequent Opportunities of being alone with her; but his Behaviour was the ſame, as if the whole World had been preſent, to witneſs what he did.—Experience of his Modeſty, and Confidence in his Honour, made her think herſelf as ſafe with him, as with a Brother.—By degrees ſhe lov'd him with the ſame Affection as ſhe would have done ſo near a Relation, and entertain'd him with as little Caution.

Now mark, by what baſe,—by what, to any other Man, would have been impracticable meaſures, the artful Traytor purſu'd his Deſign of ruining this too generous Fair.—By Inſinuations, too ſubtle to be inſpired but by the moſt cunning of all the *Fiends*, he wrought ſo far on her Belief, as to make her break off all Intimacy with her former Friends and Acquaintance; nay, deluded her ſo far, as to render her neareſt Kindred ſuſpected by her.—She imagin'd every body had ſome Deſign on her——every body was falſe———*Romanus* only was to be believ'd,———*Romanus* only was to be truſted.——So ſtrangely was ſhe infatuated by his Wiles, that ſhe look'd on all other Converſations as dangerous;

dangerous; and as before ſhe kept but little Company, ſhe now admitted of no Viſits but from him.—Having thus brought her to confeſs, in all her Actions, ſhe felt for him the tendereſt Friendſhip her Soul was capable of conceiving, he began to proſecute the deſtructive Stratagem he had long been forming againſt her Honour. He never ſaw her now but with a melancholy Gloom on his Countenance, which, on every viſit, ſeem'd to encreaſe:—he would, while ſhe was ſpeaking, counterfeit ſo profound a Reſvery, as if he knew not where he was, or how engag'd; and then coming out of it, with a Sigh, beg pardon for his Ill-manners, which immediately he would again fall into.—Tears would ſometimes fall from his Eyes, which he pretended to endeavour to conceal from her obſervation; and when ſhe ask'd the reaſon of ſo viſible a Change, ſeem confounded that he had ſo far betray'd himſelf; aſſuring her ſhe was miſtaken, and that he had no cauſe for Chagrin, with ſo aukward an Air, that it might the more confirm her his Mind was overburthen'd with ſome ſecret Woe, which, tho' he wou'd conceal, he had not power. The natural Curioſity of her Sex, might, of itſelf, have made her preſs him to diſcloſe what had diſturb'd him; but the Friendſhip ſhe had for him (which indeed was of a nature more ſoft than yet ſhe was ſenſible of herſelf) wou'd not ſuffer her to reſt till ſhe was ſatisfy'd of the Truth;—long ſhe intreated,—long ſhe conjur'd him to reveal the Cauſe of his uneaſineſs; he could not be prevail'd on, and at laſt told her, That if in reality there was any thing that afflicted him, it was not of a nature to be diſcloſ'd till after his Death; but that, *ſaid he*, will not be long: You will ſoon, moſt engaging *Miranda*, be acquainted with the Misfortunes of *Romanus*; what Life denies me to reveal, my Death will in a ſhort time betray; for when I find my lateſt hour ap-

approaching, then, and not till then, can I reſolve to make you a Confidant in this Affair. The innocent *Miranda* was ſo far from ſuſpecting the real Deſign of theſe Words, that ſhe rather took it ill that he refus'd to tell her what ſhe ſo much deſir'd to know, imagining his Caution proceeded from his doubt of her Secreſy, and teſtify'd her Reſentment, in Expreſſions as ſevere as the Sweetneſs of her Diſpoſition wou'd permit;——ſo that at laſt, ſeemingly overcome by her Perſuaſions, and aw'd by her Commands into compliance, he obey'd,———but begg'd ſhe wou'd excuſe his ſpeaking; and taking up a Pen and Paper, diſclos'd the fatal Secret in theſe Words:

YOU preſs me, Madam, by Adjurations too powerful to be withſtood, to let you know the Cauſe of that Affliction which my Countenance and Behaviour, in ſpite of my efforts to the contrary, diſcover;———I dare not diſobey, tho' in fulfilling your Commands I render myſelf the moſt unhappy of all created Beings.———I Love,—I Adore,—I Languiſh with the utmoſt extravagance of Paſſion for the poſſeſſion of the incomparable Miranda, *—— yet wou'd rather die than prejudice her by the accompliſhment of my Deſire, had I the means:—Judge not then too ſeverely of an involuntary Crime,—a Crime which is its own puniſhment,—and which never roſe even to a ſingle Wiſh offenſive to Virtue.—As for my revealing it, I know you have too much Goodneſs to reſent what your own Commands cou'd only have oblig'd me to.—I can no more; do not hate my Memory, 'tis all I ask.*

The moment he had finiſh'd theſe Lines, he roſe from the Table with the appearance of a violent Diſorder; and by the time he thought ſhe had read them, fell into ſo admirably well feign'd a Swoon, that had a Phyſician been preſent, his Art might have been deceiv'd, and he miſtaken it for *real*.—But

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in what Words ſhall I make you ſenſible what 'twas *Miranda* felt in this Surprize? A thouſand Paſſions crowded at once into her Soul; confounded, and aſham'd at what ſhe read, ſhe wou'd have ſpoke, and perhaps, in the firſt ruſh of Indignation, have baniſh'd the Writer from her ſight:—but then, to behold him thus dejected, thus overcome with grief,——thus ſtruggling, as ſhe thought, with the fierce Pangs of deſperate, dying Love; repell'd the Dictates of ſeverer Honour, and turn'd her all to Pity and Forgiveneſs.——She ran to him, ſupported his Head, uſed all the means ſhe cou'd invent for his Recovery; and when ſhe ſaw her endeavours had ſucceeded, and that he open'd his Eyes again, felt a Pleaſure, which none but myſelf, who inſpir'd it, can conceive. Both of them, however, remain'd ſilent for ſome moments; the tender Maid had too much confuſion in her Thoughts to be able to bring forth one Word, and he that had given it her, believ'd it moſt proper for his Deſign to perſevere in his Diſſimulation, and continuing ſilent, till too plainly reading in her Eyes, the Sentiments of her Soul, at laſt he broke it in this manner:—Ah! too divine, too adorable *Miranda! ſaid he*, why wou'd you extort from my unwilling Lips this long-hid Truth?—— why wou'd you enforce a Guilt more ſhocking than a thouſand Deaths?——My Paſſion known, your Honour forbids I e'er ſhou'd ſee you more, and my Love will not let me live when baniſh'd from you:——all I have to hope, is, that you will not hate me after Death.——Talk not of Death, (*interrupted ſhe, unable to reſtrain the o'erflowing Tenderneſs, which, at ſight of his Deſpair, quite drown'd all other Conſiderations*) I muſt not, will not let you die,—— nor can I yield to baniſh you my Preſence;——Honour forbids it not,——nor can the ſtricteſt Rules of Virtue be injur'd by a Friendſhip ſuch as ours: ——I have no Friend but you,——none on Earth

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to comfort, to adviſe, or be the Protector of my artleſs Innocence,———and wou'd you leave me, leave me for ever?———'twas unkindly urg'd.——O, more than Angel (*reſum'd he in a Tranſport*) ſuch heavenly Goodneſs makes me more undone,——but do not, do not ſuffer me to abuſe it.——Shou'd I continue to behold you,———to be permitted to gaze upon your Charms,——to touch your Hand,———to graſp that World of Beauty in my Arms, with the allow'd Intimacy of Friendſhip; who knows how far my Reaſon might have power to govern wild Deſire?——how far might I not proceed, tranſported, hurry'd with my madding Paſſion!—O, rather drive me from your Preſence,—baniſh me for ever from you,——curſe me in eternal Abſence,—my Deſpair and Death are Woes leſs dreadful than your loſs of Honour. He ſpoke theſe Words with ſuch an Emphaſis, and accompany'd them with ſo many marks of Anguiſh, that if *Miranda* was before reſolv'd not to part with him, ſhe wou'd now ſooner have forgone her Life; ſhe told him ſhe had a double Security in his and her own Virtue, and had nothing to apprehend from his Paſſion, but what might flow from the Violence he did himſelf in reſtraining it; and wiſh'd, for his ſake, that there were a poſſibility for her to render herſelf as unlovely in his Eyes as now ſhe appear'd the contrary. Perhaps ſhe was the firſt of her Sex that ever form'd a Wiſh like this, and 'tis ſcarce probable that even ſhe wou'd have been ſatisfy'd to have had it, in reality, compleated.——She had Sentiments for him infinitely more tender than ſhe was ſenſible of herſelf; and there is ſomething ſo irreſiſtibly pleaſing, even to the moſt nicely Virtuous, in being thought amiable, by thoſe who appear amiable themſelves, that I queſtion if Reaſon had ever yet the power to fortify a Heart againſt it.—By gentle and unperceptible degrees he had ſtole on

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her unguarded Soul, made every Faculty his own, and ſhe was now, e'er ſhe was aware of it, all his.——O, let the Fair be warn'd by her Example, nor truſt themſelves with ſuch dangerous Intimacies! if they muſt have Male Friends, let it be thoſe who have no other Charms than bare Good-nature to recommend 'em; Wit and Beauty make impreſſions on the Mind which are not eaſily eras'd, the unwary Soul inſenſibly is caught, and when it wou'd, has not the power to get free. Hid beneath the ſpecious ſhew of a diſintereſted Friendſhip, the falſe *Romanus* had opportunity to inſpire what Sentiments he pleas'd in the artleſs Breaſt of poor *Miranda*; and it was now impoſſible for her to eſteem him leſs than ſhe had done.—But having gone ſo far as to make a diſcovery of his Paſſion, he thought it beſt to purſue that moment what he had begun; he juſtly gueſs'd, that in ſpite of the Dictates of her tenderneſs, that ſcrupulous Modeſty, which ſo long had aw'd him, might, when ſhe had conſider'd on what had paſs'd, oblige her to recall what ſhe had ſaid, and baniſh him as an Enemy to her Virtue.

In this ſurprize therefore, when all her Thoughts were hurry'd and diſorder'd——when her whole Soul, diſſolv'd in ſoft Commiſeration of his Woes, could inſpire Words of Conſolation only———he took advantage to undo her, and ſeize that Joy at once, which, 'twas highly probable, ſhould he have given her time for Reflection, would never have been his.———With all the Arts of fond ſeducing Paſſion—with all the Pomp of ruinous Deſire—Impatiencies——Perplexities—melting Languiſhments——Sighs—Tears—Diſtractions——feign'd Anguiſh—real Rapture, did he attack her on the defenceleſs part; and while he ſwore to die rather than attempt an injury to her Honour, undermined it, and every moment gaining ground, at laſt triumph'd o'er all, and revell'd to the height of guilty

guilty Tranſport.——'Twas Abſence of Mind—'twas Surprize—'twas Inadvertency—'twas Nature, and Exceſs of Softneſs—not baſe Deſires, or polluted Wiſhes, ruin'd this fair Unfortunate!——Guilty in *Fact*, but innocent in *Thought!*——She yielded, unknowing that ſhe did ſo.——O'erwhelm'd in Pity for the imagin'd Sufferings of a Man who long had been dearer to her than her Life, diſtracted at his Deſpair, and panting to relieve him, when laying his burning cheek upon her boſom, he cry'd, *Friendſhip* allows thus much, nor will *Honour* be offended:—She anſwer'd, or rather her ill Genius ſpoke thro' her Lips—No, no, my dear, my lov'd *Romanus*, we muſt never part, our Souls may join their mutual Flame without a Crime.—They may indeed, *retorted he, preſſing her more cloſely*, they muſt—they ſhall—and thus—thus—thus! the eternal Blaze ſhall mingle.—Theſe Words were follow'd by Actions only to be gueſs'd at.——I look'd, and ſaw the lovely Victim—pity'd her Fate, but had not power to avert it.——The hurrying Scene of wild Delight once o'er,—Reaſon return'd—and Thought again reſtored, how did the ruin'd Charmer regret what ſhe had done!—Her Breaſt now heav'd with Sighs—her Eyes grew big with Tears——and every Look reproach'd the cruel Conqueſt he had gain'd: her Tongue indeed was ſilent—Grief and Shame had ſtopp'd the Utterance of her Words; but her ſpeaking Geſtures ſupply'd the want of Language. *Romanus*, gay and vain on his Succeſs, appeared as much changed from what he lately was, as did *Miranda*, and eaſily perceiving what her thoughts were, was willing to compleat his Victory, by making her not diſſatisfy'd that he had gain'd it—he kiſs'd away her Tears,——ſmother'd her Sighs in his ſtill glowing Breaſt—Vow'd by each God he would be ever true—ſecret—juſt——and omitted no Argument

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of fond endearing Love, to prove her Gratitude and Compaſſion for him, were the higheſt Effects of her Virtue. There is nothing in the world ſooner eraſed than the Shame which immediately enſues a Condeſcenſion ſuch as ſhe had yielded to.—The happy Lover eaſily finds the way to chaſe the remorſeful Confuſion from her Soul; and the ſame Arts which won her to conſent, prevail to make her not repent it.——*Miranda* forgave him and herſelf, and placing the ultimate of her Felicity in obliging him, permitted him to indulge in guilty Rapture.——But alas! many Weeks had not paſs'd, before, tir'd and grown ſatiated with the luſcious Banquet, he ſcorn'd and ſhun'd the too, too liberal Giver—— he avoided her—ſaw her no more——abandon'd her to all the Stings of late Repentance, Deſpair, and conſcious Guilt.—— In vain ſhe writ, in vain ſhe ſent, in vain enquired the Cauſe of ſuch a ſudden Change; he had not Remains enough of Tenderneſs to make even an excuſe for his Behaviour—diſtracted,—wild with ſuch inhuman Treatment, and altogether incapable of revenging it, ſhe fell into Agonies which are not to be conceiv'd.—Some baſe People, who had the Management of her Affairs, perceiving her Inability to look into their Actions, with that prudent Care ſhe had been accuſtom'd, took the advantage of enriching themſelves, by rendering her more wretched, in the reducing a very plentiful Fortune to ſcarce a Competency.—The enchanted *Wand* was the Pretence, and the Gold they put into their own Pockets, ſhe was made to believe was ſunk this way. ——At laſt rouzing her Spirits as much as ſhe was able, ſhe began to caſt about how ſhe thou'd repair her Loſſes, and having ſtill the ill-luck to meet with ſelf-intereſted Adviſers, was put into a wrong method of Proceeding; by which, in a little time, ſhe fell into very great Misfortunes. *Romanus*, tho' he knew

knew what had hapned, had not the gratitude to offer her either the aſſiſtance of his Advice or Purſe; —ſhe was obliged to leave the Iſland, and is now gone to ſeek her Fortune among Strangers. This laſt event of her hard Fate, touch'd him no more than did the reſt.——He has at this time an Intrigue with the Wife of the Chevalier *Briſoe*, but the conſequence of this Affair is not much to be regarded; ſhe is of a Diſpoſition as wavering as ungrateful, and in every thing as baſe as his own, and which-ever of them gets the ſtart in Inconſtancy, there is little to be fear'd from the Deſpair of the other. This is all I have to ſay of *Romanus*, as to what touches my Prerogative, in his prophaning the name of Love, and calling me to witneſs the moſt deteſted Falſhoods.——As to his other Crimes, his Deceits, his Treacheries, his Plots, his monſtrous Lyes, Hypocriſy, and ruinous Inventions, let the Gods, whom he has injur'd in thoſe points, declare againſt him, and brand him for what he is——a moſt conſummate Villain.

The God of ſoft Deſires had, perhaps, added ſomewhat more, to teſtify the Diſpleaſure he had conceiv'd againſt this Prophaner of his Name, if the *Stranger*, whoſe Eyes, for ſome moments, had been attracted by a Lady lately come into the Aſſembly, had not taken the liberty of entreating to know who ſhe was.—She ſeem'd to be a Woman of no ſmall conſequence to thoſe who were concern'd in the *enchanted Well*; ſcarce a Perſon there that ſhe had not acquaintance with:——ſhe whiſper'd to one,—ſmil'd on another,—curt'ſy'd to another,—was in a moment thro' the Croud, and appear'd to have vaſt Buſineſs with 'em all——Her Eyes, her Hands, her Tongue, were for ever employ'd in ſuch a manner, that it preſently came into his head, that the Searchers after the *perpetual Motion*, might ceaſe from farther enquiry, and find it *here*.

Not the Immutability of the divine Eſſence cou'd defend the *Deity* from diſcovering, in his radiant Eyes, a kind of diſorder at this Queſtion, pretty near to that which Mortals feel when ſeiz'd with ſudden wonder at ſome Spectacle which appears a Prodigy.—That Woman, *ſaid he*, is a Paradox even to him that created her.—Endu'd by Heaven with a thouſand Graces, ſhe was ſent on Earth to charm and bleſs the Age ſhe liv'd in; but not content with what ſhe receiv'd from the bounty of the Gods, ſhe enter'd herſelf a Subject to the *infernal* Potentate, and from his miſchief-teaching Court, brought with her all the Venom of the Place;—there is in her the Extremes of Good and Evil,—there is no Virtue ſhe is not capable of,—nor ſcarce, Vice ſhe does not practiſe;—the greateſt Contradictions are center'd in her Humour, ſhe is at once Liberal and Avaricious,—Generous and Mercenary,—Cunning and Deſigning, yet unguarded and open-hearted;—ſometimes cruel and revengeful even for triſling Affronts, at others, and often for the greateſt Injuries, too ready to forgive.——The Winds are not ſo uncertain as her Temper, and tho' her Behaviour from fifteen has remark'd her for a zealous Devotee of that *Idol* for whom I am dethron'd, yet the Objects in whoſe favour ſhe was poſſeſs'd of thoſe Deſires, have been ſo various, ſo often chang'd, that the World has ever been at a loſs on whom to fix the Scandal of her Affections.—There is, however, one, and but one Diſpoſition of her Soul, which neither Experience, Misfortunes, nor the Thoughts of approaching Wrinkles, for ſhe is now thirty-ſeven, can have the power to alter, and that is, an inſatiate vanity of being admired for her Beauty;——there is nothing ſo dear, ſhe wou'd not quit for an hour's fulſome Flattery, even from the Man ſhe moſt deſpiſes; nor is there any ſo contemptible, that ſhe

ſhe endeavours not to engage, and to that end, will ſpare no pains, no expence, either of Time, Reputation, Friends, or Money.——Among the number of thoſe ſhe ſpread her Snares for, were two Brothers, both Gentlemen of uncommon Qualifications; the elder, whoſe Name is *Lauranus*, has ſcarce his equal in the world, either for the beauties of his Perſon, or the excellence of his Underſtanding; 'tis impoſſible to view him without a mixture of Delight and Reverence, or to hear him without Wonder and Improvement: and to all the Excellencies that bear the Name of Maſculine, there is alſo join'd a ſweetneſs of Diſpoſition, ſomething ſo very tender, ſo commiſerating, ſo kind, as exceeds the Gentleneſs of *Woman*. The younger, who is call'd *Conſtantius*, if he may be thought poſſeſs'd of ſome of theſe Accompliſhments in a leſs eminent degree than his Brother, ſeems in others to excel not only him, but the generality of mankind; he boaſts a Faith unſhaken!—a Conſtancy which no Temptations have the power to remove, no Provocations can ſurmount!—a Sincerity to all the World, which Intereſt cannot byaſs, nor even Complaiſance diminiſh! *Lauranus* has indeed a more penetrating Diſcernment, he ſaw immediately into *Flirtillaria*'s Soul, and deſpiſed the vain Coquet; but *Conſtantius*, who, free from all Deceit himſelf, cou'd not be brought to ſuſpect it in another, much more in one he thought ſo amiable, was eaſily deluded by thoſe Pretences which, when ſhe pleaſes, no Woman can make appear more ſpecious.—He was blind to all her Vices, and look'd with favourable Eyes on thoſe Follies which ſhe went not about to conceal:—he became her Husband in a ſhort time, and thought himſelf, by being ſo, the happieſt of his Sex;—even Marriage render'd not her Faults conſpicuous to his Obſervation: on the contrary, he imagin'd he every day

diſcover'd ſome new Beauty in her, and poſſeſſion but added to the Paſſion he before had for her——— but alas! this heaven of Felicity was but of a ſhort duration, the levity of her Humour cou'd not long reſtrain itſelf from breaking out into Extravagancies, ſuch as wou'd ſcarce gain credit from thoſe not witneſs of them; and tho', after committing the greateſt irregularity, ſhe had Arts to perſuade her too believing Husband all her Deſigns were innocent, yet his Relations were of another mind; and indeed, ſhe ſow'd ſo much Diſſenſion among them, that not one of them cou'd endure her preſence, and were continually making him uneaſy with the repetition of her Follies.

The firſt Inſtance ſhe gave of her propenſity to Miſchief, was, that *Lauranus* being ſoon after his Brother marry'd to a Lady every way the reverſe of *Flirtillaria*, ſhe made it her buſineſs to infuſe into her gentle Breaſt the Poiſon of Jealouſy; the name of *Bride* was hardly exchang'd for that of *Wife*, before ſhe repeated to her all the little Gallantries ſhe had ever heard of *Lauranus*, told her it was a jeſt for her to expect Conſtancy from him, whoſe Inclinations were the moſt amorous and roving of any Man in the World; and, as well for the gratification of her own Vanity, as to make the other more uneaſy, very artfully inſinuated, that he had made declarations to herſelf, which did not become him to the Wife of his Brother.———The young Lady entirely unacquainted with the World, too eaſily believ'd her, and grew extremely melancholy, but conceal'd the Cauſe of her Chagrin till her Husband, having obſerv'd the cloſe whiſpers between her and his Siſter, immediately ſuſpected it was by that miſchievous Creature ſhe had been told ſomething which had embitter'd the natural Sweetneſs of her Temper—he never reſted till he was Maſter of the Secret, and when he was ſo, 'tis not to be doubted but he

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rid his Houſe of a Gueſt ſo diſturbing.—The two Brothers, who till then had liv'd together in the moſt perfect Amity, now parted with a good deal of Diſſatisfaction on both ſides; each had the moſt tender Affection for the other that ever was known, and this Separation, to both, was worſe than Death, tho' neither wou'd ſeem to regret it. *Lauranus* was griev'd to ſee his Brother ſo much infatuated by the wiles of this more than Sorcereſs, as to defend her in the groſſeſt and moſt unpardonable Faults; and *Conſtantius*, who cou'd not think his belov'd Spouſe in the wrong, reſented the little credit, which he found her denials of what ſhe had done, had gain'd in the Family, and there was an eſtrangement between them, which nothing before ever had the power to make.

The Father of theſe Gentlemen had ſquander'd away a very plentiful Eſtate; there was but little remaining for the Heir, and ſcarce any thing for the younger Family. *Conſtantius* therefore, who had his Fortune to make, cou'd not have pitch'd on a Wife more unfit for his purpoſe than *Flirtillaria*, who was of a Temper to create him nothing but Enemies; and to add to this, ſo extravagant in her Expences, that it would have requir'd a Prince's Revenue, to have ſupply'd her with thoſe Pleaſures which were neceſſary to keep her in good-humour. —The little Fortune ſhe brought, was immediately conſum'd, and all the Woes of Indigence enſu'd; then it was that the generous *Lauranus* prov'd himſelf a Brother and a Friend, and forgetting the Provocations ſhe had given him, but ſuffer'd them juſt to know what it was to want Relief, and then afforded it in ſo generous a manner, that they knew no difference between uſing his Purſe and their own; and indeed 'twas hard to ſay, whether the giver or receiver felt the greateſt Pleaſure:—Nor was it only to themſelves the noble-minded *Lauranus* con-

ſin'd his Generoſity, their Children (for the Lady is pretty prolifick) were taken the ſame tender Care of as his own, their Friends oblig'd——He did not think it enough that his beloved Brother and Family ſhould want no Neceſſaries of Life, he alſo put it in his power to confer Favours on others whom, he knew, he could not be happy while they were the contrary.—Nor was his Lady in the leaſt chagrin'd at what he did, the Excellence of her Nature, and the Tenderneſs ſhe had for her Husband, made her regard every thing that belong'd to him with an uncommon Care.

But not all theſe Obligations had the power to warm the thankleſs Soul of *Flirtillaria* with the leaſt ſpark of Gratitude—ſhe ſecretly hated *Lauranus*, as ſhe did every body who was not blind to her Faults; and tho' perceiving her incorrigible, he had of late ceas'd to give her any advice, yet ſhe was very well acquainted with his Thoughts of her—ſhe knew he contemn'd her, and would have rejoic'd in an opportunity to have made him been ſo by the whole World.——She envy'd him the Proſperity of his Affairs, tho' it was all which preſerv'd herſelf from falling into the loweſt depth of Miſery—and while ſhe meanly fawn'd on him, and, much more than he deſired, acknowledg'd the Obligations ſhe had to him, curs'd Fortune, in her heart, for giving him the means of conferring them. Ingratitude, however, tho' a Crime as offenſive to Heaven as any, was not that which render'd her moſt deſpicable to the World——her intolerable Fondneſs for being admired by the Men, made her take all opportunities of being ſeen by them; and rather than not oblige them to uſe her with more reſpect than any other Woman in Company, would yield to any thing; and rather than not have the Town ſenſible how much ſhe was admired, would recount all the fine things that were ſaid to her,

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ſhow what Letters ſhe receiv'd, and make every one that came to viſit her the Confidant of her Amours. — To be neglected, ſhe thought, was the worſt Scandal could be thrown on her; all her Pride conſiſted in the Reputation of a number of Adorers, and to thoſe ſhe had in reality, ſhe added in her Report a thouſand more.—If ſhe knew but the Name of any Gentleman, it was ſufficient for her to build a Pretenſion of an Intimacy with him; and nothing could be more comical, to thoſe that knew it to be Invention, than to hear her run on with all the Volubility in the world for hours together, in the recital of particular Converſations with Perſons whom perhaps ſhe never ſaw in her whole Life.—This ridiculous Humour, however, was of ſome ſervice to her, tho' ſhe did not mean it to be ſo—for when any Reports reach'd her Husband's ears, of Conſequences which he knew were impoſſible to be true, it ſerv'd to make thoſe that were ſo, appear equally fictitious; and whenever he was told that ſhe had been at ſuch a Place, or meeting ſuch a Perſon, he look'd on all ſuch Accuſations as the Effects of Malice, and would ſay—*Ave, this is as certain as that ſhe was in company the other day with Mr. Such-a-one—a Man who I knew ſhe has not the leaſt acquaintance with.* Thus were all the Remonſtrances of his Friends rendred fruitleſs, and his good Opinion of her ſtill kept up in its firſt Strength——he could not be brought to believe that ſhe had any Fault greater than that little Vanity, which he perceiv'd too much of in other Women, to think it a Crime unpardonable in her, who in his Judgment had infinitely more cauſe for it: and while the grave *Sommarius*——the young *Philarchus*——the witty, gay *Burtonius*—the roving, wild *Arthario*—the debonair *Merſus*, and many others, triumph'd in thoſe Joys he believ'd himſelf the ſole Poſſeſſor of, was the only Perſon (excepting thoſe concern'd

in it) who pity'd not the Misfortune he labour'd under. In ſpite of the handſome Allowance they receiv'd from the Generoſity of *Lauranus*, the extravagant Expences of the Wife, rendred the Huſband one of the moſt unhappy Men on Earth in almoſt every Circumſtance of Life, which aſhamed to reveal, or unwilling to preſs him farther, to whom already he had been ſo far oblig'd, all thoſe Woes from which they had been once redeem'd, return'd on this unfortunate Family: it was not now altogether ſo much in the power of *Lauranus* as it had been, to diſburſe ſuch a Sum of Money as was requiſite to raiſe his Brother from that Depth of Sorrow, the Profuſeneſs of *Flirtillaria* had plung'd him in; neither did he think it juſtifiable to take from thoſe little Innocents of his own what was their Due by Birth, to ſupply the mad Prodigality and laviſh Pride of a vile Woman, who, he knew, hated both him and every thing that belong'd to him, and who had not one good Quality to countenance his Favour. Nature, however, and the tender Friendſhip he had for his Brother, would not ſuffer him to ſee him loſt; he entreated him to take ſhelter in his Houſe from the Dangers which threatned him, but *Conſtantius* could not yet be prevail'd on to leave the Cauſe of all his Misfortunes, and would not conſent to enter thoſe Gates, which were not alike open to his Wife—he rather choſe to be Partaker of all the Woes ſhe had brought on herſelf and him, than live apart from her—ſhe was ſtill his dear Wife, his adorable *Flirtillaria*; nor had any thing ſhe had done the power to diminiſh that unalterable Affection he had begun to love her with——Had their Fortune been drove even to the laſt degree of Miſery, 'tis poſſible he would have been content to have ſhared it with her, had ſhe continued to diſſemble with him as ſhe had done; but now the Caſe was alter'd, ſhe wanted to get

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rid of him, and having loſt the advantage of his Brother's Purſe, would gladly have been eaſed of that Impediment a Husband's Preſence was, to her procuring the uſe of others—her Pride muſt be ſupported, and her Lovers muſt now pay for thoſe Favours, they had been accuſtom'd to receive *gratis*.——Beſide, ſhe had another Contrivance in her head, ſome of her Kindred were wealthy, but pretty well acquainted with the Extravagance of her Humour, had forbore giving any encouragement to her Follies; ſhe deſign'd therefore, if ſhe could weary him from living with her, to make her Application to them, form a plauſible Story of his Barbarity, and throw the Odium of all on him. The ſweeteſt Diſpoſition may be ſour'd by continual Provocations, her Behaviour was intolerable, it could not be endur'd even by him, who was willing to bear almoſt any thing rather than a Separation—he grew uneaſy to that degree, that it threw him into a downright Melancholy, and perceiving ſhe took a pleaſure in ſeeing him ſo, and at laſt convinc'd that ſhe was far from regarding him with that Tenderneſs ſhe ought, or that ſhe had once made him hope, he comply'd with the Perſuaſions of his Friends, retir'd to the Houſe of *Lauramus*, and left her to act as ſhe pleaſed; there was ſtill remaining a ſmall Annuity, which he was too generous to take from her, and throwing himſelf wholly on the Good-nature of his Brother, parted from her, but not for ever.——Poor unhappy (but ſtill faithful) Gentleman, he flatter'd himſelf that when left alone, Time and Reflection would work an alteration in her Humour, and ſhe would ſue for his Return, and curſe thoſe Follies, which, tho' they had not power to eſtrange, had half broke the Heart of one of the moſt affectionate Husbands the World ever produc'd.——But alas! a little time convinc'd him of his Miſtake; ſhe was ſo far from

from endeavouring to retrieve her Character, that ſhe expoſed herſelf in ſuch a faſhion, that it became ſcandalous to be ſeen in her Company: having no longer a dependance on the Friendſhip of *Lauranus*, nor any remains of awe for the Reſentment of *Conſtantius*, ſhe openly gave a looſe to thoſe Pleaſures ſhe before allow'd herſelf in ſomething more reſerv'd a manner.——Her Face was known even in Places the moſt noted for Debauchery—ſhe made no ſecret of the Liberties ſhe granted—her Indiſcretion, her Madneſs, in revealing thoſe Crimes any other Woman would have taken all imaginable care to have kept conceal'd, made her juſtly contemptible to the World; but what rendred her moſt deteſtable to the Gods, was the monſtrous Aſperſion ſhe caſt on the innocent *Conſtantius*; ſhe made every body, not acquainted with the Nobleneſs of his Nature, or the Baſeneſs of her's, believe he countenanced her Crimes, was the Baud of her Pleaſures, and for a little private Intereſt conſented to all ſhe did.——In the world's eye, the Unfortunate are always faulty; the unhappy Circumſtances to which *Conſtantius* was reduced, made this Report paſs more current than otherwiſe it would have done; and the little belief he ſeem'd to give to thoſe who endeavour'd to make him ſenſible of her Vices, confirm'd them in the opinion he but pretended to be blind to that, in which he found an advantage not to ſee.——The vile Creature had two Children after their Separation, which to moſt of her Acquaintance ſhe declared were not his; but he acknowledging them to be ſuch, and endeavouring all he could to ſilence the Clamours of Scandal from being thunder'd againſt her, drew it all on himſelf, and became as much the Object of *Blame*, as otherwiſe he would have been of *Compaſſion*.

But not all I have recounted of this Woman can excite your wonder half ſo much as what I've yet to ſay of her: She has a young Gallant, of whom ſhe is ſo exceſſive fond, that ſhe ſacrifices her very Pride to oblige him, yet is never happier than when ſhe is inventing ſomething to make him appear ridiculous; ſhe laughs at all Mankind with him, and laughs with all Mankind at him—— ſhe makes it her buſineſs to expoſe him in all publick Places, to make him be look'd on as an Ideot, yet in private idolizes him; and both one and the other, without any viſible reaſon, for the young Gentleman is neither Fool enough to create Mirth, nor Wife enough to excite Admiration: ſhe has Senſe to know it, but not Solidity to ask herſelf the queſtion which of the two he is, nor of what advantage it is either to her Intereſt or Satisfaction to behave to him, and concerning him, as ſhe does.———But I am weary of talking of her—the Eyes of the long-deluded *Conſtantius* at laſt are open'd—he is convinced of the Injuries he has ſuſtain'd by her—he now thinks of her with the Contempt which is due to her, reſolves to ſee her no more, tho' in bringing himſelf to that Determination it has coſt him many a bitter Pang.——Behold another of much the ſame Character, in every thing as ridiculous, in ſome more vile— that big-bone'd, buxom, brown Woman, who is now talking to her; —the Conformity of Manners, join'd to the Fondneſs both of them have for new Acquaintance, have made them very intimate———her Name is *Gloatitia*, Daughter of the Chevalier *Del Gloattus*.—Some ſay it was from him ſhe learn'd thoſe deluding Arts, ſhe has ſince practis'd, to the Ruin of as many Women as ſhe could get acquainted with their Lovers or their Husbands.—Whether this Report be true, I will not pretend to determine; for my pure and hallow'd Fires would ſicken at a ſight ſo horrible

horrible, ſo ſhocking as an Act of Inceſt: but this is certain, that they ſcrupled not to be ſeen in the ſame Bed together, and the old Goat would run into luſcious Encomiums on the Beauties of her Limbs to all the young *Chevaliers* who came to his Levée. When ſhe was about the Age of Sixteen, he was about to marry her to a young Mechanick, but the Fellow's good Stars directed him to avoid ſo great an Evil; an intimate Acquaintance of his, one of thoſe to whom already ſhe had been liberal of her Favours, made a timely diſcovery of her Humour, and to confirm the Veracity of his Words, produc'd ſome Letters he had receiv'd from her, containing an acknowledgement of all that had paſs'd between them. This broke the Match, but ſhe had, however, the good fortune to pleaſe a certain Duke, who never was over-nice in his Choice—he had a Son by her, and allow'd her a handſome Subſiſtence, till happening to come at an hour ſhe did not expect him in, he found the moſt dirty and diſagreeable of all his Footmen in her Arms. —— 'Tis not to be imagin'd but that the ocular Demonſtration of a Falſehood like this, would oblige him to quit her.—— After this ſhe fell into great Extremities, and, ſhunn'd by all who had the power to ſerve her, rang'd the Town for a miſerable Maintenance, was common even to the meaneſt Rank of Men, and at laſt deſpis'd by the vileſt, and moſt profligate.—Who that ſees her now, dreſs'd in her rich Brocade, Diamonds in her Hair and Breaſt, and a handſome Equipage to attend her, would believe ſhe had been accuſtom'd to trudge the Streets with ſcarce a Shoe, and been tranſported at the Invitation of a Blue-apron Gallant, who charitably feaſted her on the Remnants of thoſe Treats, made for more fortunate Ladies of the ſame Vocation? Yet all this has been her Caſe for many Years together, and ſtill would have been ſo, if *Rutho* had not

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chang'd the Scene: he was, perhaps, the only Man in the world who wou'd have thought her worth retrieving; but he never had an intrigue with any thing but a common Woman, and they ſay, has ſuffer'd ſufficiently for his Pleaſures that way.

He was old and infirm, and had occaſion for a Nurſe, he therefore took her into Keeping, and allow'd her four hundred Crowns a year; a vaſt Income for a Creature who had liv'd for a long time withour ſeeing the thouſandth part of ſuch a Sum of her own—but it is not in this Wretch's Nature to be grateful or conſtant, and ſhe regarded the Man who had preſerv'd her from periſhing, no otherwiſe than to make him her Property.—The Money ſhe receiv'd from him, ſerved to put her into a habit and manner of living, to draw Company more agreeable to her Taſte; ſhe now cou'd dreſs, make Entertainments, had handſome Lodgings, and it was an advantage to her, that having been known before by few but thoſe of the meaner ſort, the extreme vileneſs of her Character reach'd not the ears of thoſe Perſons ſhe was now in a condition to converſe with. Every body knew ſhe had been Miſtreſs to the Duke *Dubarbe*, and believing it was he that debauch'd her, and conſidering her as an unfortunate Gentlewoman (for *Del Gloatus* was really of a good Family, and had an honourable poſt in the Army) pity'd a Fault, they believ'd, ſhe had been but enſnar'd to commit. She was viſited by ſeveral Perſons of good Faſhion, and ſome of tolerable Reputation ſcrupled not to be ſeen in her Company. *Rutho* had taken Lodgings for her in a Place perfectly pleaſant, it was in the Country, but ſo near the City, that whenever ſhe pleas'd to go to it, ſhe might be there in an hour's time; and indeed it was there ſhe paſs'd moſt of her days and nights, ſeldom being at home but when ſhe expected

expected her old Gallant, still continuing her former manner of living, tho' with more Privacy, and better Company. The amorous Stealths she took were not, however, so secret, but that *Rutho* at last had intelligence of them, and was about to turn her off, when her Brother, who had been absent from the Island some years, return'd; and being instructed by his Sister, in the Humour and Disposition of *Rutho*, and how to behave, instead of suffering him to do himself Justice, in discarding a Woman who had been so false to him, forced him to marry her: since that, she does what she pleases, goes where she pleases,—her Husband is in too much awe of the young *Chevalier*, to dare to discover how much he is dissatisfy'd.——Her Actions now plainly demonstrate to the World, it was not *Poverty* alone which had obliged her to those Courses he wou'd have taken her from; — her Inclinations now appear bare-faced, and so monstrous impudent is she in pursuing the gratification of them, that she waits not for being address'd, nor thinks it beneath her to make the first application.——Two or three indigent Persons, whose Consciences are complaisant enough to yield to any thing for Interest, are maintain'd by her, for no other Service, than to procure her a variety of those Pleasures she most delights in.—The best Wine, and Conversation with the handsomest Men, are all the Heaven she wishes, and having an absolute command of the unhappy browbeat *Rutho*'s Purse, is resolv'd to want nothing that she thinks essential to her happiness;—from one scene of Debauchery she hurries to another, and scarce a day passes, without being witness of some new Crime as extravagant as shameless.——Of all the Gods there is none she acknowledges but *Phœbus*, him she frequently implores for assistance, to charm her Lovers with the Spirit of *Poetry*; but he had receiv'd a Check from *Jupiter*, for inspiring the Genius of a

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ſometime ſince deceas'd Nobleman, too ſevere, to dare to aid the Sentiments of this Wanton.——She pretends, however, to have an intimate acquaintance with the Muſes—has judgment enough to know that *eaſe* and *pleaſe* make a *Rhyme*, and to count ten Syllables on her Fingers.—This is the Stock with which ſhe ſets up for a Wit, and among ſome ignorant Wretches paſſes for ſuch; but with People of true Underſtanding, nothing affords more ſubject of ridicule, than that incoherent Stuff which ſhe calls Verſes.—She bribed, with all the Favours ſhe is capable of conferring, a Bookſeller (famous for publiſhing ſoft things) to print ſome of her Works, on which ſhe is not a little vain: tho' ſhe might very well have ſpared herſelf the trouble. Few Men, of any rank whatſoever, but have been honour'd with the receipt of ſome of her Letters both in Proſe and Meaſure—few Coffee-Houſes but have been the Repoſitory of them—ſhe daily hears the upbraidings of one Lover for her diſcover'd Addreſſes to another; but ſhe can bear it without bluſhing, and is not of a humour to make herſelf uneaſy at any thing that is ſaid to her, or of her.—The greateſt mortification that, perhaps, ever happen'd to her, was, that after having taken the pains to dreſs herſelf in the moſt exact manner ſhe cou'd, in order to charm a young Officer, brought him into her Bed-chamber, diſmiſs'd her Attendants, and invited him to her Arms with all the tempting languiſhments of looſe Deſire, he remain'd inſenſible!—he was not to be provoked!—he was not to be mov'd!—cold as a *Greenland* Rock, not all her Fire cou'd melt him! in vain her ſwimming Eyes declared what 'twas ſhe wiſh'd—in vain her Robe thrown by, diſclos'd her naked heaving Breaſts riſe ſwelling to be preſs'd—in vain her glowing trembling Hands graſp'd his, and gently ſtole themſelves into his Boſom——in vain her long-

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ing, her expecting Soul, ſeem'd to evaporate in Sighs—in vain ſhe fainted, dy'd away before him—all her Blandiſhments were loſt on him—not that his reſerve was owing to his Virtue, or to a Frigidity of Nature; in the whole Iſland, there was not a Man who had leſs a Notion of the one, nor a greater Warmth of the other; but Favours offer'd in a manner ſo free, ſo unſought, ſo unthought of, inſtead of gently touching the Paſſion ſhe endeavour'd to raiſe, quell'd all the motions of Deſire, and ſhock'd the Soul.——In a Scene like this, there was no poſſibility of a Medium; he muſt have been extremely *delighted*, if he had not been extremely *diſguſted*, and, as he was the latter, pretending a ſudden Indiſpoſition, he took his leave before it was conſiſtent with good Manners.—Judge with what Confuſion a Woman of her Temper muſt receive ſuch a Baulk, but reſolving not to be wholly diſappointed, call'd for her Man *Johannes*; he was a tall, well-made young Fellow, of good Features, and a ſanguine Complexion, and from that time, was ever ready to afford his Lady conſolation.—She had not Gratitude, however, long to be ſenſible of the Obligations ſhe had to him, but for ſome little negligence of Behaviour, either in publick or private, incens'd his Maſter againſt him, and got him turn'd away.—In his place there is now another, whom ſhe ſeems much more to approve of, and has given him a Diamond-Ring, and a Locket of her Hair—But I ſhou'd wear out the day, to recount the thouſandth part of her various Amours, or the unnumber'd Changes of her roving Inclinations;——nor does a Hiſtory, ſuch as hers, become me to relate.——I wou'd have paſs'd both hers and *Flirtillaria*'s in ſilence, if the ſignaliz'd Airs of theſe Coquets had not oblig'd you to remark them——but by the little I have ſaid concerning them, 'tis eaſy for you to believe they are Objects of deteſtation to every heavenly

heavenly Power, and to me in particular, whoſe Name they every hour blaſpheme, and call to witneſs of the moſt abhorr'd Falſities.——I ſhall only add this of *Gratitia*, that ſhe has lately been deliver'd of a Child which muſt heir the unhappy *Rutho*'s Eſtate, tho' to which of her *Enamorato's* the little Compound does with moſt right belong, even the omnipotent *Jupiter*, who breath'd the Breath of Life into it, can ſcarce determine.

The Deity of tender Wiſhes here ſeem'd to pauſe, as tho' he were conſidering which, next to thoſe he had already mentioned, of this numerous Aſſembly, were moſt diſtinguiſhable for perjur'd Love, and baſe Ingratitude; and caſting round his ſweetly ſhining Eyes, at laſt fixed them on a young Lady, whoſe every Look and Motion ſpoke perfect Innocence, and heavenly Truth——angelick Softneſs ſat on each Feature of her lovely Face, and all the Graces play'd in her modeſt Smiles.——See there! *reſum'd the God, pointing to her, and with a troubled Air ſhaking his ambroſial Locks*, there is a Form whoſe Fall all Heaven laments!——not my own *Pſyche*'s Loſs fill'd me with greater Anguiſh—Ah! who that gazes on that world of Beauty——that bright appearance of celeſtial Virtue, could believe it a Repoſitory of looſe Deſires!——who would imagine, at her years, Deceit grown old! the fair Apoſtate is ſcarce 19, yet is miſtreſs of more artifice than half her Sex beſide.——She is the Daughter of a foreign Count, her Name *Clariſmonda*, married to a new created Peer of this Iſland, a Gentleman every way deſerving her Perſon, all charming as it is, tho' it were adorned with a Mind equally lovely; but I was not conſulted in the Addreſſes he made her, nor did *Hymen* ſmile on their Nuptials.—He had been privately contracted to a young Lady of very great merit, whom baſely quitting for *Clariſmonda*, the immortal Gods thought fit to puniſh

niſh his Infidelity by retaliating it———not all his Accompliſhments can inſpire him with the Secret to pleaſe his Wife.———She finds in herſelf an Averſion to him, and the Marriage-Bed is as loathſome to her as the Grave.——Her Husband's Power however, her own ſeeming Innocence, and untainted Reputation of Virtue, have deter'd any of the Grandees from making an Attempt on her: but ſhe was reſolved not to be without a Lover, and made choice of one herſelf in a manner particular enough.——Happening to look out of the Palace Windows one Evening, full of warm Wiſhes, and amorous Contemplations, ſhe ſpied a young Soldier, whoſe Form ſeem'd very agreeable—the new Deſire which that moment invaded her Soul, took from her the power of Conſideration; and dreſſing her immediately in a Suit of her Maid's Clothes, went down into the Court-yard where he was on duty; and conforming her Behaviour, as much as poſſible, to her Habit, and jigging towards him with the air of an *Abigail*, accoſted him with the little Impertinencies of ſuch a Creature.——'Tis very cold, Sir, *ſaid ſhe*, I pity you Soldiers that are confin'd ſo many hours in all ſorts of Weather——Well, you earn your Money very hard———tho' I think a Soldier the moſt honourable Vocation of any.——In this manner did ſhe run on, ſtill obſerving heedfully his Looks all the time ſhe was ſpeaking; and finding nothing in them, but what promiſed Succeſs in her Deſign, ſhe ask'd him how long it would be before he came off Duty; and being told in about half an hour, made an Appointment to meet him at a Houſe hard by. He readily comply'd, and ſhe went directly to the place of Aſſignation to prepare the Woman, who being a Perſon who work'd for her, was entirely at her devotion, and not a little pleaſed to be made a Confidant in an Affair ſuch as this. The eager

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Soldier made all imaginable haſte to his pretty Miſtreſs; their meeting was full of Rapture!——— and 'tis poſſible with a greater Satisfaction on both ſides, as he believ'd her not of a Rank much ſuperior to his own, than if he had been apprized of the real Quality of the Perſon he poſſeſs'd. After paſſing two or three Hours together in a manner each thought themſelves happy in, ſhe told him it was time to take leave, and putting a piece of Money into his hand, bid him drink her Health, and appointed him to meet her at the ſame place the next day, and enquire for Mrs. *Molly*———He promiſed to be punctual, and adjourn'd to a neighbouring Houſe of Entertainment to do as ſhe had ordered, and regale himſelf with his new Miſtreſs's Bounty.——It was in the dark he had receiv'd it: but by the weight imagining it was a Crown-piece, was reſolv'd (as Men of his Profeſſion ſeldom hoard) to indulge himſelf as far as it would go. After having eat and drank in a plentiful manner, he careleſly threw down the Money, and was walking off; when the People of the Houſe having an Honeſty uncommon in this Age, call'd him back, and ask'd if he knew what it was he had given them.———The poor Lover was in a terrible apprehenſion that Mrs. *Molly* had deceiv'd him with falſe Coin, and was beginning to caſt about in his Mind which way he ſhould repair the damage he had done without being oblig'd to pluck off his Regimental Clothes, and leave them for a Pledge; when they told him it was a five-pound piece of Gold, and deſired to know if he had no ſmaller Money, or if he muſt have it changed—— —The Extaſy with which he heard theſe words, would be difficult even for me to repreſent——he jumped about the Room, ſung, and cried, my *Molly*—— my *Molly*——— my *Molly*—— Oh, ſhe is a glorious Girl—— —a dear Girl———never Man had ſuch

a generous Wench.——Well, I am a lucky Fellow.——With a thouſand ſuch like Expreſſions he vented the Rapture he was in, to find himſelf maſter of a Sum which to him was a vaſt one.——The People, no doubt, not underſtanding for what Cauſe he was ſo much tranſported, believ'd him to be mad; but that was none of their Buſineſs, they paid themſelves for what he had called for, and returning him the reſt of the Money, thought no more of him.—He had but little Sleep that night, exceſs of Joy is as great an Enemy to that compoſer of Senſes, as exceſs of Grief——He counted the fleeting hours, and thought 'em Ages——He roſe with *Phœbus*, and watch'd for his ſetting with the utmoſt Impatience.——The dear expected moment at laſt arriv'd, and he flew to the rendevouz of Bliſs; where enquiring, as he was commanded, for Mrs. *Molly*, all the Surprize, all the Joy, all the Extaſy he before had felt, was nothing to that which now ſeized on each Faculty of his wondering Soul——*Clariſmonda* now appeared herſelf——all her Charms diſplay'd in their full vigour, and illuſtrated with a Blaze of Jewels——immediately he knew her, and knew alſo that this moſt celebrated of all the Court-Beauties and his Mrs. *Molly* were the ſame.——He ſtood Thunder-ſtruck with Amazement——his tumultuous Thoughts, divided betwixt Joy and Fear——took from him the power of Speech——Tho' he had enjoy'd her with all the unlimited Freedom of luxuriant Deſire——tho' every naked Charm about her had feaſted his impatient Eyes, and his wild Hands travelled o'er all that Field of Beauty; ſo much was he now aw'd by her diſcover'd Quality, he ſcarce dared look upon her.——The Confuſion ſhe beheld him in, was no more than ſhe expected; but while ſhe pity'd, could not forbear laughing heartily at it: which adding to his

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Diſorder, ſhe was obliged to riſe from her Chair; and taking him by the hand, drew him gently to that Couch which had been the Scene of their laſt night's Pleaſures, before he could recover himſelf enough to approach. When ſhe had him there, ſhe eaſily found means to leſſen that Reſpect, the continuance of which would have been very unſerviceable to the purpoſe ſhe liked him for——and twining her ſoft ſnowy Arms about his Waiſt, and joining cloſe to his, her panting Breaſt, and warming his trembling Lips with the ſoft melting Dew of amorous Deſire, ſoon made him know the Paſſion ſhe was poſſeſs'd of, left no diſtinction of Degrees, and ſcorn'd the dull Formality of Cuſtom.—— Nature now play'd its part——the Lover regain'd his Boldneſs, and the Lady her Satisfaction.—— When any Ceſſation from Tranſports too tumultuous to give leave for Speech, afforded an Interval of Converſation, ſhe told him he ſhould not long remain in the mean ſtation he then was——— that ſhe would give him greater Proofs of her Affection than the beſtowing of her Perſon——— that ſhe would raiſe him to a Rank which ſhould countenance his entertaining her in publick.—— Nor did theſe Promiſes deceive him, *Women* are generally more liberal this way than *Men*.—— She made him tell her where he lodg'd, and the next morning ſent him a thouſand Crowns.—— He bought himſelf with it a Poſt of Honour in the Army, and is now a Companion for the greateſt Men in the Iſland.

Nature, indeed, has been no leſs kind to him than *Fortune*; he has, to an agreeable Perſon, a Capacity which furniſhes him with the means of being very entertaining; the change of his Circumſtances has made no alteration in his Humour, he is neither Vain nor Proud; and by an affable and pretty Behaviour to all People, eſcapes the Re-

ſlections with which ſuch ſudden Elevations are generally accompany'd. He has many Qualifications wonderful to be found in a Man of ſo narrow an Education; but with thoſe which are truly valuable, he has a Mixture of that which indeed is ſo incident to the Sex, that 'tis ſcarce poſſible to be a Man without being inconſtant and ingrateful.——Not all the Perfections of the charming *Clariſmonda*, ——not all the Obligations ſhe had conferr'd on him, had the power to fix his Heart, and bind him to her Service.——He is exceſſive fond of a little humble Miſtreſs, without any advantage of Birth, of Education, of Beauty, without any other attraction than Youth; yet, often pretending Buſineſs, he avoids the Careſſes of the adorable *Clariſmonda*, and devotes himſelf to her.——It is with the utmoſt vigour he flies to the Arms of this Object of his Pleaſures, and but with a conſtrain'd and enforc'd warmth, he receives the Careſſes of the other;——he has, however, the artifice to diſguiſe it, and to prevent any diſcovery of his frequent viſits there, form'd a Stratagem, which one would not expect from one ſo little accuſtom'd to Intrigue.—He told *Clariſmonda* he had a Siſter lately come to Town, whom he was oblig'd to take care of, and maintain in a manner ſuch as might not be a leſſening to the Character he then bore;——by this means he not only took away all Cauſe of ſuſpicion, but alſo had an opportunity of drawing more Money from that Purſe he had already been ſo much oblig'd to.——The fond deluded Fair thought herſelf happy in having it in her power to ſerve ſo near a Relation to the Man ſhe lov'd,—commanded him to introduce her to her Acquaintance,—receiv'd her with the kind familiarity of a long Friendſhip,—is continually making her Preſents,—and for her ſuppos'd Brother's ſake, endeavours, by all the ways ſhe can invent, to be lov'd by her.—How

long

long this Plot will remain undiſcover'd, the Book of Fate has not, as yet, diſclos'd even to me; but this I am certain of, from the Conſtitution of *Clariſmonda*, and the Companions ſhe has of late made choice of, that it muſt happen ſoon, or it will but little alarm her.—The Marchioneſs *Salvida*, and a Society of Ladies that frequent her Houſe, are now about drawing her into a Secret, which will take away all her reliſh for Intrigue. The abominable Practices of theſe Women are as offenſive to *Nature*, as they are to *Love*—I may hereafter unfold to you ſome part of the Secrets of this myſterious Cabal.—But I am at preſent too much tranſported; yonder I ſee an Object, who while he defies my Power himſelf, enjoys all the advantages of its Influence on others—I never yet had skill to make any laſting Impreſſion on him—my Darts but ſlightly graze upon his Heart, prevented from entring by a Shield of Indifference—yet am I ever in his mouth.——He ſo well knows to dreſs his words in my perſuaſive Sounds, and imitate my Languiſhments in his dying Eyes, that few who ſee and hear him, but wou'd imagine the God of Love inſpired his every Motion.—*Phœbus* who hates me ſince his *Daphne*'s Cruelty, in oppoſition to my Power, has taught him this undoing Art, and by his Example convinc'd the wond'ring Gods, that *Wit* can rival *Love*; and *Artifice* gain more Hearts than *Truth*, tho' utter'd in the ſofteſt manner.——The lovely Ruiner is call'd *Ariſtus*, a Name well known to all the Young and Fair, the Amorous and Gay———a Name, which carries with it ſo high a Character of all that's amiable, that it often has gain'd its owner Conqueſts, without the aid of any other attraction.—How often have I heard a Nymph, in words all Rapture, give to her Companion a deſcription of this dangerous Charmer; till the other, touch'd to the Soul, at the delicious Repreſentation, has languiſh'd to behold

him, and long'd to be ſo ruin'd !——How often have I been invok'd, on this account, by thoſe who never ſaw his Eyes, nor liſtned to the Temptations of his harmonious Tongue, while the malicious *God* of *Wit* has laugh'd at my inability to relieve them, and ſtill guarded his Favourite from my moſt watchful Arrows ! not that he is inſenſible of the Joys which Love affords, never was Mortal more capable of giving or receiving them in the moſt extatick and luxurious degree.——He boldly forces from my Store-houſe every Pleaſure, and leaves the Pain behind.———Aſſiduity, Impatience, Fears, Doubts, Jealouſies, Suſpence, is what he never knew—he even Hope diſdains—and roving o'er the Plain with Air aſſur'd, ſingles the favourite Fair, and but implores and gains. From one Victory he paſſes to another, —enlarges Experience with the different perfections of every kind of Beauty,—ravages where-e'er enfranchis'd Inclination calls, and ſcorns to be confin'd by any particular Charm.

It would be endleſs to recount the various Amours of this gay Inconſtant, or the number of thoſe unhappy Maids, who, bleſs'd once in his tendereſt Vows, now curſe his cruel careleſſneſs.—He, always eaſy, always pleas'd, endeavours not to avoid their Complainings, nor gives himſelf the trouble even to form Excuſes for his mutability of liking.—*Antonina* was more oblig'd to him for his Civility this way, than any of his Miſtreſſes; whether he had more Compaſſion for her than the reſt, or whether he imagin'd the violence of her Spirit would tranſport her to Lengths he did not care to be made the Mark of, is uncertain; but after an Intrigue with her of above ſix Moons (a prodigious effect of Conſtancy from him !) being fully ſatiated, and wiſhing to get free from her Embraces, he could not reſolve to quit her as he had done the others, but pretending a remorſe of Conſcience

ſcience for the Frailties of his Youth, told her, he had made a Vow of an eternal Continency, and made uſe of all his Artifice, to prevail with her to be eaſy in a Misfortune which was now irremediable, and in which he ſuffer'd much more than ſhe.——Thoſe that are in the leaſt acquainted with the Humour of that Sex, will readily believe ſhe receiv'd theſe tidings with but a ſmall degree of Reſignation. ———She was exceſſively tranſported at the firſt, but it wore off—ſhe found means of conſolation in the Arms of a new Gallant.———She can now hear his Name without being mov'd, and ſpeak of his Amours, without any of that Indignation, which, whenever it appears for an ingrateful Lover, is a never-failing token of ſome remains, and thoſe not inconſiderable ones, of Tenderneſs. *Ariſtus* rejoices to be ſo eaſily freed from the Perſecution of both her Love and Reſentment, and purſues his Pleaſures as before.——He has a very great concern in the *Enchanted Well*, is one of *Lucitario*'s Party, and conſequently a gainer by it.—He paſſes moſt of his time here, where he finds every day opportunities to advance his Intereſt with thoſe of either Sex, who can be any way of advantage, either to his Ambition or his Pleaſure.—He is not leſs ſucceſsful in the one than the other,—I am the only God whoſe power he contemns, and all the reſt combine to make him happy—I have not Force to combat the united Strength of Heaven's whole Hierarchy—I cannot prejudice him, and it is but in vain the abandon'd Nymphs cry out to me for vengeance and redreſs.—The multitudes he has undone, and thoſe he will yet undo, muſt bear their wretched Fate, 'till Death, their only Friend, ſhall give them eaſe.—That tall Man who is now talking to him, is maintain'd by him for the Service of his Amours, and for all his grave Looks, is no better than a Procurer. What a monſtrous injury is this to my God-head? but I deſpair

of

of ever being able to revenge it—Pimps and Bauds uſurp my Power—the Women are wholly led by Intereſt—the Men by Luſt—and Love has no part in Enjoyment.

The ſtinging Reflection, how ill he had been treated in his favourite Iſland, extracted ſome Tears of heavenly Dew from the Eyes of this Divinity; he was not able to proceed—he ſtood mute, bury'd as it were in Thought, and as the Stranger was contemplating on what he had heard, the Cogitations of them both were, on a ſudden, diſturb'd by ſeveral Footmen ruſhing through the Croud, and crying out, *Stand back there—make way for my Lady Dutcheſs.*—Immediately approach'd a Woman of a very graceful Appearance, tho' ſomewhat in years.—Her haughty Port—the Diſdain with which ſhe ſeem'd to look on all the Aſſembly—and the encourag'd Inſolence of her Servants, gave our Adventurer a curioſity of knowing who ſhe was, imagining ſhe had not always appear'd in the Grandeur ſhe then did.—The Deity reading in his Eyes the wiſhes of his Soul, and willing to gratify them, took him by the hand, and drawing him a little diſtance from the Throng, While, beautiful Stranger, *ſaid he*, you are under my Protection, I muſt not permit you to gaze on that Woman, who, tho' ſhe was never handſome, and has for many years been paſt her bloom, yet is miſtreſs of all the ſeducing Arts the Devil ever taught the moſt cunning of her Sex—ſhe has been ever a profeſs'd and open Devotee to that Fiend ſo many of theſe wretched Iſlanders adore, and to ſatisfy the raging Inſpiration, ſpares no Pains nor Stratagems:—ſhe cannot behold a Form ſo compleat as is yours, without feeling thoſe Deſires, which never fail to prompt her to meaſures the moſt abhorr'd for the gratification of them.—Auguſt as now you ſee her in all the glare of Pomp and Grandeur, ſhe was once on a

level

level with the meaneſt of that crowd ſhe nowdeſpiſes—Born of a low Extraction, and of Parents remarkable only for baſe Actions; ſhe had not arriv'd at the Age of ſeventeen, before ſhe was a noted Proſtitute: nor was this ſcandalous Profeſſion, the moſt vile ſhe follow'd—ſhe aſſociated herſelf with a Gang, who if they had not been more truſty to each other, than Perſons of that ſort generally are, muſt have expiated their Crimes with their Deaths, and that in the moſt ſhameful manner the Law has the power to inflict;—yet, in the midſt of all theſe diſadvantages, a young Nobleman, whoſe Name is Count *Almont*, thought her worthy his Embraces. —He maintain'd her in a manner far above her Hopes—really lov'd her, and had that prefect confidence in her Fidelity, that he introduc'd his Friends to her Acquaintance—made Entertainments for them at her Lodgings—and whenever any Buſineſs call'd him out, made no ſcruple of leaving her alone with any of thoſe he had brought there. ——Among the number of them, was a certain Duke who takes his Title from a Northern County: from frequent Converſations with him, ſhe had opportunities of practiſing thoſe Inſinuations which ſeldom failed to gain the point ſhe aim'd at———therefore could not be unſucceſsful on a Man whoſe Credulity ſeem'd to invite deceit.—— He became in a little time wholly charm'd with her———thought her the beſt Woman in the world——ador'd her Humour, and doubted not but that there were uncommon Tranſports to be found in her Embraces, ſince he every day ſaw Inſtances of the Fondneſs with which ſhe was regarded by Count *Almont*.

Being become his Rival, he ceaſed to be his Friend, and was continually labouring to perſuade her, that he was unworthy of ſo great a Joy as her Poſſeſſion.———The artful Creature immediately found

found his design; and one day as he was sitting with her, when word was brought that the Count was coming to visit her, she burst into a flood of well-dissembled Tears; and as tho' she knew not what she said, cry'd out, *Oh Heavens! now must I be sacrificed!*——The believing Duke was in a Rapture at these words, but had not time to express it, because the Count was coming up stairs—— But the next time he had an opportunity, he told her that he had long been in love with her——— that nothing could have given him a Joy adequate to the Knowledge, it was not Inclination which had engaged her to live in that manner with Count *Almont*; and that if she could be prevailed on to quit him, his whole Life and Fortune should be devoted to her.—This was all she wanted, she knew there were advantages to be made in being Mistress to the easy-natur'd Duke, which she could not hope for, in a continuance of an Amour with a Man who had possess'd her, and who was not of a Disposition to be too much imposed on.——He had of late denied her some Extravagancies she had ask'd of him, and she began to think her power with him on the decline; therefore, stay'd not to be twice entreated to comply with what she so much desired, and believ'd so much to her Interest; and ordering her things to be pack'd up immediately, went away in his Grace's Coach, without giving herself any uneasiness how the Count would take so sudden an Alteration in her Humour——for many Years she reign'd sole and triumphant Empress of his Heart——managed his Fortune—— took upon her the government of all his Affairs, and at last, (Oh shame to Nobility!) her Artifice and his mean Notions of true Honour and Greatness, prevail'd on him to marry her!———After that, she used him as, indeed, he deserved.—— The most humble and obliging Mistress was now

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turn'd the moſt haughty and imperious Wife; and if his raiſing her to that Dignity juſtly ſubjected him to the ridicule of all Companies abroad, her Behaviour to him made him infinitely more ſo at home———he became the Jeſt of his own Servants—he was deſpiſed by his Enemies, and pitied by his Friends.———Seeing, and too late repenting the Folly he had been guilty of, the Grief of it threw him into a lingring Diſeaſe, of which he died.—The luxurious Dutcheſs now was at liberty to take the full ſwing of her Deſires; and, accordingly threw out her Lure for all the amorous part of Mankind.— Countleſs were the numbers ſhe found means to attract, but none felt a ſtronger or more laſting Impreſſion than *Windufiut*, a Gentleman, who by his Principles relating to other Affairs, one would not have imagin'd ſhould have been ſo eaſily drawn in by one of her's; but there are few young Hearts that are Proof againſt the Charms of Grandeur———Rich Clothes, a Blaze of Jewels, a ſplendid Equipage, are apt to dazle the unwary Gazer, and take the Senſe, tho' they cannot reach the Soul.—Then ſhe had Arts to ſupply what Age had taken from her, and make even Wrinkles pleaſing———beſides, we are not to imagine that the Poſſeſſion of her antiquated Beauties was his only Aim———he has a good deal of Ambition in his nature, and 'tis not to be doubted but that the hope of raiſing his Fortune by her means, had at leaſt an equal ſhare in the Inducement——Another Argument alſo may be alledged in his behalf———he had from his Childhood been abſent from the Iſland, and but juſt return'd from his Travels, when he was introduc'd to her Acquaintance: therefore, had not the opportunity of being let into the black part of her Character; and as Youth is ſeldom without ſome Vanity, was eaſily flatter'd into a belief that he was the only

happy

happy Man; and that thoſe Favours he receiv'd from the Dutcheſs were the effects of the moſt tender Paſſion.——'Tis true, ſhe took all imaginable pains to confirm him in this Opinion, and to that end would needs have him with her at a Caſtle ſhe had ſituated on a Bank of one of the fineſt and moſt delectable Rivers in the whole World.—Here it was ſhe uſed to paſs the Summer-Seaſon, and here ſhe now indulg'd herſelf with this young *Enamorato* in all the riotous Delights of Senſe, 'till he, too generous, too ſincere, for ſuch a proſtituted and polluted Paſſion, fearing his living with her in that publick manner wou'd be a blot on her Reputation, (which I have already told you, he was ignorant was ſcandal-proof) begg'd ſhe would reſtrain her Raptures from the Eyes of her Servants, and thoſe who viſited her, and not with laviſh Fondneſs permit him to remain in the ſame Houſe with her; but only give him leave to wait on her at proper times, as tho' he came to ſollicit ſome Favour from her, not to receive one.—This Requeſt, tho' dictated by the tendereſt regard, put the haughty Dutcheſs into an inconceivable Rage, and he had ſcarce time to finiſh what he had to ſay on that head, before ſhe interrupted him——And are you weary of living with me, *Windufius? ſaid ſhe:* ungrateful Man! are you already ſatiated with my Embraces? —Has a Woman of my Quality, my Good-nature, my Sincerity, and Love, no Charms to hold you? —Is it,— ay, too ſure 'tis that,—like all your Sex you are fond of Variety!—Novelty is the only Charm to pleaſe you!—you have ſome other View, ſome little trifling Creature rivals me in your Eſteem——and now you'd leave me,—you languiſh to be happier than 'tis in my power to make you: —But go (*continu'd ſhe, pretending to weep*) be gone—be gone for ever from my ſight—be gone, and boaſt you have forſaken a Woman whom your Superiors wou'd

wou'd die to obtain—and one, who lov'd you with a Fondneſs which nothing but your Ingratitude can equal.——Theſe words, and the moving geſtures which accompany'd them, quite diſſolv'd the tender Soul of him they were addreſs'd to—and wholly innocent of her Reproaches, he cou'd not bear the Grief he thought ſhe ſuffer'd :—O forbear, my lovely Dutcheſs! *ſaid he*, (kiſſing and embracing her)—forbear to wound me by ſuch unjuſt ſuſpicions,—think not I ever can forget your Goodneſs,—believe me, 'twas out of the extremeſt regard to your Honour I offer'd this Violence to myſelf—and choſe rather to be leſs frequently happy than I have been in your dear Arms, than endure you ſhould ſuffer by the malicious Cenſures of a detracting world.—O do not wrong my Love—my endleſs Gratitude—believe it as it is, the higheſt proof of tender Paſſion urg'd me to this propoſal, and that I wou'd chuſe to die a thouſand Deaths to make you happy.———Theſe Expreſſions, and ſome other Arguments he made uſe of, a little pacify'd her, and beginning to conſider more calmly on what he had ſaid, ſhe cou'd not help acknowledging, that to live together in that manner muſt render her infamous to all who knew it ; yet, not able to reſolve to part with him, ſhe bethought her of a Pretence for detaining him, which, to thoſe who were ignorant of the Affair, might ſeem plauſible enough—it was to make him Gentleman of her Horſe ; but this, tho' a Poſt no way unbecoming a Gentleman, who had not abundance beſide his Birth and Accompliſhments to depend on, was not at all agreeable to the Ambition of *Winduſius*. —He had been made to believe that he ſhould have ſomething infinitely ſuperior by the favour of this Lady, and could not deſcend ſo far beneath his high-rais'd hopes, as to accept of a Service in her Family.——He palliated his refuſal however in as hand-

handſome a manner as he could, and whatever her Thoughts were, ſhe did not ſeem to be diſguſted at it—but ſtill perſiſting in her Reſolution of detaining him, preſently had another Stratagem in her head.——She told him ſhe would have him pretend Courtſhip to ſome Lady of her Acquaintance——that ſhe would ſeem to encourage it, and by that means, his continuing in her Houſe and to manage her Affairs as he had done, would be look'd on no other than to engage her to be his Friend in this.——He was naturally of a gay Diſpoſition, and was well enough pleaſed to fool away a Summer in this manner——and reminding her Grace of the promiſe ſhe had made him, that when they came to Town ſhe would make Intereſt among her Friends for a Settlement for him, promiſed never to mention a removal from her.———She ſwore to perform all he deſired——but in the mean time, as they had agreed together, ſhe made a Ball, to which all the young Ladies and Gentlemen round the Country were invited.———Had his deſign been to have made love in earneſt, he might have been at a loſs where to fix among ſuch a number of Beauties; but as his Courtſhip was to be but a feint, he gave Chance the liberty of determining on whom the Lot ſhould fall.——The agreeable *Stanilia*, a young Widow of a great Jointure, and a pretty deal of ready Money in her own poſſeſſion, happened to be the Woman——ſhe had, to the reſt of her Advantages, an unblemiſh'd Character, and was in every thing a match far above his hopes.—He would have been glad to have been her Husband in good earneſt, and found his Addreſſes were receiv'd in ſuch a manner, as he need not deſpair of one day being ſo——but he knew the Dutcheſs's Temper too well, to dare to communicate his Sentiments to her on this occaſion. But his endeavouring to conceal it, was in vain; ſhe perceiv'd it, and

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to make herſelf yet more valuable in his Eſteem, by a proof that his Happineſs was dearer to her than her own, told him, that if he could like *Stanilia*, ſhe wou'd adviſe him to marry her——You may be her *Husband* (*ſaid ſhe*) and yet remain my *Lover*, and as I have promiſed to make your Fortune, I know not any way more effectual than by helping you to a Wife ſuch as *Stanilia*. 'Twou'd be impoſſible to repreſent with how much ſatisfaction *Windufius* heard her ſpeak in this manner—ſhe read it in his Countenance, but forbore teſtifying her diſpleaſure at it; and aſſuring him ſhe wou'd do every thing in her power to forward his Intentions, withdrew to her Cloſet to ruminate what courſe to take, not to do as ſhe had promis'd, but to render his Endeavours fruitleſs.———She now began to hate him heartily, her Pride was ſhock'd to think he cou'd conſent to lie in any other Arms than hers, but reſolv'd not to turn him off, till ſhe had provided herſelf of another equally qualify'd to pleaſe her. It was in a very different manner the open-hearted *Windufius* contemplated on this affair; he was charm'd with the imagin'd generoſity of the *Dutcheſs*, and thought of nothing but continuing her eternal Slave, in ſpite of thoſe Engagements his Intereſt made him hope for with the other.——He notwithſtanding play'd his part ſo well with *Stanilia*, as to make his counterfeit Paſſion be believ'd a real one, and ſhe was almoſt on the point of returning it with more ſincerity, than indeed it merited, when the deſigning *Dutcheſs* prevented her, by giving her ſome private hints, that he was not the Man of honour he wou'd ſeem;———I wou'd have you, my dear *Stanilia* (*ſaid ſhe, with an air of the moſt tender Friendſhip*) I wou'd have you not to believe too ſoon—the Hearts of Men are dark——*Windufius* I believe has as much honour as any of that Sex, which takes a pleaſure in undoing ours—

methinks I wou'd have you make ſome tryal of his Faith—wou'd have you be more reſerv'd in your Behaviour—Or, ſuppoſe you countenanced the Addreſſes of ſome other;——endeavour to pique him ſome way, and you will ſoon diſcover whether his Profeſſions are ſincere.

Theſe words had the Effect they aim'd at; *Stanilia*, not imagining the *Dutcheſs* had any reaſons for inſincerity in an affair ſhe had brought on herſelf, and had ſeem'd ſo much to encourage, believ'd indeed, that there was cauſe for doubting the Truth of *Windufius*, and in every thing behav'd to him after, as ſhe had adviſ'd: She admitted his Viſits leſs frequently than ſhe had been accuſtom'd; and when ſhe ſaw him, ſcarce ſpoke, or if ſhe did, it was in the coldeſt manner; and receiv'd a Gentleman, whom he knew had declar'd himſelf her Lover, with all the gaiety imaginable before his face. This alteration gave him a ſhock which it wou'd be very difficult to repreſent; he complain'd of it to the *Dutcheſs*, and entreated to know what ſhe thought of it, but inſtead of meeting her Compaſſion, he excited her Mirth; ſhe fell a laughing, which ſomewhat ſurprizing him, How, Madam, *(cry'd he)* is the ruin of thoſe Expectations you had fired me with, of no more conſequence to you? Are you pleas'd I loſe all hope of ever being maſter of the Fortune of *Stanilia*?———No, *anſwer'd the diſſembling Dutcheſs*, but I rejoice that you have ſo good a ſecurity of it——I ought, indeed, to ask your pardon for one thing, which is, my ſuffering you to feel a moment's Pain, for this little Artifice, which I was appriz'd of before it was acted.——— How, Madam! *interrupted he*, was it then but a feint? for Heaven's ſake unfold this Myſtery. No more upon my Soul, *(reſumed ſhe)* ſhe made me the Confidant of her Deſigns;—ſhe told me that you were dearer to her than her Life, and that nothing

ſhould

ſhould hinder her from giving herſelf to you; but (added the vain Creature) I will firſt have the pleaſure of tyrannizing a little——he muſt know a little of *Purgatory* before he arrives at *Heaven*—he ſhall dance Attendance—know Hopes, and Fears, Suſpence, Perplexity, Uncertainty, Jealouſy and Impatience—tremble at my Frowns—be in an Extaſy when I ſmile—die one day—revive the next——grow lean and pale, and ſhow all the Symptoms of a deſpairing Lover.—In this manner (*continu'd the crafty* Dutcheſs) did ſhe run on for a whole hour, to all which I made but ſlight anſwers; for when once a Woman ſets a Reſolution to give herſelf airs of this nature, it is not all that can be ſaid to her will prevent her—I would therefore have you countermine her Stratagems, pretend love to the firſt Woman that comes in your way, and inſtead of gratifying her Pride with diſcovering any uneaſineſs for her Behaviour, turn the Tables on herſelf, and let her feel in reality, thoſe diſquiets, which the Coquetry of her Humour is preparing for you.—But will not that (*cry'd he*) entirely diſoblige her? —You need not fear it (*anſwer'd ſhe*) you have her by the Heart, and the apprehenſions of loſing what ſhe loves, will make her yield at once, and eaſe you of the pains of further aſſiduity. They had a great deal more diſcourſe to the ſame purpoſe———the reſult of which was, his ſubmitting to her reaſons, and better judgment in the Caprices of her own Sex.

Aurelia, a young Lady in the Neighbourhood, of a very great Fortune, an agreeable Perſon, and eminent Extraction, was the Perſon pitch'd upon to give *Stanilia* cauſe of jealouſy.———The *Dutcheſs* eaſily found means to bring them acquainted, gave him opportunities of being alone with her, and met with enough to gratify her ill-nature from the different Complaints of the Perſons ſhe

impos'd on.———*Stanilia*, who was the fartheſt in the world from any ſuch Deſigns as ſhe was accus'd of, and truly lov'd *Winduſius*, was touch'd to the ſoul at his Ingratitude.——*Aurelia* ſoon found the Effects of his perſuaſive Art, and was little leſs enamour'd than the other;———ſhe grew almoſt mad, when the *Dutcheſs* (perceiving this laſt Affair went on more ſucceſsfully on *Winduſius*'s ſide than ſhe had imagin'd, and that there was a probability he might in time feel the Paſſion he at preſent but pretended) told her of his Engagements with *Stanilia*———and *Winduſius* was doubly perplex'd, to find ſo ill an Effect of what the *Dutcheſs* had ſuggeſted on the fair Widow, who reſolv'd rather to die, than recede from that ſtrangeneſs the belief of his inconſtancy had oblig'd her to put on; and *Aurelia*, juſtly ſuſpecting, that he who had been falſe to one, might probably be ſo to another, grew alſo reſerv'd and cold.——Every one had their vexations, and the incendiary *Dutcheſs* had all the Satisfaction ſhe cou'd wiſh, in triumphing o'er her more lovely Rivals in the Affections of the Man ſhe liked; and at the ſame time, revenging herſelf on him, for harbouring a Thought of beſtowing any part on another, of that tenderneſs ſhe deſir'd wholly to engroſs.——In this faſhion the Myſtery was carry'd on for about two Months, and tho' *Winduſius* was a Man of a good deal of Penetration, he ſaw not into the meaning of it.——He had ſo implicit a faith in the *Dutcheſs*, that he never once ſuſpected ſhe had ſaid any thing but what was extremely to his advantage, and growing weary of ſollicting theſe Ladies, who both continuing their reſerve, ſat down contented to indulge his Raptures, with the only Woman, who, as yet, had the power of giving them.

Aurelia, who really lov'd him with a tranſcendency of Paſſion, ſuffer'd it at laſt to over-rule her Pride;

Pride;———his deſiſting from viſiting her, made her believe ſhe had entirely loſt him; but reſolving to know her doom, however ſhe might be able to endure the certainty, ſhe ſent to deſire he wou'd come to her—but he return'd, that ſome very great Buſineſs made it impoſſible for him to come himſelf. —This cold Indifference confirm'd her in what, ſhe before had too much reaſon to ſuſpect.—She writ to upbraid him with his breach of Faith; he had too much complaiſance not to anſwer her Letter, and not knowing well what excuſe to make, evaded any direct reply, and had recourſe to an Ænigma taught him by the *Dutcheſs*, (who, 'tis probable, had herſelf been formerly put off by the ſame Stratagem;) That there was an indiſpenſible Neceſſity for his refraining his viſits, but that he ador'd her, and ever ſhou'd do ſo, tho' he was oblig'd to leave to *Time* the proof of his Honour and Conſtancy, and the unfolding a Riddle, which at preſent ſeem'd ſo ambiguous.——It wou'd be too tedious to repeat the various diſorders which ſeiz'd the Soul of poor *Aurelia* at receipt of this Letter; ſhe had too good an underſtanding not to perceive the deceit of it, and the war between her Love and Reſentment had like to have been fatal to her.——She conceal'd her Grief, as well as ſhe was able, from the obſervations of all who knew her, but cou'd not forbear writing to him once more. The contents of her Letter being dictated by me, I can very eaſily repeat——they were theſe—

Aurelia *to the Ingrateful* Windusius.

AS eaſy as you found it to betray a Heart unpractiſed in Deceit, you will perceive it a Task more difficult to impoſe a Belief on any Woman of common Underſtanding, that Love is of a nature to fight againſt itſelf.———None influenc'd by that Deity, are Maſters

enough of their Actions to decree any thing to the prejudice of their Paſſion ;———nor need I wait the ſlow reſult of Time, *to inform me you are no longer under the ſubjection of that Power, whoſe Effects I feel too ſenſibly in my own Soul, to imagine it can work ſuch contrary ones in yours.——I will not occaſion you the Guilt of any further Denials of your Apoſtacy, by asking what it is has influenc'd you to proceed with me in this manner.——I can eaſily gueſs at it, and ſhall, I hope, reap this Advantage from your Perjury, never to believe any of your Sex again.——I deſire no other Revenge for my abuſed Sincerity, than that you may, ſome time or other, find a Woman fair enough to create a real Paſſion in you ; and as inſenſible of it, as you are of mine.*

AURELIA.

There are but a very few, not influenc'd by me, whom ſuch a Letter would have at all affected : but *Windufius*, tho' he knew nothing of thoſe Delicacies I inſpire, had a natural Tenderneſs in his Soul, which would not ſuffer him to believe another was in pain, without feeling ſome ſhare of it himſelf :—but, not having it in his power to make her happy (all the Affections his Heart was, as yet, ſuſceptible of, being in favour of the Dutcheſs) he from this time forbore writing to her, and carefully avoided her Sight ; juſtly ſuppoſing, that where there is a real Paſſion, ſuch a Behaviour was the only way to extinguiſh it.———And indeed, when a Perſon is incapable of making a return, 'tis infinitely more generous at once to ſhew it, than by a pretended Kindneſs, endeavour to preſerve a fruitleſs flame, and rack the Heart poſſeſs'd of it with the Tortures of Suſpence.——The ſoothing *Dutcheſs* perceiving her Favourite in ſome little Inquietudes, for thoſe which by her Inſtigations he had occaſion'd in the Breaſt of *Aurelia* ; the ſooner

to

to reſtore him to his former Gaiety, ſhe removed to another fine Seat ſhe had ſome Leagues farther in the Country, where (as her large Experience of the Temper of Mankind made her not doubt) Variety of Converſation and new Faces would eaſily obliterate the memory of former ones.——A little time confirm'd the Truth of her Suggeſtions;———the unhappy Maid no more had a place in his remembrance;———he no longer regretted the Injury he had done her;———no longer pity'd the Woes he had reduc'd her to:———But it was not conſiſtent with the Juſtice of the Gods, that he ſhould for ever triumph in his Inſenſibility;———the Hour was now arrived, which ſhould inform him what kind of Torments thoſe are which ſpring from Tenderneſs abuſed, and diſappointed Love:——— But ſee! he comes!——I will oblige him to relate to you the Hiſtory of his Amours;—a Hiſtory, he has a thouſand times in the moſt bitter Anguiſh of his Soul repeated to the unanſwering Groves and ſilent Streams.———He has been ſince the trueſt, moſt faithful, and zealous of my Devotees;——— the moſt religious Obſerver of my Laws:——but alas! it is not in my power to reward his Conſtancy;———Supreme Juſtice denies me the privilege of bleſſing him, who has once been falſe:——he muſt, at leaſt for a time, ſuffer the ſame Soul-rending Agonies his Ingratitude inflicted on the unfortunate *Aurelia*.—— But I will no longer defer the Satisfaction of a Curioſity I have rais'd;———he ſhall himſelf relate the Particulars of this Affair.

Here the God advancing two or three Paces, made himſelf known to the diſconſolate *Windufius*; who, with down-caſt Eyes, folded Arms, and all the ſigns of a dejected Mind, was approaching the Place they were in: and having ſignified his Pleaſure, by ſome inward Impulſes peculiar to the Deities, led him to the expecting Stranger. The Mo-

ments were too precious to be waſted in fruitleſs Ceremonies; and the firſt Civilities being paſs'd, he began to execute the Commands of his divine Inſpirer, in theſe or the like Words.

The Hiſtory of the Chevalier Windusius, *and the fair, falſe* Wyaria.

I Had not been many Days at *Powray*, (the Name of that fine Manſion the *Dutcheſs* had carry'd me to, in order to divert a Melancholy then growing on me) before, among many others who came to bid her welcome to that Place, I diſtinguiſh'd the agreeable *Wyaria*, the Daughter of a Country Gentleman, who lived not far from thence:——It was from her Eyes I firſt receiv'd the Darts of Paſſion;———thoſe pleaſing Pains, which thrill'd my glowing Veins while gazing on her:—the uneaſy Languiſhments I ſuffer'd in her Abſence,—the Hopes, the Fears, the ſoft Anxieties, the thouſand nameleſs, unutterable Perturbations, which every Look and Motion of that ſweet Diſturber rais'd in my Soul, immediately inform'd me, that I had been miſtaken in myſelf; and that all thoſe Deſires I formerly had felt for others, had been no more than light Amuſements,——the Effects of Youth, Idleneſs, and the Warmth of Nature; and far unworthy of the Name of *Love*.———Her frequent Viſits to the *Dutcheſs* gave me, in a little time, an Opportunity of declaring my Sentiments; and I had the Bleſſing, (as I then thought it) to find they were receiv'd in a manner more favourable than I could have hoped.

hoped. I made her Grace acquainted with my Proceeding, but not with the true ſtate of my Heart; and ſhe encouraged me in this Amour, as ſhe had always done in the beginnings of the others.——— She told me, that to her knowledge, the Father of *Wyaria* was vaſtly rich; and had often ſaid before her, That if ſhe marry'd with his Conſent, he would give her twenty-thouſand Crowns, which was the ſame he had beſtow'd with another on *Batharius*, a Gentleman, who, tho' he had been formerly no better than a Town-Rake, and had ſpent the beſt part of his Fortune, had wound himſelf ſo far into the old Gentleman's Favour, as to gain his Daughter, and that Dowry with her. All theſe Circumſtances made me not doubt but I ſhould make my Character and Affairs appear in a Light which would not be diſagreeable to the Father:— I had no Apprehenſions but from the young Lady, and thoſe were only ſuch as Love is never unaccompany'd with; and which her obliging Treatment of me, in a ſhort time render'd leſs and leſs formidable. The *Dutcheſs*, who from time to time would needs be inform'd of all the Particulars of our Converſations, did not fail to give me Advice how to behave, in a manner, which, if I had not been really in love, would have ſeem'd the moſt likely to ſucceed; but being now too well experienc'd in that Paſſion, had but little occaſion for her Inſtruction:——but while ſhe appear'd ſo zealous for my Service, was acting in a quite contrary manner, and endeavouring to ruin me in the Opinion of that Lady ſhe had made me believe ſhe was ſolliciting in my behalf.—*Wyaria* was generous enough to tell me of it, and alſo to give me ſome Hints of her Grace's Character, which tho' I had lived ſo long with her, I was utterly a ſtranger to: The Diſcovery of her Deceit in this Affair, open'd my Eyes to the Artifice ſhe had made uſe of in the for-

former ones; and this Knowledge of her Humour, join'd to my Paſſion for another, made her as odious and deteſtable to my Soul, as ſhe had once been dear and agreeable:———however, by the engaging *Wyaria*'s Advice I concealed my Diſguſt, continu'd with her as before, and feign'd a Belief of all ſhe ſaid; but whether, not perfect in the Art of Diſſimulation, ſhe read in my Eyes the Alteration of my Thoughts; or whether ſhe found, by *Wyaria*'s Behaviour, her Wiles had failed of the Succeſs they aim'd at, is uncertain: but reſolving not to be diſappointed in every thing, her natural Propenſity to Miſchief inſpir'd her with Meaſures, to plague thoſe Hearts ſhe now began to imagine were not to be diſunited by her Stratagems. Accordingly, all on a ſudden, ſhe left *Ponray*, and returned to her Caſtle on the River-ſide, where we had been the beginning of the Summer:——It was impoſſible for me to make any Pretence to ſtay behind her; and I was obliged to conſole myſelf in Abſence, with frequent correſponding by Letters with my dear *Wyaria*.———Her Father had allow'd of my Viſits, and I had no room to doubt but that in a little time I ſhould have his Conſent for the compleating my Felicity.—Security, therefore, made me more eaſy, and the tender manner in which ſhe writ to me, and her conſtant Obſervance of every Poſt, aſſur'd me, that ſhe took no ſmall Satisfaction in this diſtant Converſation.—I alſo received Letters from her Father, her Siſter, and Brother-in-law, with repeated Invitations to come to their Houſe as ſoon as her Grace's Buſineſs would permit me:—but alas! that was an Opportunity I vainly languiſh'd for; and at laſt, quite weary of Diſſimulation, and wild with Impatience, to ſee my dear, my enchanting *Wyaria*, I forced myſelf from that Compound of Artifice, Hypocriſy, Avarice, Luſt, and every hateful Quality, and flew with the Wings of

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impatient Affection to my lovely Charmer, to all that I then thought was worthy of my Love.—— At my Arrival, I found a Reception, ſuch as my utmoſt Wiſhes ;—Doors,—Arms,——and, as they pretended, Hearts open'd to give me Welcome : The old Gentleman, *Batharius* and his Wife, ſeem'd to outvy each other in their Love and Fondneſs of me : but for *Wyaria*, never Man found ſo endearing a Welcome as I did from her.—When Supper was over, the Family retired to their reſpective Apartments, and only ſhe and I remained : How did the melting Charmer ſeem to lay open all her Soul!— What tender things did ſhe not ſay !—With what ſweet Complainings did ſhe not upbraid my tedious Abſence !—With what an appearance of the ſublimeſt Rapture did ſhe not ſwear my Preſence was the deareſt thing on Earth ! — Oh ! let the God of Love, who heard the perjured Fair, judge my Cauſe, and puniſh her in kind !———Oh ! may ſhe love like me, and be, like me, undone ! —— Let a kind Spring of early Hopes cheriſh the growing Paſſion ; but e'er the Summer of her Joy arrives, let it be daſh'd with ſudden Storms and Tempeſts ;———let all the Blaſts of cold Unkindneſs, Scorn, and Deteſtation, nip the gawdy Bloom, and wither it for ever ;——let her whole future Scene of Life be one continued Horror : And, to add to her Deſpair, may I be Witneſs of it.———— Heaven ! with what a Look of Innocence and Sanctity did the Fair Deceiver receive my Tranſports, and confeſs her own !——The beſt part of the Night was paſs'd before we parted ; and, as her Behaviour afterwards inform'd me, it was my fault we ſtay'd not together the remainder of it. The next day a young Lady, a very great Intimate of hers, came to ſtay ſome time with her ; ſhe was immediately made acquainted with our Amour, and ſeem'd extremely to approve of it ; and I believe

lieve was perfectly sincere in her good Wishes to us both: It happen'd, while she was there, that *Batharius*, whose Agreement on Marriage, was to take some part of his Wife's Fortune in Board, was now to remove with his Family to a House he had taken a few Miles distant from their Father's.——The old Gentleman, *Wyaria*, her Companion, and myself, were desired to accompany them: Accordingly we did, and tarry'd above a Week;—Sports of all sorts abounded, Drinking, Dancing, Hunting, Hawking; nothing was to be seen but Mirth and Jollity: 'till Diversion growing tasteless, for want of Intermission; and *Old Care* beginning to think it time for him to be among his People, we set out for home: He rode a little before, and kept *Smitheria* (that was the Name of the young Lady) in Talk, as we imagin'd, to give me an Opportunity of entertaining his Daughter with more Liberty; and indeed, never did Lover think himself more bless'd than I did at that time: from the Friends of my *Wyaria* I had all the Encouragement imaginable, to assure myself of their Consent to make me happy; and in the kind Eyes of my Charmer, I easily read her Wishes were not inferiour to my own: As we beguil'd the time in Conversation suitable to the Circumstances we were in; on a sudden she changed Colour, and shrieking out, cry'd, *Take me down,—take me down, my dear* Windusius! *or I shall fall off my Horse.*——You may be sure I immediately obey'd, but frighted, ask'd the Occasion. *Oh! I have the Cramp* (answer'd she) *in the upper part of my Thigh;——I cannot bear the Torment;——chafe it with your warm Hand, for Heaven's sake.* Judge now what I endur'd! stretch your Imagination to the utmost Extent, and if possible, form an Idea of the vast Temptation now open'd to me! —think what I felt amidst this Scene of racking

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Pleaſure——what infinite, unutterable, diſtracting Extaſy invaded my whole Soul, while thus employ'd; —Fancy you ſee the lovely Maid extended on the Graſs, her ſhining Eyes ſwimming in Love, and ſparkling with Deſire! her ſnowy Breaſts panting and heaving with impatient Wiſhes!——her Garments thrown aſide, and all the Beauties of her fine-proportioned Limbs expos'd to View!—the Legs, the Thighs, the ſoft, the milk-white Skin! —the plump, inviting Fleſh, that quiver'd at my Touch! ——the thouſand, thouſand nameleſs Charms which Words cannot expreſs, and Thought alone can paint. ———But I grow wild at the Remembrance, forget my Wrongs, and almoſt wiſh I were again ſo to be deluded.——Never Man, perhaps, endur'd more between Reſpect and Paſſion;—never did Honour gain a Victory more ſevere:——I reſiſted all the Dictates of Deſire,— bore, unappeas'd, the eager Cravings of that tumultuous Moment; and conquer'd *Nature*, to be juſt to *Virtue*.———But Oh! what fierce Convulſions rack'd every throbbing Nerve!——What agonizing ſhootings ran through all my Veins!—Cold Sweats, like thoſe of Death, came o'er my Face, while in my burning Breaſt ten thouſand Furies raged.——The Pains of Death were mild, to thoſe I felt.—*Wyaria* ſaw, and pity'd my Condition; and telling me ſhe was better, deſir'd me to help her to remount.——The Command both pleas'd and ſhock'd me:——I obey'd as well as I was able; but alas! the late Conflict diſcover'd itſelf in my enfeebled Limbs;———my Arms had ſcarcely Strength to lift her on her Horſe, nor my Legs to ſuſtain the weight of my own Body; and it was as much as I could do, for ſome Moments, to recover myſelf enough to proſecute our Journey.— The Confuſion a little over, I endeavour'd to make up the time loſt; and it growing late, reminded her we muſt mend our Pace.——But I will not prolong

long my Narration by a recital of particulars of no great conſequence.——We got ſafe to her Father's, who had been come in long before us, and were oblig'd to bear a little Raillery from *Smitheria* for ſtaying behind——*Wyaria*, however, ſeem'd not much concern'd in vindicating the Occaſion, and I thought it not my Buſineſs.——Supper over, the old Man went to Bed, and after a little Chat, young Confidante retired alſo to hers.——When we were alone, the melting Fair, with Love unbounded, began to let looſe all her Soul——confeſs'd the Cramp had been but a pretence, only to give me an opportunity of gratifying both our Wiſhes——avow'd an uneaſineſs which nothing but poſſeſſion cou'd abate, and even courted me to ruin her: while I, amaz'd, confounded, and aſham'd to ſeem inſenſible of Tranſport which ſpoke ſo plain, cou'd not reſolve how to proceed.—O Virtue! wonderful was thy Power,—here was a proof of Tenderneſs, of Truth, of a Sublimity of ſincere Affection, which I believe this Age cannot equal—in fine, I bore a ſecond time the tortures of recoiling Nature, deny'd the impatient workings of Deſire in my own Breaſt, and endeavour'd to make hers more temperate.—With much perſuaſion, I at laſt prevail'd on her to go to Bed; ſhe went, as I thought, to her Friend, and I to the enjoyment of my Thought, which told me, ſome hovering God, deſigning good to both, had directed my Actions; and I hoped the ſame kind Power wou'd alſo aid me to obtain the Father's approbation on the morrow, and crown both our Wiſhes.

I cou'd not, however, avoid being ſomewhat diſorder'd on the Reflection of the extraordinary Adventures of this day and night,——not all my own Warmth of Conſtitution—not all my Paſſion for her, cou'd make me pleas'd to find ſo much in

a Woman who was to be my Wife: but I had not above half an hour's Meditation, before I heard somebody come into my Chamber, I thought it might be one of the Servants, for my Candle was ſtill burning, when, to my great ſurprize, I ſaw *Wyaria*.—It was ſhe herſelf, who haſtily undrawing my Curtains, threw herſelf on the Bed by me, and preventing my asking her the meaning of ſo unexpected a viſit, Suſpend your wonder, my dear *Windufius, ſaid ſhe*, at this ſeeming Extravagance, till you know the Cauſe of my Proceeding in ſo ſtrange a manner—I am now (*continu'd ſhe, burſting into a flood of Tears*) come to make diſcoveries which will ſoon cool your *Love*, if ever you had any for me, but in its ſtead, perhaps, create a greater warmth of *Friendſhip*—I know what I am going to relate will loſe me a *Husband*, but if you are as generous as I believe you are, gain me an eternal *Friend*—and, Oh! I have a dreadful need of one.—At theſe words ſhe ſunk, fainting on my Boſom, unable to utter more.—Amaz'd at what I ſaw and heard, I wanted but little of being in the ſame condition; but recollecting myſelf as well as I was able, I got out of Bed, and by the help of a little Time and Water recover'd her.—As ſoon as ſhe open'd her Eyes, Great Gods! *cry'd I*, what is all this?—from the moſt tender and paſſionate Deſire, which, but ſome moments ſince, took up thy Soul, why art thou thus chang'd, diſpirited, dejected, and diſorder'd?—what can it mean?—or what is to be done?—Then, perceiving ſhe anſwer'd not but with Tears, and ſuch Sighs as gave me apprehenſions of a Relapſe, I ſuppreſs'd all tokens of Aſtoniſhment, and began to uſe Expreſſions of Conſolation—My Life! my Angel! *reſum'd I*, my only wiſh'd for Good! be comforted—be eaſy, and whatſoe'er has happen'd to diſturb thy gentle Soul, diſburthen it on me, proud to ſuſtain thy weight of Anguiſh,—behold in me, thy

thy Friend, thy Lover, thy Husband, or if there be a name which can comprize the Truth, the Tenderneſs, the Fondneſs of 'em all, call me by that.—Oh! tell me thy perplexity!—I was going on with all the Demonſtrations I was capable of, to convince her with how ſincere and pure a Paſſion I regarded her, but laying her Face on my Mouth, to ſtop any further Speech—Oh forbear (*ſaid ſhe*) forbear this laviſh Goodneſs to an unworthy Wretch, —your Love, your Generoſity, but racks me more —I cannot bear it—my Crime now ſhows itſelf in all its horror———and I grow wild—mad, with the curſt Reflection.—Here it was as impoſſible for me to ſuffer her to proceed, as it had been for her a moment before:—Heavens (*cry'd I, looſing myſelf from her*) What haſt thou done?—what Crime canſt thou be guilty of?———haſt thou blaſphem'd the Gods?———Faintly ſhe anſwer'd, No. Committed Sacrilege, *ſaid I*, or Murder? Oh no, *return'd ſhe.* Then thou haſt loſt thy Virtue, *rejoin'd I, with an aking Heart.* Yes, yes, *confeſs'd the fair Apoſtate*, and with thoſe words, fell a ſecond time into a Swoon, from which, I found it more difficult to recover her than the former one. It wou'd be very difficult to make you ſenſible what my afflicted Soul felt at a diſcovery ſo alarming———the almighty Power of Love, who inſpir'd me with a ſublimity of Paſſion, greater ſure than any Mortal ever was before poſſeſs'd of, can only repreſent it. My Grief—my Surprize was equal, but my Reſentment too weak, too ſhort-liv'd, for ſuch a monſtrous Cauſe———but alas! what cou'd I do?——Had any other Tongue inform'd me, with the hazard of my Life I would have clear'd her; but ſelf-accus'd, there was no room for Doubt;—and ſelf-condemn'd, none for Indignation.———The knowledge of her Crime, and her Repentance for it, came together to me;———beſide, the one I was

but

but told of, the other I ſaw.—The charming Criminal was almoſt expiring at my Feet—expiring at the ſenſe of a Wrong ſhe had done me, which but for herſelf I had not been appriz'd of.—There appear'd ſo much generoſity, ſuch a noble open-heartedneſs in this Behaviour, that, methought, look'd lovely; and ſhe grew, if poſſible, more dear to my Affections, in guilt thus confeſs'd, thus atoned, than in the Reputation of perfect Innocence before.———At laſt ſhe was again reſtor'd to Life, to Senſe, and my forgiving Love———but it was hardly in the power of all my fond Endearments to hinder her from doing violence to herſelf.—Oh! *ſaid ſhe*, you never, never can pardon ſuch a Fault as mine——I do not, muſt not hope your Love;—but if you e'er committed any ſecret Sin for which you dread the Vengeance of offended Heaven, as you wou'd wiſh for Mercy, beſtow it now on me; pity and relieve my loſt Condition.—Ceaſe, ceaſe, my Dear (*interrupted I, touch'd to the Soul at her Complainings*) to wrong a Paſſion as unalterable as thy own power of charming.—Is there an Action I am capable to ſerve thee in, and canſt thou judge ſo meanly of me, to think I wou'd refuſe thee?—No, tho' Death, tho' what is infinitely worſe than Death, eternal Infamy were ſure to enſue, I wou'd for thee endure it;—therefore keep me no longer on the Rack—tell me! What is it I muſt do?—be quick to eaſe my Anguiſh, or I ſhall ſoon be uncapable of any thing.—Oh! 'tis impoſſible (*reſum'd ſhe, in a dying accent*) that you can forgive me—can love me ſtill.—I had not patience to permit her continuance in this Deſpair, and reſolving, if poſſible, to put an end to it, Correct me inſtantly, great *Jupiter* (*cry'd I*) if what I ſay, I mean not. Keep then your Promiſe, *ſaid ſhe*, remember what you have ſworn, for I ſhall make a fiery tryal of your Truth.—Know, *purſu'd ſhe, weeping afreſh*, that I

am guilty of the Crime I mention'd in its worſt ſhape——Pollution made more black by *Inceſt!*——'tis now two Years ſince my Siſter's Husband *Batharius* led me into the deteſted Secret, which I have ſtill continued in;——tho' at each repetition of the horrid Deed, my Soul ſhrinks in me, and each fond Endearment raiſes a Fury in my tormented Mind.——She could no more, the riſing Sighs ſuppreſs'd the utterance of her Words, nor if ſhe had ſpoke, had I the power of liſtening.——The name of *Inceſt*, like a Thunderbolt, transfixed me for a while, and lock'd up every Senſe in wild Amazement.——Never was Confuſion equal to what I felt——never was Heart ſo torn betwixt Love and Rage: And indeed when I conſider with what a violence of Paſſion I regarded her, I wonder that an utter deprivation of Reaſon did not enſue:—I behaved myſelf (as ſhe afterwards told me) in a manner, which made her fear the ſudden ſhock of the Diſcovery would entirely take from me the means of doing her the Service ſhe requir'd; which, as ſoon as ſhe found me in a condition of anſwering, ſhe inform'd me, was to make her Father acquainted with the Story, and implore his Aid for her retiring to ſome Place where ſhe might never ſee the vile *Batharius* more. It would be too tedious to repeat the various and confuſed Interrogatories I put to her, or the as various Whirls of diſtracted Paſſion which ſeiz'd my tortur'd Brain at her Replies.——I was not able for a great while to enter into any ſettled way of Converſation.——But as the moſt violent Agitations of the Soul cannot always retain their Force, mine began at length to calm; and as Indignation and Grief abated, Curioſity, accompany'd by a Deſire, which till then I had never dared to indulge, roſe in their ſtead.——Reſpect, and that Purity of Tenderneſs with which till now I had ever regarded her, by this Diſcovery

was

was utterly eraſed;—the humble, the perfect *Lover* was extinct, and I was now all *Man*, reſolute, deſiring Man!———the Advances ſhe had made me, the Adventure of the Cramp, every amorous (to call it no worſe) Particular of her Behaviour to me, came now into my head, and I reſolv'd to gratify at once my own and her Deſires: I found not the leaſt Reſiſtance, and we paſſed the remainder of the Night in as much Satisfaction, as two Perſons poſſeſs'd with a Paſſion (where the Senſes only are call'd to counſel, and the Soul has no part) can find in the Enjoyment of each other.——When Morning came, ſhe renew'd her Requeſt, that I would make her Father acquainted with the Abuſe ſhe had receiv'd from *Batharius*, aſſuring me it was indifferent to her what became of her, if ſhe was but deliver'd from thoſe Stings of Conſcience, which rack'd her Soul in the continuance in her Crime, and which ſhe could no longer ſuſtain: that if he ſhould turn her out of doors, and expoſe her to all the Miſeries of Want and Poverty, ſhe would chearfully undergo it, and endeavour by the meaneſt and moſt ſervile Offices to get her Bread, rather than feel thoſe innate Torments, which took from her all poſſibility of ever knowing a Moment's Peace of Mind.——With much perſuaſion I at laſt conſented, and ſome remains of my former Tenderneſs ſtill working in me in her behalf, join'd with a little Self-Intereſt, that if I acted the generous Part, related the whole Affair to the old Man, and told him withal, that my Love to his Daughter made me willing to forgive all Faults, and that I would ſtill make her my Wife; he would double the Portion he deſign'd for her, and perhaps make me the Heir of all his Wealth. This Imagination was not a little pleaſing to me, and after ſhe had retir'd to her own Apartment, I dreſs'd me, and went about the execution of my Deſign.—I found the old Gentleman walking

in his Garden, as was his Cuſtom every Morning; and when the firſt Salutations were over, telling him, I had an Affair of the greateſt conſequence in Life to impart to him, we went together into a Grove, where, after ſome neceſſary Preparations, ſuch as, deſiring him to arm himſelf with Patience, and giving him ſome hints, that what I had to ſay would be a fiery Trial, in Expreſſions as moderate, and as favourable for her, as the nature of the thing I had to ſpeak of would allow: At laſt, I made him ſenſible of the whole horrid Secret.——But with what words, noble Stranger! can I repreſent to your Imagination the Storm of Rage with which he heard it! he flew out of the Grove like a Man utterly depriv'd of Reaſon, and drawing his Sword, and calling aloud for *Wyaria*, had certainly in the firſt Guſt of paſſion plung'd it in her Breaſt, as ſhe came trembling to know his Commands, if I had not taken care to ſnatch from him that Inſtrument of Vengeance.——He took her by the ſhaking Shoulders, and dragging her into the Grove, began to diſcharge ſome part of his Rage in Revilings:——Thou Scandal of thy Sex, *ſaid he*, thou Blot of thy Family! what is it I have heard of thee!——Thou inceſtuous, thou abandon'd Wretch! what is it thou haſt done?——Monſter——Devil——unnatural Proſtitute!——With Curſes un-number'd did he load her, neither regarding the Condition he beheld her in, for ſhe fainted on the Bank, nor giving me leave to utter the leaſt Word in vindication of her, 'till at length, Compaſſion for a Woman I had once ſo dearly lov'd, obliged me to force him from her, and with more gentle Treatment endeavour to call home her wandering Spirits.——She was but a few moments before ſhe recover'd, and throwing herſelf at his Feet, her Eyes ſtreaming with Tears, and wringing her Hands, ſhe implor'd Forgiveneſs in terms ſo moving,

moving, that the Heart that had been inſenſible of Pity muſt have been more than ſavage———mine quite diſſolv'd, and putting myſelf in the ſame Poſture with her, begg'd him to pardon all; aſſured him I was ſo well ſatisfy'd in her Repentance, that I regarded her with the ſame Ardency of fond Affection as before, and told him, I was ready to take off the Shame ſhe had brought on herſelf, by becoming her Husband that very moment, if he would give his Sanction to the Act.——An Offer ſo unexpected ſeem'd to give a prodigious turn to his Reſentment——his Eyes loſt immediately great part of their Fierceneſs; but making no other Anſwer to it than, Ay, Sir, that is ſtrangely generous indeed! walk'd a little diſtance from us, as tho' to conſider on what I had ſaid——while I, thinking it beſt not to ſuffer him to cool, proſecuted my Intentions in this manner: The Misfortune, *reſum'd I*, is yet a Secret, Sir; the baſe *Batharius*, for his own ſake, never will divulge it, and if I marry *Wyaria*, you may depend on my Care to prevent her from being a ſecond time deluded by his Inſinuations:——As for the uſage ſhe ſhall receive from me, as I have already told you, I now again confirm it; the true Contrition, and that ingenuous Confeſſion of her Crime to him, from whom of all Mankind, had ſhe not been the ſincereſt of her Sex, ſhe would moſt artfully have conceal'd it, will make her ever dear, ever charming to my Soul——I never will reproach, never will hold her in leſs Eſteem, than I ſhould if no ſuch Accident had happen'd.——I ſaid a great deal more, to convince him it was not only neceſſary for the Honour of his Family, but alſo for his Daughter's Happineſs, that he ſhould give his Conſent to this Match.——But, after a long pauſe, inſtead of the Gratitude, with which any other Parent would have liſten'd to ſuch an Offer; he told me, with an Air of Indifference, that he thought himſelf

ſelf obliged to me;———but, ſaid he, I ſuppoſe you expect ſomething more beſide my Bleſſing.—— Doubtleſs, Sir, anſwer'd I, nor can I think you will deal leſs generouſly with me, who am willing to take *Wyaria* with all her Faults, than you have done with *Batharius*, who had with her Siſter an untainted Virtue and unblemiſh'd Reputation.—— And what then, Sir, (interrupted he briskly) will your Friends do for you?— what Jointure will they enable you to make for 2000 Crowns? I am unable to expreſs the Surprize and Indignation I was in at ſo unexpected a Query.———Nothing but to ſee me in ſuch another, can make you ſenſible of that Violence of Paſſion with which I was poſſeſs'd at his Behaviour:—And not endeavouring to conceal it, How! *cry'd I*, is a Bargain to be made in an Affair ſuch as this? do you take me for a Wretch wholly incapable of Reflection?—I muſt unknow what you are ſenſible of but through my means, if I did not know the Propoſition I have made you ſo much to my Diſhonour, that were my Intentions publick, and there be a Man on Earth that loves me, his higheſt proof of it would be to ſhoot me thro' the Head:———But I will ſpeak no more, (*continu'd I, with a little more Temper*) your Daughter is in preſence, let her relate to you the particulars of her Undoing, and with what an uncommon Tenderneſs I have behav'd in this Affair,——then conſider whether you ought to treat me in this manner. *Wyaria*, in whoſe Countenance all the time we were talking one might eaſily read the Agitations of her Soul, here preventing her Father's Reply, began to unfold the truth of what I had reveal'd. She told him, that it had been more than two years ſince, deluded by the falſe *Batharius*, ſhe had yielded to his Deſires;—that he had, by a great many Arguments which to her ſeem'd well inforc'd, convinc'd her that Polygamy was no

Crime,

Crime, and that he ſwore to make her as equal with her Siſter, in her Right to him, as ſhe was ſuperiour in his Eſteem; that his Love to her was beyond all bounds,———and that her Vanity and Inadvertency had render'd her Heart ſuſceptible of the dangerous Impreſſions his Wit and Aſſiduity attempted to make;——that one day, happening to be alone with him in the Houſe, half by Perſuaſions, half by Force, he had perpetrated his Deſign, and had ever ſince continu'd to abuſe her in the ſame manner;———but that, ſtung with a juſt ſenſe of what ſhe had done, ſhe could no longer bear the Torment, and fearful herſelf to reveal the horrid Secret, ſhe had made choice of me as a Perſon in whoſe Honour and Good-nature, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, ſhe had the greateſt Confidence. ——She concluded her unhappy Story, with ſome Expreſſions how much ſhe was obliged to that uncommon Teſtimony of my Love of deſiring to be her Husband; and intreated by all the Supplications imaginable, that he would grant a Requeſt ſo much to the advantage of her Peace of Mind, and the Preſervation of their Houſe's Honour.———I did not fail to ſecond what ſhe had ſaid, and tho' I was a little nettled, as indeed I had good reaſon, that he ſhould make the leaſt Demur in granting what I might juſtly have expected he would have been the firſt in deſiring; I conquer'd my Reſentment to obey the Dictates of my Love, which, I muſt confeſs, as yet pleaded moſt tenderly in her behalf.———But all we could urge was unſucceſsful; he ſaid, there were private Reaſons, which obliged him to defer giving any direct Reply at that time,——but that he would conſider of it;—aſſured me, he had the moſt particular regard for me, that he would very ſhortly prove how heartily he eſteemed me; with a great deal more to the ſame purpoſe, which at that time I was weak

enough to believe; but withall, desir'd I would for a few days retire from his House, for he was in expectation of a Visit very soon from *Barbarin*, whom he was very unwilling to cross me with, after the knowledge of the Injury he had done me in the Person of the Woman I intended for my Wife.——I know, (said he) you Youngsters, and especially a Cavalier, and a Lover too, are impatient of Indignities; you are not sensible yourself how ill you could brook the Presence of a Wretch, who has offended in the manner he has done; and if a Quarrel, on this occasion, should arise, the whole Affair would become the Talk of the Country: I would have you, therefore, leave us for a while, and you shall hear from me, in a manner, perhaps, more to your advantage than yet you think of.—— I am asham'd to confess how much I was transported with these words; it presently came into my head, that *Barbarin* would be utterly thrown out of the Family, and I declared the Heir of all.——Full of these golden Expectations I obey'd, and desiring he would direct for me at my Lady Dutchess's, where I told him I would tarry 'till I receiv'd his Letter, took an humble Leave of him:——my Farewell to *Wyaria* was, you may be sure, a little more prolong'd; for I still lov'd her with a Fondness, which neither Possession, nor the knowledge of her Crime could abate.——Oh! let the God of undissembled Ardors remember mine, when unable to part without a repetition of those Joys we had so lately tasted, the melting Charmer dissolved within my Arms, and pressing me close as her grasp could strain my willing Body to her panting Breast, she cry'd, Oh! that I had never been her own!——were I Mistress of the Globe, and could dispose of Crowns and Empires at my will, I'd freely quit the loftiest Sovereignty for to call back that blessed hour which gave me to

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Katharine. ——And then again, *My Windsor!* (wou'd she gently murmur out) judge with how true a Passion I regard thee, when rather than deceive thee, I would accuse myself.——Oh! do me——honour, when cool Reflection overcomes Desire, love me the less for a Generosity so unequall'd.——Oh! me, by Heaven, (interrupted I, rais'd to the highest pitch of Extasy by her unequall'd Tenderness) thou ever shalt be dearer to my Soul than Wealth,—than Life,—than even Fame itself,—be but brave forward mine, and only mine.—When I am not, (cries she, forcing herself from my Embrace, and kneeling before me with Hands and Eyes lifted up to Heaven) may the immortal Gods make me an Example of Perfidy, which After-Ages shall with wonder hear of;——whenever I, even in Thought, transgress against the firm Affection I now swear to my dear *Windsor*, may I be struck blind and lame;——may Diseases of all kinds seize on me, consume my Flesh with un-intermitting Anguish, and rot me to the Bone, 'till my black Soul, driven from this House of Horror, descends to Hell a Prey to endless Torment.——She would, if possible, have added to this dreadful Imprecation, if my impatient Love could have permitted it; but free from all Suspicion, from all Fear, I snatch'd her from the Ground, prest'd her again to my transported Breast, secur'd her Vows, and chased away all her remains of Grief with renewed Endearments,——Plotting in Pleasures not to be describ'd, we past the hours, and should hardly have had the power to separate ourselves in a much longer time, if the Consideration how much to our mutual Interest it was, not to disoblige the old Gentleman, had not prevail'd on us to do it.——With a thousand Vows and Protestations on both Sides, of meeting as much alone often 'till we met again, we at last took leave——

for

she retir'd to her Closet, as she told me, to contemplate on what was pass'd; I to the Stable, where my Man, as I had order'd, waited with my Horse. I was no sooner at the Duchess's, than I was asked ten thousand Questions concerning my Proceedings; but I related no more, than that the Father of *Wyaria* approved of my Pretensions, and that in a very short time I expected a Summons to be put in possession of every thing. I watched carefully concealing every thing that might redound either to my own Dishonour, or that of my intended Bride.——Her Grace did not seem perfectly satisfy'd with what I said, imagining she read something in my Countenance (as indeed she very well might, for Nature never found a Man less capable of Disguises) which spoke past Surprize, and that something extraordinary had happen'd. She did not scruple to tell me what her Thoughts were, and seem'd a little disgusted I did not put the same Confidence in her which I had formerly done: But neither Insinuations nor Resentment had the power to dislodge this Secret from my Breast; and she found herself obliged at length to appear satisfy'd, whether she was so in reality or not;——but what her Sentiments were, I had not leisure to examine, having Perturbations of my own which would not suffer me to look into others. Day after Day, Week after Week pass'd away without any Letter, either from *Wyaria*, or her Father: So strange a neglect could not but very much alarm me, and what between Amazement, Indignation, and disappointed Love, I suffer'd infinitely more than is in the power of any words to relate.——A whole Month I liv'd in all the Tortures of Suspense, than which, those who have known 'em will confess there cannot be severer; and, nor able to assign any reason which seem'd to reconcile, I imagin'd the Duchess, to make

make the more sure Discovery how my Affair stood, had been so wicked as to intercept the Letters directed to me.

This Belief had no sooner got ground in me, than I cursed her with it, and as tho' assured that she had acted in that manner which to me was a Crime unpardonable, reproached her in Terms which 'tis probable none, since the last been said to the Wife of her Lover, had ever presumed to do.—She heard me however, with a Patience which I have since wonder'd at, and only protesting, by all the Asseverations she was capable of making, that she was innocent, gave my Rage leave to vent itself in what manner it would.——But I could not form to myself any other Cause, and continued in my Chagrin 'till I was relieved from that by being put into a worse.——When I had almost given over all hope, comes a Letter from *Wyaria*, the Contents of which were too remarkable to be forgot; and because no Words but her own can make you sensible of this astonishing Circumstance, I will repeat; they were these.

The undone *WYARIA* to her dear *WINDUSIUS.*

CONDEMN me not, my ever-ador'd Windusius, that I have not writ before; both Pen and Paper have been denied me, since you left this Place, and how me with never so violent an Ardor, your Disappointment cannot equal my Affliction. The moment you had taken Horse, I was confined to my Chamber, denied the Sight of even all of our own Family, but an old grim Wretch who is perfectly my Father's Creature, and to whom it would be but as much a Pleasure to see the Head of Acquisition my Soul is ever grasping after.——'Tis enough I know my Father

Father has neither the Compaſſion Nature ſhould oblige him to for his own Child, nor the Gratitude which is due to a Generoſity ſuch as yours: he ordains that I ſhall never ſee you more, and to that end ſends me to the Houſe of Batharius, *(O horrid, barbarous Uſage!) there to remain under the Guardianſhip of that deteſted Monſter, who will no doubt take care to prevent my making any Elopement.— Judge what I muſt endure in this Confinement—to have my injured Siſter, innocent of the Wrongs I have done her, provoking my diſtracted Conſcience by fruitleſs Attempts of Conſolation.———My Curſt Undoer ever in my Sight, and perhaps when opportunity preſents, forced to repeat the Crime, which to have been guilty of, damns me to unceaſing Horrors.———O ſave me, ſave me, I conjure you, if not for Love, for Friendſhip, for Pity; nay, for the ſake of common Humanity defend me from being again ſubſervient to his brutiſh Will———Invent ſome Stratagem to take me from him, it matters not what ſhall hereafter become of the*

Forlorn WYARIA.

P. S. *It was not without great Bribes I furniſhed myſelf with the means of ſending this———O let not the Supplications of a Woman, who in ſpite of her Misfortunes loves you more than Life, be altogether unavailing; but as you have ſworn yourſelf my Friend, be juſt to your own Honour, and ſhield me from this worſt Deſtruction, and diſpoſe of me hereafter as you pleaſe.———Once more Adieu. I am this very moment going, therefore be quick in your Relief, if you at all afford it.*

It would be wholly impoſſible, dear Stranger, to make you ſenſible what 'twas I felt at reading theſe Lines: I now perceiv'd my hopes of Intereſt by her Father were utterly aboliſh'd, I found the old Villain rather than part with his Money would ſacrifice his Daughter to all the Miſeries of the moſt abhorred and unnatural Luſt — all my pleaſing Expectations

pectations were now in a moment vaniſh'd; but I had ſtill Tenderneſs enough for the unhappy *Wyaria*, to wiſh to free her from a Life, ſhe had ſo good cauſe, and ſo much ſeem'd to dread.

With theſe Cogitations mingled a Reflection that I had wrong'd the Dutcheſs, in imagining ſhe had intercepted my Letters; and my Remorſe for having accuſed her with it, joined to the Reſolution my Rage had inſpired me to form, of expoſing to the laſt degree the Father and Brother of *Wyaria*, made me impart the whole Affair to her. I ran immediately to her, related every Circumſtance of my ill Uſage, and entreated her Advice how to proceed both for Vengeance and Redreſs. She ſeem'd (as well ſhe might) prodigiouſly alarm'd at the account——told me ſhe thought I had a good Eſcape, and if I would take her Counſel, it would be to trouble myſelf no farther with any of the Family.

This was, I believe, the only ſincere thing ſhe ever ſaid in her Life, at leaſt, to me; and yet this of all ſhe ever ſaid I was the fartheſt from regarding. Had my Paſſion for *Wyaria* been extinguiſhed, my Honour could not diſpenſe with the Promiſe I had made in protecting her, as far as was in my power, from the Abuſes of *Batharius*: Friendſhip, nay, common Humanity, methought, bid me fly to the relief of this poor Penitent, who abandoned by thoſe who ought moſt to take her part, had no Refuge but myſelf on Earth.———I muſt have endeavoured her Reſcue even for pity ſake, but as my Love (if not as violent as it had been) was yet ſuperiour to that with which Men ordinarily are poſſeſſed, I thought each Moment I delayed a Crime ſhe might in Juſtice hate me for.

I paſſed the Night in Anxieties too great to be deſcribed, nor did the Morn bring with it any Tranquillity; for as before my Thoughts were racked

racked with the Apprehenſions of her ill Uſage, they were now tortur'd with ten thouſand various Inventions by what Method I ſhould proceed to give her the Relief ſhe begg'd: and at laſt, wholly incapable of fixing on any, but reſolv'd to attempt every way, I took leave of the Dutcheſs, much againſt her Will, and made what haſte I could towards the Villa where *Batharius* liv'd.

Her Father's Houſe was in my way, and it came in my head, as I purſued my Journey, to try firſt what I could do with him; but not knowing well how to contain myſelf in the Preſence of a Wretch, who, for no other Reaſon than becauſe he would not do me juſtice, had conſented to ſacrifice his own Child to the brutiſh Luſt of an inceſtuous Monſter, whom he ought rather to have made an example of; I went into an Inn, which happened to be pretty near the Houſe, and in as civil terms as my Rage would permit me to diſſemble with, writ to him, complained of his Breach of his Promiſe, let him know that I had depended on his Word, look'd on *Wyaria* as my Wife, and was now come to claim her—not taking the leaſt notice that I had received a Letter from her, or that I had the leaſt intimation by any hand whatſoever of her being removed.

This I ſent by my Servant, and ordered him to acquaint the old Gentleman where I waited in expectation of his Anſwer, becauſe I would punctually fulfil the laſt Command he had given, of not coming to his Houſe, till ſummoned by him.——— I did not doubt but that he would be extremely puzzled what excuſe to make, and began to ſooth Imagination, that as ſoon as he heard I was there, he would immediately ſend for *Wyaria*, and make good his Promiſe to me: but I was ſoon convinced of the error I had been in, to think there was a poſſibility for him to repent the Villany he had been

been guilty of, or that it was in his Nature either to be juſt, or grateful.

My poor Fellow came back with his Head broke, and his Arms and Back bruiſed in a moſt terrible manner——I needed no more than the ſight of him, to inform me what had happened; but when he had recover'd Breath to ſpeak, he told me that the old Fiend had no ſooner read my Letter, than he tore it in pieces, and cried, Tell your Maſter he is a Villain and a Fool, to think to impoſe upon me and my Family——that I forbid him my Houſe at his peril, and that if he dares to enter my Doors, he ſhall meet with the ſame Treatment as his Meſſenger. With theſe Words, and many other Scurrilities, he return'd my Civilities: which my Man, unable to endure, retorted on the giver. On which he call'd his Creatures, whether Foot-men, Plough-men, Hedgers, or Ditchers, I am not able to ſay, for 'tis probable they ſerv'd in all theſe Capacities, and turn'd him out with the Marks of their Good-Will already mentioned.—Had I followed the firſt Impulſes of my Rage, I had certainly gone to the Houſe, and ſhot him thro' the Heart; but Love interpoſed for *Wyaria*, and bid my beating Heart inform me I muſt firſt deliver her, and then call her Father to an account for the Injury he had done me.—It was but a moment before I was determined; Revenge gave way to Tenderneſs, and I rode on towards *Batharius*'s, hoping there to obtain the moſt wiſh'd-for Triumph!

But I had not purſued my Journey above a hundred Paces, before I perceived at a diſtance two Ladies on horſeback, and a Servant with them; both were mask'd, but one of the Horſes I knew immediately to be *Wyaria*'s, and that very ſame ſhe was mounted on, when the Invention of the Cramp had firſt made me ſenſible how much I was favour'd in her Inclinations. It will be needleſs to ſay I ſet ſpurs to my Horſe, and would have thought a *Pegaſus* too ſlow to

bear

bear me to 'em; by what I have told you of the ſtate of my Heart, you will eaſily believe I made what ſpeed I could. The foremoſt of them I preſently knew to be the Wife of *Batharius*, whom as not believing of the Confederacy againſt me, I accoſted as civilly as my Impatience to ſecure the other, who I believed was her Siſter, would allow time for.———I flew with all the Wings of Joy and fond Deſire; but Oh! immortal Gods! how great was my Surprize———how ſhocking my Diſappointment, when laying my hand on the Reins of her Horſe, ſhe pluck'd off her Mask, and diſcovered a Face I had never ſeen before!

I had not Preſence enough of Mind even to ask her Pardon; but returning to the other, who ſtopt, and ſeemed amazed at my Proceeding, and preventing the Interrogatories ſhe was about to put to me for what Reaſon I had done it, deſired her to tell me inſtantly, where *Wyaria* was; told her I look'd on her as my Wife, and would have her produced.

Here this Lady, whom, before I had the greateſt eſteem for, and who had profeſs'd the higheſt regard for me, now ſhow'd herſelf of a piece with the reſt of that accurſed Family———and in Expreſſions, a Gentlewoman ſhould have bluſh'd to ſpeak, bade me be gone——and think not of *Wyaria*, ſhe was not a match for a paultry *Chevalier*, who had no other Jointure to make her, than the precarious dependance of a beggarly Penſion———and a Fellow too, (*ſaid ſhe, with all the ſpite imaginable*) who has render'd himſelf yet more unworthy the Civilities he has found in our Family, by endeavouring to ſow diſſenſion among People, who are too well acquainted with one another's Principles to regard what he has ſaid, any further than to deſpiſe and hate the inſinuating Reporter.——Theſe Words gave me not only to underſtand ſhe had

had been inform'd of every thing, which at *Wyaria*'s requeſt I had related to her Father, but alſo, that ſhe believ'd her Husband innocent, and that I had, for ſome baſe Intereſt of my own, been the Inventer of the Story.————I wou'd have endeavour'd to have clear'd myſelf of an Aſperſion ſo wrongfully caſt on me, but ſhe wou'd not give me leave; and continuing her revilings, and aſſuring me I never ſhould ſee her Siſter any more, who, *ſhe ſaid*, had been too much deceiv'd by my Inſinuations, rode away, without ſuffering me to alledge one word in my Vindication.————I did not attempt to ſtop her, nor give myſelf any further trouble concerning what Opinion ſhe harbour'd, than what proceeded from my wonder, that a Woman, whom, till then, I had always believ'd had a good deal of diſcernment, cou'd be ſo groſly blinded in an Affair, in which moſt of her Sex are apt to be too quick-ſighted. My ſtill dear *Wyaria*'s Condition, took up too much of my Thoughts to allow room for any other Conſideration to continue; and preſently reflecting that her Siſter's abſence might give the curſt *Batharius* an opportunity of abuſing her in the manner he had done, I began to renew my pace towards the Houſe, which was now almoſt in ſight; when hearing a Horſe gallop after me, I turn'd my head, and ſaw the Footman, whom I had juſt before met with the two Ladies, coming with full ſpeed in the very Path I was in.——I preſently imagin'd he had been ſent by them, as no doubt he was, to give notice of my Approach and Intentions, and reſolving to ſtop his Career, I turn'd ſhort upon him, and catching faſt hold of the Bridle, Whither in ſuch haſte? *ſaid I*; all your Stratagems to get *Wyaria* out of the way ſhall be in vain, therefore return to your Miſtreſs, and tell her, that *Winduſius* will prove he deſerves not the treatment he has met, or periſh in the attempt.——I ſaid no

more, nor indeed had I the power: The Fellow, with an Impudence as great as thoſe to whom he belong'd, giving me a hearty Curſe, clap'd Spurs to his Horſe, which being a high-mettled one, with a ſudden Spring was very near overſetting me and mine——I was ſo much provok'd at this Inſolence from a Servant, that not being at that inſtant Maſter of my Paſſion, I immediately ſnatch'd one of the Piſtols from my Holſter, and diſcharg'd it at him, but good Heaven averted the Miſchief, my Raſhneſs elſe might have been fatal to myſelf as well as him.——He miſs'd the Bullets, and receiv'd no other Damage than what his Fright occaſion'd, which indeed was violent enough to make him fall from his Horſe, and, for ſome moments, loſe the power of Speech; yet the diſſembling Villain, too well vers'd in the pernicious Arts of thoſe he ſerv'd, when I demanded of him, Whether *Wyaria* was at this time in the Houſe of *Batharius*? and offer'd him a handſome reward to reveal the truth of that Affair, had Cunning ſufficient to deceive me, and faithful to his horrid Truſt, aſſur'd me ſhe was not; form'd a moſt plauſible Story that ſhe had been ſent there, but not believing it a place of Security, imagining I would come in ſearch of her, ſhe was remov'd that very day to an Aunt's ſhe had further in the Country: I, eaſily betray'd, doubted not of the Truth of what I thought Fear only had extorted from him, gave him what I had promis'd, and diſmiſs'd him.——My Heart methought was ſomething lighter than it had been at this News; I rejoic'd that ſhe was out of the power of *Batharius* for her own ſake; however, I ſtill reſolv'd not to leave the Country till I had ſeen her,——and therefore knowing very well the way to the Town where this Relation liv'd, I left the Road which led to *Batharius*'s, and took the other; it was but a few Miles, and I reach'd it before dark.——At

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my arrival, the good old Lady was prodigiouſly alarm'd at my demanding to ſpeak with her Neice, and much more ſo, when I told her, as I now made no ſecret of it, the Reaſons of my enquiring.——She aſſur'd me I had been miſinform'd, for to her certain knowledge *Wyaria* was at her Brother's; and that if I queſtion'd the Truth of what ſhe ſaid, there was a young Lady in the Neighbourhood who cou'd convince me, having been come but that day from the Houſe of *Batharius*, and had ſeen her there.——This Lady was *Smitheria*, who, I told you, had ever been the chief Companion and Confidant *Wyaria* had; to her I immediately went, hoping I might now know the certainty of every thing——but I found her as much alter'd in her Behaviour to me as the reſt had been.——She ſaid, indeed, that ſhe had ſeen *Wyaria*, and din'd with her that day, but ſhe could give no other account of any thing I ask'd; and when I related to her, as I had done to the Aunt, all the particulars of the Affair, ſhe only anſwer'd, with a good deal of reſerve, that ſhe had nothing to do in it, every body was beſt judge of their own Buſineſs; but acknowledg'd, ſhe thought it a little ſtrange things ſhou'd be carry'd ſo, after what had paſt between us.——I found there was no farther Satisfaction to be gain'd from her, therefore took my leave, reſolving to purſue my Knight-Errantry the next morning, for I was oblig'd to lie in the Town, by reaſon of its being too late to go that night.——*Aurora* had ſcarcely ſpread her chearful Dawn, before I was on horſeback; but I had gone but a very little way before I was met by the *Chevalier Druſus*, Brother to the Dutcheſs; he ask'd me, Whither I was going ſo early? which I made no heſitation to inform him—He then told me he had much to ſay to me on that Affair, and deſired I wou'd alight and go into an Inn hard by.——With ſome unwillingneſs, to

retard even a moment the Execution of my Deſigns, I was at laſt prevail'd upon, and he began to endeavour perſuading me from ſo raſh an attempt—aſſur'd me that if I went in ſight of *Batharius's* Houſe, I was a dead Man; that there was a Gun plac'd in every Window; that what I had already done to the Servant, had made the whole Country ring; and that there was not the leaſt poſſibility of getting to the Speech of *Wjaria*; for ſhe was ſo cloſely confin'd, that very few of their own Family ſaw her.—All this he proteſted was true to his knowledge, for he had been there all night, and was come away but when I met him. But it was not in the power of all theſe Difficulties to deter me, or make me in the leaſt recede from the Reſolution of reſcuing her, or periſhing for her ſake—on the contrary, I rather grew more eager to deliliver her from a Captivity in which I believ'd ſhe ſuffer'd ſo much; and I doubt not but I had gone, and really fallen a Sacrifice to their Brutality, if the Chevalier had not hit on a Propoſal which ſeem'd rather to facilitate than hinder me from what I wiſh'd———It was to accompany him firſt to the old Man's, and by repeating before him the Obligations they had to treat me in a different manner, give him, the *Chevalier*, an opportunity of eſpouſing my Quarrel, which he promis'd faithfully to do, and on the Strength of his own, and his Siſter's influence over that Family, prevail on him to go with us to *Batharius's*, under pretence that he might be able to judge the Truth of the affair, and relate it to the Dutcheſs. After a good many Arguments on both ſides, this was at laſt agreed on, and away we went to the old Miſer's: we found him at his Gate, and on the firſt ſight of me, he was going to call his Servants, I ſuppoſe, to give me a reception I ſhou'd no way have been pleas'd with; but the *Chevalier* gueſſing his Intentions, rode up before me,

me, and cry'd, Hold Sir! I bar all outrages—if you offer to inſult *Windufius*, I ſhall take it as done to me;—we come to talk to you without heat or paſſion,—therefore be you as temperate.——The old Wretch ſeem'd a little confus'd at the *Chevalier*'s behaviour; but not being willing to diſoblige him—Well then, Sir! *mutter'd he out*, on your account he ſhall come in, tho' I had ſworn ſolemnly to t hecontrary. I was about to reply in ſuch a manner, as wou'd certainly have broke all our meaſures, if my kind Companion had not made a motion to me to be ſilent.——With much ado, I curb'd the ſtruggling Paſſion, and into the Hall we went; where, on the *Chevalier's* demanding the reaſon why he had affronted me in the Perſon of my Servant, in the manner I had told him;——Truly, Sir, *reply'd the grey-beard Villain*—there were ſufficient reaſons which oblig'd me to act as I did.——I had no acquaintance with *Windufius*; I entertain'd him civilly (as he was recommended by her Grace) till he (without any encouragement from me) pretended Love to my Daughter, and after that, forg'd a monſtrous Story, which, if we had been ſo credulous as he hoped we were, might have been the ruin of us all.—I have a thouſand times ſince wonder'd at my own patience, that reſtrain'd me from revenging my wounded Honour with his Life; but remembring the promiſe I had made to the *Chevalier*, to try firſt by fair means, I contented myſelf with proving him a Lyar, by producing thoſe Letters I had received both from him and *Batharius*, while at *Pouray*, entreating me to come down, and that they cou'd not be eaſy without me.——And for the latter Part of the Aſperſion he caſt on me, of deceiving him with a forg'd Story: Wicked old Man! (*ſaid I, opening a Window which fac'd the Garden, and that Grove where I had made the Diſcovery to him of* Wyaria's *misfortune*) had thoſe Trees the power of utterance, they wou'd

proclaim my Innocence, and your conſummate Baſeneſs.———Did not your own Daughter atteſt the truth of what I ſaid?—— Did ſhe not avow her Crime in Terms ſo piteous, as wou'd have melted any Heart but yours?——Did ſhe not kneel, and weep, and beg never to ſee the curſt *Batharius* more?——Did ſhe not almoſt die away before you?——Did you then confeſs me generous?———Did you not both confeſs the Power of unexampl'd Love and Tenderneſs alone cou'd move me to forgive her Fault, and ſave her from deſtruction?——Can you deny all this?—Can you forget?—No, no, *reply'd he*, I do very well remember ſome of the Paſſages you mention.——But at that time your Behaviour appear'd in a far different light to what it has done ſince.———My Daughter afterwards deny'd it all, and confeſs'd you had prevail'd on her by your inſinuations to join with you in this deceit, only to get my Conſent to marry her, which, otherwiſe you both knew wou'd be impoſſible.——But ſhe is now of another mind, ſhe never deſires to ſee you more.—'Tis falſe, *(interrupted I, fiercely)* and to prove it ſo, read this. In ſpeaking theſe Words, I drew out the Letter ſhe had writ, conjuring me to come to her Aſſiſtance.

Never did I ſee ſo much confuſion in any Face, as appear'd in his at ſight of theſe Lines.—He cou'd not, for ſome time, utter one Word, but recollecting himſelf a little, at laſt; Well, *ſaid he*, if ſhe knows her own mind no better than this, I have done with her.——The *Chevalier* here thought it a proper time for what we had agreed on, and preventing me from ſpeaking; Come, Sir, *(rejoin'd he)* for the Satisfaction of us all, let them come Face to Face, I'll anſwer for my Friend, that if the young Lady declares before us ſhe deſigns not to ſee him, he never will attempt it more.—Never by Heaven, *(added I.)* At this propoſition the old Man paus'd, loth he was to grant

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it, yet lother to diſoblige the *Chevalier*. In fine, after a long pauſe, he told us he would comply with this, provided that I would be content with her Company, and not endeavour to enter the Houſe, which he ſaid *Batharius* had ſworn I never ſhou'd.—I told him I was far from deſigning it—all I wanted was to be ſatisfy'd from *Wyaria*'s own Mouth, that ſhe expected no Aſſiſtance from me.—Every body being ſettl'd, he order'd his Horſe to be got ready, which being perform'd, we all ſet forward toward the deciſive Scene.———When we came to the Court-Yard, he took the *Chevalier* with him, leaving me to attend their return.—In about half an hour the latter came to me, told me he found them wavering,———that the Father and *Batharius* were in conſultation, but had not ſeen *Wyaria*; and that believing I ſhou'd be out of patience, he came to bear me company, till we ſaw what wou'd be done.—And in truth, we ſtay'd a conſiderable Time, and no body appearing, the *Chevalier* went in again, but came back without knowing the reſult of any thing; at leaſt as he told me.——He went a third time, return'd again alone, 'till I imagining they deſign'd to fool me, grew quite outrageous, ſwore I wou'd fire the Houſe, and burn them out, but I wou'd ſee her, with a thouſand more Extravagancies of the like nature; which he, I doubt not, (being, as I have ſince been inform'd, more a Friend to them than me) repeated to them at his next going in.—After that, the mighty Buſineſs was concluded——*Wyaria*, all undreſs'd,—Her Hair hanging looſe upon her Shoulders, her Eyes ſwell'd with Tears, a moving Spectacle of Grief and Horror appear'd before my ſight.——She was ſupported as ſhe approach'd me, by her Father on one ſide, and a young Prieſt, Brother to *Batharius*, on the other,—and indeed the trembling Condition ſhe was in, made her ſtand in need of them.———Well, Madam! *ſaid I*, I am

come, in obedience to your Commands, to offer you what aſſiſtance is in my power.——Say you will be mine, and it ſhall not be Human Force ſhall keep you from me.———I never will, *anſwer'd ſhe*, (with an Aſſurance ſure, which none of her Sex beſide, after what had paſs'd between us, could have ſpoke with, and which ſeem'd very much to contradict that good Opinion her Looks had inſpir'd.)—How! (*reſum'd I, ſcarce able to contain myſelf*) can *Wyaria* ſo far forget herſelf, or what ſhe owes to *Windufius*, or her own Honour?—I had proceeded, but ſhe prevented me, by ſaying, 'Tis no matter what I owe—I conjure you for the love of Heaven to trouble me no more.——With theſe Words ſhe ſunk fainting in the Arms of thoſe that held her, and cut off thoſe upbraidings ſhe muſt elſe have expected from me.—They carry'd her into the Houſe, and the *Chevalier* telling me, I now had all I cou'd demand, and that it wou'd neither be wiſe, nor good-natur'd to force myſelf upon her after what ſhe had declar'd, took an abrupt leave of me, and follow'd them.——My amazement had ſo far ſtupefy'd my Senſes, that for a good while I had not power to leave the Place; and I know not when I ſhould have remov'd, if my Man had not taken the liberty to remind me, that if I were ſeen by any of the Family, they might imagine I tarry'd on ſome deſign contrary to my promiſe.——Yes, (*ſaid I, waking from my Lethargy*) I will go for ever from her ſight, and if poſſible, avoid the very hearing of her—falſe, ingrateful, perjur'd as ſhe is.———I continu'd to upbraid her in my Thoughts, for a conſiderable time, and when the firſt Tempeſt of that Paſſion, which her aſtoniſhing Behaviour had rais'd, was a little calm'd, and more ſedate Reflection had room to play its part———even then my former Tenderneſs return'd not: Reaſon indeed ſuggeſted, that ſhe had been forc'd to what ſhe did, but then it alſo told me, no Woman,

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who by any threats cou'd be prevail'd on to join with her Undoers (for ſuch in this reſpect were all her Family) againſt the Man who was ready to give her the higheſt Teſtimony of his Love, cou'd be worthy of a ſincere Affection.——The more I conſider'd on all the particulars of this Affair, the more I thought I had occaſion to rejoice, that ſhe had behav'd in a manner ſo effectual to cure me of that Paſſion I otherwiſe ſhould have retain'd for her; and ſince it was an Impoſſibility to marry her with her Father's Conſent, and have a Portion with her, it much better agreed with my Circumſtances, that I ceas'd wiſhing her ſuch, than to have ſuffer'd my ungovern'd Fondneſs to tranſport me ſo far, as to have taken her without.——But alas! tho' I from that moment left off to love her as I had done, by the unceaſing anguiſh which has never ſince forſaken me, I find, that when once a true and ardent Flame has kindled up the Heart, tho' it may ſeem extinguiſhed, there will remain ſome Embers, which with inward conſumings deſtroy the very Vitals, and are never, never to be put out.————All I could do to forget her was in vain, and tho' I thought of her, as a Creature far unworthy of my Love, yet I could not help a ſecret deſire that ſhe had not been ſo.——But I was not enough acquainted with my own Heart to know this of myſelf, till the old Man happening to die about a Year after, leaving her, and her Fortune entirely at her own diſpoſal; I began to hope ſhe wou'd at laſt ſhew herſelf the Woman of Honour, I once believ'd her to be; expected every Poſt, that I ſhou'd hear from her, and receive a full Account in what manner ſhe had been forc'd to ſeem ſo ungenerous, and ſo falſe.——But no Letter coming, I had no longer Patience, and writ a long Epiſtle full of Upbraidings and Complaints; receiving no Anſwer, I ſent another, but to no more purpoſe than the former.——Then my Reſentment again exerted itſelf

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in me, and aſſur'd me what ſhe had done was not ſo much by Conſtraint, as thro' the Changeableneſs of her own Temper.—Now I endeavour'd as much as was in my power to hate her heartily, and for a time, perhaps, did ſo; till one unlucky Day, happening to be paſſing thro' the Streets, a Chariot and ſix, with two Ladies in it, came ſwiftly by me: I immediately knew one of them to be *Wyaria*, and not all the Rage I had conceiv'd againſt her, cou'd defend my Heart from feeling ſomething, even in this tranſient View, like what I had formerly done whenever ſhe appear'd.——A Flood of Tenderneſs overflow'd all other Conſiderations, and pleaded in her behalf, that my Letters had been intercepted, or by ſome other accident miſcarry'd; and that not receiving them, ſhe might perhaps have been ignorant where to direct for me in Town: but reſolving to be aſcertain'd, and once again from herſelf receive my doom, I made it my buſineſs to find where ſhe lodg'd, and by diligent enquiries, in a few days heard ſhe was at the Houſe of a Lady, whoſe Name was *Deveres*, and there directed another Mandate, ſent it by my Servant, that I might be certain. She receiv'd it, and order'd him not to return without an Anſwer.—To go about to deſcribe the Hopes, the Fears, the ſwift Viciſſitudes of various Tumults which ſwell'd my throbbing Heart while he was gone, wou'd be as vain, as to endeavour to make you ſenſible what it was I felt; when being come back, he told me, that he had ſeen her at the Window, but that having gain'd ſight of him, would not ſuffer him to be admitted any further than the Door, therefore he was oblig'd to ſend in the Letter by a Footman who belong'd to the Houſe, to whom he heard her ſay, as ſoon as ſhe had read it—Take this Packet of incoherent Nonſenſe back to him that brought it, and bid him tell the Perſon that ſent it, that he is an impudent Fellow to pretend to write

to

to one he knows not—I never ſaw him, nor heard of him in my Life.———I muſt have been ſtrangely ſtupefy'd, if I cou'd have harbour'd the leaſt kind thought of her after this; but what I endur'd in this fatal certainty of her unexampled baſeneſs and perfidy, can only be conceiv'd.———No words can do it Juſtice———'tis unutterable as the monſtrous Cauſe.

Here the Remembrance of what he had ſuffered for the ſake of this vile Woman, adding to the preſent Anguiſh of his Soul, made the poor *Windufius* unable to proceed.———He pauſed, to vent ſome Sighs, and wipe away ſome Tears, which, in ſpite of his Endeavours to reſtrain them, ran from his manly Eyes; and that Truce of Speech gave the Stranger an opportunity to let him know the part he took in his Sorrows, and to teſtify the Amazement he was in at ſo ſtrange an inſtance of Levity in that Sex, which, to do them Juſtice, are by Nature infinitely more conſtant than the other.——— Pity is a vaſt Alleviator of Grief: the abandoned Lover found ſo much Eaſe in the Commiſeration of this generous Youth, that he immediately recover'd himſelf enough to purſue his Story.

I am aſhamed (reſum'd he) of the Weakneſs I yet am guilty of, for this worthleſs Woman; and tho' by what I have already related, you muſt acknowledge I ought not to think of her but with the utmoſt Deteſtation, yet that which ſtill remains to be told of her, will make me ſeem leſs than Man, not to abhor her very Name, and for her ſake, the whole Race of Womankind.—Though too much confirm'd of her Perfidiouſneſs by the Account my Servant brought ———I was willing to be more ſo,——muſt make more Trials yet;——and to that end obtained the Favour of a Lady of my Acquaintance to go to her (for I had often been there, and ſhe was always denied) and in my Name intreat an Interview; which, if ſhe re-

refuſed, and ſtill perſiſted in the Denial of knowing me, that ſhe ſhould produce that Letter I have already had occaſion to make mention of, (and which ſtood me in good ſtead, when her Father would have palmed the Odium of Deceit on me, and ſeveral others which, before that, I had received from her. —The Lady was perfectly ſincere in her Endeavours to ſerve me, and had the Addreſs to get herſelf admitted to her.——Madam *Deveres* and ſhe were in a Room together, and my Friend, after ſhe had taken her aſide, finding ſhe gave her the ſame Anſwer ſhe had done my Servant, and abſolutely deny'd all Knowledge of me, with a thouſand Imprecations, was ſo provoked at it, that ſhe thought ſhe ought to be expos'd to the World; and plucking the Letters out of her Pocket, ſhewed them to Madam *Deveres*, and related all the Intrigue as ſhe had it from me.——The perjured Creature was, it ſeems, in ſome Confuſion at the ſight of her own Hand, which was very well known to Madam *Deveres*, and not having Preſence enough of Mind to invent any way to come off, nor Generoſity enough to own the Truth, fell a railing at the Perſon by whom ſhe was convicted, and endeavoured by her Clamours to ſilence what the other had to ſay, 'till Madam *Deveres*, aſhamed of her Behaviour, taking up the Letters, Fie Madam! ſaid ſhe, you ought rather to be dumb,———theſe Monitors, methinks, ſhould ſtrike you ſo;———is not here your own Hand, your Manner of Writing, nay, your very Seal? (for tho' broke, 'tis eaſy to ſee on it the Impreſſion of your Arms.) Are not theſe Evidences too plain againſt you?———Theſe Remonſtrances were anſwered by *Wyaria* with a good deal of Warmth, which occaſioned more ſevere Reflections from the other,——it ended in a mortal Quarrel: and I hear, for I have ſince had a perſonal Acquaintance with this good Lady, that they parted that Day, and

have

have never ſeen each other ſince.——But now the Foulneſs of *Wyaria*'s Soul appeared in all its Deformity to me, and to all who knew her Hiſtory; the vile *Batharius*, that Betrayer of her Honour,—that Ruiner of her Virtue,—that Debaucher of her Principles;—that Wretch, whom to avoid, a thouſand times ſhe has ſworn ſhe would hazard more than Life, is now the only Perſon ſhe makes choice of for a Friend:—ſhe has committed the Management of her Fortune wholly to his Care, lives in his Houſe, ſcarce ſees any-body but himſelf, admits no Viſitors, nor will receive any Overtures of Marriage, tho' her Beauty and Eſtate have drawn the richeſt and moſt worthy Gentlemen of the Country to make them.—What Judgment then can we form of her, but that, grown fond of the Crime for which ſhe once appeared ſo penitent, ſhe quits all other Conſiderations to indulge it?—Oh! may the horrid Truth be known to all!——may the quick Ears of buſy *Fame* catch from my Lips the Secret, and all her hundred Tongues ſpeak nothing elſe but *Inceſt*, and *Wyaria*.

The broken-hearted *Windufius* had, perhaps, continued longer in theſe Exclamations, if the God of Love, who knew he had finiſhed his Narration, and was deſirous to entertain the Stranger with ſome other Theme, had not, on a ſudden, ſhewed himſelf between them, and vouchſafing ſome words of divine Conſolation to his dejected Votary, diſmiſs'd him; having Intelligences to communicate to the other, which Fate permitted not to be revealed to any but himſelf.

When they were alone, (*ſaid the heavenly Diſpoſer of the ſupremeſt Joy*) I am very well pleaſed that my unhappy Votary has concluded the little Hiſtory I influenced him to give you; becauſe, tho' there was enough in it to excite the wonder of a Perſon unacquainted with the Vices of theſe Iſlanders, yet

you

you will find all he has been able to inform you of, Hypocriſy, Artifice, and every other Crime, but ſmall, in competition with what you are ſtill to be made ſenſible of.———Let us return to the promiſcuous Throng, which watch the expected Flow of the Enchanted *Well*; there are two Ladies juſt mingled with them, whoſe Amours afford more Variety of Incidents, and are greater Examples of Perjury and Inconſtancy, than the Annals of a thouſand Ages can produce. The Stranger, tho' almoſt buried in Reflection, on what he had been told by *Winduſius*, was yet Maſter of Preſence of Mind enough to know what was owing to the Deity who deſcended to favour me ſo far, and bowed down to the Earth in token of Obedience, and Readineſs to follow whereſoever he led.

By the Aid of a ſupernatural Conveyance, they were again, immediately, in ſight of that Aſſembly from which they had ſo lately parted; but, at the Appearance of a Man of very good Figure, and who, by many Marks, might be known a Perſon of Condition, tho' ſomewhat dejected in his Air, the Deity ſtopped ſhort, and turning to our Traveller, I cannot proceed, *ſaid he*, without deſiring you to take notice of that Gentleman; He is the Duke *de Ulto*, he paſſes in the World for one of the greateſt Favourites of Heaven; his ſplendid Fortune is the Envy of many of his Equals, and the Homage of his Inferiors:——He is in the prime of his Years, has a moſt healthy and vigorous Conſtitution;——has a much greater ſhare of Friends than Enemies; and, as he wants no Favours from the one, he has no occaſion to ſtand in fear of the Malice of the other; yet cannot all theſe Advantages make him happy:————he nouriſhes a Canker in his Boſom, which renders all theſe Bleſſings unavailing, deſtroys his Peace, and fills his Nights and Days with galling Anguiſh.———He was married very young

young to the Daughter of the late Prince *del Carnel*, a Family remarkable for the Extremes of Virtue and of Vice;—the Bride, who owed her being ſo only to Conſtraint, having the moſt ſtrong Averſion that could be to the Duke, ſoon made him know how little Satisfaction there is to be found in a Match where Love has no part.—They had not been married three Days before ſhe gave publick Teſtimonies how much ſhe hated her Husband. The agreeable Count *Hermio* was the Man ſhe adored, and ſhe had either too little the Power of diſguiſing her Inclinations, or too much Pride, to give herſelf the Trouble.——The whole Town was ſenſible of the Affair, and the Duke ſufficiently ridiculed for marrying into a Family famous for Intrigue.—He made a Complaint of it to the Princeſs, but ſhe only laughed at the little Knowledge he ſeemed to have of the Behaviour of the *Beau Monde*; and was ſo far from checking her Daughter, that ſhe rather encouraged a Diſpoſition, which (*ſhe ſaid*) diſcover'd ſo much Vivacity and Gallantry.——Whether it was owing to his want of Spirit, that he did not endeavour to revenge his Injuries on him, through whoſe Inſinuations he had ſuſtain'd them, or to his Prudence, that he would not do any thing which he thought might make his Diſgrace become more publick; or through Tenderneſs for her who had occaſion'd it; has been the Cauſe of many Diſputes among thoſe, who were the moſt acquainted with him of his own Specie: but I, who ſaw into the deepeſt Receſſes of his Heart, and pitied the Conflicts there, knew his Patience proceeded only from the latter of thoſe Reaſons I mentioned.——He paſſionately lov'd the unthinking Dutcheſs, and could not bear to do a Juſtice which ſhould occaſion her an anxious Moment; he rather choſe, by all the ſoft Endearments imaginable, to out-vye his Rival in Aſſiduity and Fondneſs, than to render himſelf yet more diſagree-

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able by Admonitions; a Proof of Love, which few of that Sex, especially those of her haughty Temper, can brook to be troubled with.——In fine, he laid by all the Authority of a Husband, and resum'd the Obsequiousness of the beseeching Lover:——— but to what purpose? when once the Heart is truly possessed with a Passion, 'tis only in the power of the beloved Object's self to erase it.———In spite of all he could do, Count *Hermio* still triumph'd over him, all he did was graceful, all he said enchanting; every Action, every Word of his was a Charm: and nothing in the good-natur'd, too submissive Duke, had the power to please her.——The amorous Pair continued to indulge themselves in all the riotous Delights of loose Desire, for so long a time, that their Constancy made the Passion they were possessed of be believ'd was influenc'd by me: So exactly, sometimes, does that Demon, *Lust*, resemble me, that, 'till the fatal Consequences of his Inspiration convince the mistaken Judger of his Error, the difference between us is not to be distinguish'd;——'tis by my *Unchangeableness* alone I am proved the *God*:———those other Flames may burn as fierce,——may seem as bright,———but soon the Blaze goes out, leaves not a Glow to warm the Heart which lately was all on fire, and is no more remembred but by the Smoke of Infamy's black Vapour.—Nature never formed a Face more exquisitely lovely,—a Shape more delicate, an Air and Mein more enchanting than that of the Dutchess; and, to add to the Beauties of her Person, she has a Wit the most poinant that ever was, there is something so irresistibly striking, so intelligible in her Eyes, that discovers to all who look upon her, without the Aid of Words, she has a Soul full of a thousand Excellencies: yet not all these Attractions,——not all these unequall'd Charms had the power to fix *Hermio* her's for ever;——he grew satiated

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at laſt——her Sweets grew taſteleſs and inſipid,—and to obtain in Marriage the Daughter of a petty Citizen, without Birth, without Beauty, without any other Qualification than her Wealth to recommend her, ſwore never to ſee the lovely Dutcheſs more.———The Vanity of the other did not fail to blaze abroad a Vow which ſhe thought would give ſo much Reputation to the force of her own Charms: ſhe was preſently inform'd of it; and Rage o'ercoming diſappointed Softneſs, reſolv'd he ſhould keep it in a ſtricter manner, than her Pride would give her leave to imagine he deſign'd, and from that moment carefully avoided him. That ſhe might the better do ſo, and at the ſame time have liberty to indulge her Spleen for a Treatment ſhe ſo little expected, ſhe pretended an Indiſpoſition, and retir'd to a place the Duke had in the Country.———It had been a Maxim with her Mother, that there was no Remedy ſo effectual to eraſe the Memory of an *old* Lover, as throwing herſelf into the Arms of a *new* one:———She was willing however to make tryal of it———a Lady ſo young and beautiful could not fail of Opportunities, and ſhe ſoon had it in her power to write under the Recipe, *Probatum eſt.*———The *Count* was in a little while forgot, and by entering into a *Plurality* of Amours, knew none of thoſe enſlaving Fondneſſes ſhe before had felt in the Enjoyment of a *ſingle* one.——The whole time of her being in the Country was one continual Scene of Gallantry——the Duke was not inſenſible of it; and half diſtracted that he could not go to her by reaſon of his Attendance on the *Sovereign*, and not daring to command what he deſir'd, obtained the favour of a Royal Mandate to oblige her immediate Appearance at Court.

Thus were the Country Ladies happily deliver'd from an Enemy too potent for their more feeble

Charms to cope with, and every one now triumph'd in the Reſtoration of a Husband, or a Lover, whoſe Hearts had for a time been captiv'd by this univerſal Rival.——She was ſo much vexed that there was any thing on Earth which had the power to rule her Actions, that ſhe grew ſullen and loſt very much of that Briskneſs of Deportment, which had been the Encouragement of many who elſe would not have preſum'd to have diſcourſed her on the ſcore of Gallantry; and this Appearance of Reſerve, gave the Duke ſome hope that ſhe might by degrees be prevail'd on to think it the moſt becoming manner of Behaviour for a Woman in her Circumſtances, who was not only a Wife, but a Mother of ſeveral Children, and whoſe Quality and Character in the World made her Actions more conſpicuous than thoſe of a leſs diſtinguiſh'd Rank.——But this conſolatory Expectation laſted not long, the Freedom of her Temper again return'd,——ſhe relapſed into her former Inadvertencies,——and he no more had hope his Condition would ever alter.——She was not for ſome Years, however, after this, fam'd for any particular Intrigue; and tho' there was room enough to imagine ſhe countenanced the Addreſſes of ſeveral young Noblemen about the Palace, yet none could prove ſhe held a criminal Correſpondence with any one of them; beſides, whatever her Behaviour was to him in *private*, ſhe treated the Duke, her Husband, in *publick*, with much more Civility than ſhe had been accuſtom'd to do, and his Patience became every day leſs and leſs the Subject of Ridicule.

She continued her Imprudence, but did nothing new, which could be prov'd diſhonourable;——and there being no preſent Theme for Scandal, the Town grew weary of talking of the paſt.—— 'Tis poſſible their Affairs might ſtill have been in this Poſition, if

if the Duke, (who is certainly of a Humour the moſt eaſily impos'd on in every Circumſtance of Life, of any Man in the World) had not been drawn into the Infatuation of the *enchanted Well*; and to farther the Hope which *Lucitario* had given him of being an immenſe gainer by it, brought to his Houſe a Dependant and Creature of the *Necromancer's*.

His Name was *Melanthus*, and bore the Title of a *Chevalier*, tho' the Gods never inſpir'd any of his Family to do an Action which could deſerve an *Eſcutcheon*: but as it is neither Virtue nor Bravery which are requiſite for Preferment in this Iſland, his Father and himſelf found means to wind themſelves ſo far into the favour of the Nobility, as to get Poſts, and thoſe not inconſiderable ónes at Court. The younger had Arts which render'd him extremely acceptable to the Ladies—he danc'd well—ſung very agreeably——and was always furniſh'd with one Story or another for their Entertainment.——The Dutcheſs was immediately charm'd, and he had not the liberty of viſiting there above a Month, before the Duke perceiv'd he had ſufficient Reaſons to repent his having brought him there.————Her Paſſion for Count *Hermio* had not been more viſible to his Obſervation—he grew almoſt diſtracted at the daily Inſtances of it——he reproach'd her in ſecret, but ſhe as little regarded his Reſentment as ſhe had ever done his Tenderneſs.

Never was Vexation greater than what he endur'd——his Concern in the *enchanted Well*, oblig'd him to entertain this Deſtroyer of his Peace——this Violater of his Honour, with all the Reſpect imaginable——and 'tis probable to know the Conſtraints he put on himſelf, and the Pain he underwent in ſtifling his too juſt Indignation, gave the Pride of this Upſtart as great a Satisfaction, as the Enjoy-

ment of the loveliest Woman in the World did a contrary Passion——For more than two Years was this Intrigue carried on, in all which time Interest and Fear of *Lucitario*'s Displeasure kept the injur'd Husband from discovering any part of his Chagrin to him who had occasion'd it; how long he would have been able to have retain'd this Government of himself, is only known to *Jupiter*, for *Melanthus* was taken with a loathsome Disease of which he died, pitied by few, by none lamented but the Dutchess; tho' had every one that knew him join'd in one common Cry of Lamentation, all had been drown'd! all had been hush'd by those of her Despair! The Duke was with her in her Dressing-Room, when word was brought that he had breath'd his last. Is he then dead? *said she, starting up, and looking wildly on the Person who had given the Account; which on her asking, he again repeated, and added also some Circumstances of the Manner of his Death*——Then I will not live, *rejoin'd she, tearing her Hair and Garments*, Heaven has done its worst—since *Melanthus*, my dear, ador'd *Melanthus* is no more! this World has nothing left that is worthy of me. She run on so fast in these distracted kind of Exclamations, that it was but in vain that the Duke both threaten'd and entreated her Silence.——She heard him not, regarded him not, 'till taking her in his Arms, and forcing her from the Floor where she had thrown herself—You shall not thus, *said he, with a loud and menacing Voice*, expose yourself and me; if you are mad, I will have Persons proper for the Occasion to attend you; nor shall you for the future be trusted with yourself——there are dark Rooms, and Beds of Straw, and other Requisites for Ladies in your Condition, to be found——such Usage, may, perhaps, bring you to a just Sense of what you owe my Character and your own, which

too

too mild a Treatment has made you utterly forget.

'Tis probable ſhe liſten'd to part of theſe Words, for ſtruggling with her might, and looſing herſelf from him, Villain! *cry'd ſhe*, Fool! always the Object of my Hate, now of my Scorn, know 'tis my only Pride, my only Glory, to have been lov'd by the adorable *Melanthus*——and to gall thee more, I will avow it too, avow it to the whole World——and think it greater Honour, as it is greater Pleaſure, to die with him, than 'tis to live with thee!

She had ſcarce finiſh'd this Declaration before ſhe was out of the Room——ſhe flew down Stairs, and thro' a great Court-Yard into the Street with ſuch precipitation, that it would have been impoſſible for any one, not agitated with the ſame Vehemence of Paſſion, to have overtaken her, had the Surprize at the Extravagance of ſuch a Behaviour, not taken from them the power of attempting it.——The Duke remain'd with part of her Robes in his hands, which were torn in ſtruggling to get from him, like one whom a Bolt of Thunder had riveted to the Earth; her Women, and Pages who were attending in the Anti-Chamber, and had heard all that paſs'd, ſeem'd little leſs aſtoniſh'd. None had the power of Utterance, for a time; but when they regain'd it, 'tis eaſy to believe the Diſcourſe which ſuch an Adventure occaſion'd, was not ſoon at an end.

In the mean while, the Dutcheſs, wholly bereſt of Reaſon, wild with impatient Sorrow, with Garments ruffled, and diſhevell'd Hair, ran through the Streets, regardleſs of the gaping Croud, which her diſtracted Looks and Diſhabillée had drawn about her, nor ſtop'd till at the Gate of that dear Houſe, in which ſhe had paſs'd ſo many happy Hours with her Soul's Darling *Melanthus*——De-

manding to ſee his Body, ſhe was admitted by the wondering Servant———But it would take more time than I can ſpare, to recount to you the various Turns of Frenzy which poſſeſs'd her at ſight of an Object at once ſo ſhocking to Nature and to Love—ſhe clung about the cold and breathleſs Corſe, bath'd it with her Tears, preſs'd the clammy Lips with hers, and ſeem'd to ſtrive to breathe her Soul between them, as tho' ſhe had hope to re-animate the ſtill-lov'd Heart, which had been uſed to dictate the tender Words they ſpoke——— It was not without the utmoſt Force, that ſome Perſons ſent by her Mother (whom the Duke had by this time inform'd of her Behaviour) tore her from this Scene of Horror; nor was it any thing but the moſt watchful Diligence that prevented her from deſtroying herſelf, after ſhe was remov'd.

She remain'd for ſome time in the Duke her Husband's Houſe, in the moſt piteous Condition imaginable, nor when ſhe was, in all appearance, perfectly recover'd of that Violence of Paſſion which might very well bear the Denomination of Madneſs, would ſhe conſent to eat, or ſleep with him; nay, not even to ſpeak to him.———Neither did he ſeem deſirous of it, therefore the Building being extremely large, their Apartments were as diſtant from each other, as they could be order'd; if they met, it was by chance, and they paſs'd each other but as Strangers.

In this uneaſy and diſcontented State both languiſh'd away ſome Months, 'till the Duke, ſtill loving her with a Tenderneſs, which not all her Ingratitude could eraſe, yet aſham'd to acknowledge what he thought ſo great a Weakneſs, bethought him of a Method, which, 'till then, never came into his Mind: he remembred to have been told by ſome that knew the Sex, that many Women, who have

little

little or no ſenſe of Gratitude, have a very quick one of Jealouſy; and rather than not undo a Rival, would yield to that which no other Motive could induce them to accept: That Vanity which had, in her days of Gaiety, been a very conſpicuous part of the Dutcheſs's Character, inclin'd him to believe that if he counterfeited a Paſſion for another, it might give her ſome Alarms, the Conſequence of which could not but be favourable to him.——Full of this hope, he made his Addreſſes to a Creature of almoſt the moſt indifferent Figure he could chuſe out, on purpoſe that ſhe might receive the more poinant Shock, when ſhe reflected that the Man who had poſſeſſed her, could after feel a Paſſion for one ſo every way the reverſe.———He entertain'd her in ſo publick and ſo ſplendid a manner, that the whole Town rang of it.———Every body was ſurpriz'd at the Alteration, ſome blam'd his Choice, others commended his Reſentment, which they imagin'd it proceeded from; but few ſaw into the true Reaſon of it.——Perceiving all he yet had done, work'd not the Effect he aim'd at, he went farther, made her a Settlement of five thouſand Crowns a Year———and at laſt took her into the Houſe, and lodg'd her in an Apartment next to the Dutcheſs's.——As regardleſs as ſhe really was of all he had done before, this laſt Action piqu'd her to the Soul; ſhe could not bear ſo near a Neighbourhood of a Woman whom ſhe and all the World believ'd her Husband's Miſtreſs, tho' a Husband ſhe had never lov'd, and reſolv'd never to bed with more: but knowing herſelf too guilty, and too publickly ſo, to complain, ſhe diſguiſed the Chagrin ſhe conceiv'd at it, while ſhe tarried in the Houſe, which indeed was no longer than her Equipage could be got ready.———She took Shipping in a very little time, and left the Iſland.

The Duke either aſhamed to deſcend ſo far, after her Uſage, or becauſe he knew it would be in vain, did not endeavour to ſtay her;——and what the Conſequence of this Separation will be, the myſterious Book of Fate can only ſay: but if one may form a gueſs by the Place ſhe has made choice of for her Retirement, it is not with a deſign to lead the Life of a *Recluſe* that ſhe is gone.

The Stranger had not time to teſtify any part of that Compaſſion which he conceiv'd for the Duke of *Ulto*'s Misfortunes: His celeſtial Informer had no ſooner ended the Account he had given of him, than they were in ſight of the *Well*, and the Deity, impatient to reveal the Hiſtories of the two Ladies he had mention'd, after having pointed them out, purſued his Deſign in this manner:

I would have you, O Youth, moſt worthy of my Advice! *ſaid he*, take a particular care how you commence an Acquaintance with either of thoſe Women.——You may think there is no danger in a Converſation with them, becauſe you ſee that neither of them is young nor beautiful; but it is not always with the leaſt lovely, that the Heart is moſt ſecure——there are Methods of enſnaring which the truly Worthy diſdain the uſe of, but by thoſe conſcious of their own Defects are ſtudied with the greateſt Zeal——you will find the Examples of this Truth in the Recitals I am about to make: *Ceſaria* is about a Year the elder of the two, and for that Reaſon her Character and Circumſtances ſhall be the firſt which ſhall aſtoniſh you.

The Hiſtory of CESARIA, *Marchioneſs* del Keiſar.

BY no Deſert, by no good Quality, but the Recommendation of a great Sum of Money to her Dowry, was ſhe rais'd to the Title ſhe is now poſſeſs'd of——The young Marquiſs at his coming to his Eſtate, found it very much involv'd, Money therefore was what he wanted to pay off the Mortgages; and *Ceſaria* being poſſeſs'd of that, he requir'd not the Addition of any other Charm.—— His Marriage with her did indeed ſet free his Patrimony, but entail'd a Load of Anguiſh on his Heart, which all the Wealth in the Univerſe could not buy off: it muſt be confeſs'd that at firſt he gave her ſome little Occaſion for Chagrin, by giving into thoſe Debaucheries which among the Nobility of this Iſland are become too faſhionable—he gamed, drank hard, had his Amours, but none of theſe to a ſcandalous Exceſs——nor could he be ever tax'd, even in his looſeſt Hours, of doing an ill-natur'd or diſhonourable Action———Had he been bleſs'd with a Wife who knew how to uſe proper Methods to reclaim him, he had doubtleſs much ſooner been brought to quit thoſe Extravagancies which at worſt could be call'd no other than the Sallies of Youth, and which Cuſtom, and the Company he kept, made ſeem more excuſable to his Reflection, than in reality they were.—But *Ceſaria*, of a perverſe and peeviſh Diſpoſition, took not the leaſt care to make Home pleaſing to him—on the contrary, ſhe was for ever upbraiding him with the vaſt Fortune ſhe had brought him——

telling

telling him ſhe wiſh'd ſhe had never ſeen his Face———that he was an unworthy Man; and all this ſhe utter'd in the rudeſt manner, for ſhe had neither a natural Genius, nor the Improvements of Education to render her polite, or obliging.——— How little ſuch a Behaviour was likely to ſucceed, any one may judge———the Provocations on both ſides increaſed daily, 'till at laſt their manner of living together was intolerable:——I had never been by either of them conſulted in the Nuptials, neither had ſeen in the other any thing to create a tender Wiſh: he had married her meerly for the ſake of Intereſt and Convenience; ſhe, him, for Title and Precedence: and both thinking the Remedy a greater Evil than the Diſeaſe, join'd to curſe the Tye they had not power to break. The continual Diſagreement between them, was too publick not to occaſion ſuch kind of Converſation as commonly fills the Town when ſuch Eruptions happen; and when once 'tis known that a Huſband and Wife are at enmity with each other, it lays the Woman open to all manner of Temptations. As few Attractions as *Ceſaria* was Miſtreſs of, ſhe was not without thoſe who ſwore ſhe had more than any of her Sex, nor did ſhe want a good ſhare of that Foible which moſt of them are poſſeſs'd of, the Vanity of believing all that was ſaid in her Praiſe———This Love of Flattery, join'd to the Inſinuations of ſome Women-Acquaintance, led her into Secrets to which before ſhe was altogether a Stranger———ſhe fell, as it were, inſenſibly into Intrigue; but when once enter'd, the greateſt *Matchiavellian* of her Sex that way, could never out-do her in Stratagem and Artifices.

That Lady with whom ſhe is now talking, (and whoſe Hiſtory I ſhall anon relate) and a third who is ſince dead, form'd a Cabal, ſwore to maintain the Secrets of each other with an inviolable Fidelity,

lity, and to do their utmoſt to expoſe and render odious all Womankind beſides———they uſed frequently to go out upon Parties, as they term'd it, that is, pretend a Jaunt into the Country, which in reality was no farther than a *Bagnio*: each had her Gallant, tho' not always the ſame; for this *Triumvirate* had concluded it impolitick that each ſhould have no more than one String to her Bow. It would be too tedious to recount their various Amours—— no Degree, no Rank, no Complexion, but they made trial of, till by a long Continuance in theſe vicious Practices, *Ceſaria* grew bold in Infamy, and ſeem'd to glory in her Shameleſſneſs.—She gave a Proof of it, which I queſtion if the moſt abandon'd trading Proſtitute would not have bluſh'd to have done——ſhe would have her Favourite Woman *Juditha* lie on a Pallet by her, whenever ſhe receiv'd a new Gallant in Bed, ſaying, ſhe would make her judge which of them appear'd to have the greateſt Paſſion for her, and was moſt worthy of her Embraces.———'Tis certain, however, that among the Multiplicity of her Enamoratoes, young *Damias* was for a great while the reigning Monarch of her Soul; inſomuch, that when he was obliged to take a long Voyage, whence he did not return ſo ſoon as was expected, ſhe had recourſe to Sigils, Charms, Taliſmans, and Hell only knows what Arts to bring him back.———She went to a Pretender in the Diabolical Science (of which there are a great Number in this Iſland) and told him if he could give her this Proof of his Skill, ſhe would ſpare no Coſt to gratify him.——He aſſured her, 'twas in his power, but that the Expence would be great, and to defray it, ſhe muſt lay down at leaſt two hundred Crowns. She made no ſcruple of giving what he demanded, and deſired he would be as expeditious in the Affair as poſſible.

A Day was ſet for this Tryal of his Capacity, and ſhe coming according to Appointment, a Circle was made, in the middle of which ſhe was placed, with a ſtrict Charge neither to move, nor ſpeak, whatever happen'd.———This ſhe aſſur'd him ſhe had Courage enough to obey——and all things ready, he began his Incantations.——An Image was made in Wax, reſembling *Damias*, which, with other magical Preparations, were thrown into a Pot, under which ſtood a Chafing-Diſh, with Ingredients for Fire, when the Conjurer ſhould find a lucky Moment to kindle it.———He tumbled over a great Number of Leaves of a Book he held in his Hand, then muttering a long unintelligible Invocation, with a great deal of Solemnity lighted the fatal Fewel.—The Fumigation immediately grew ſo ſtrong, and the Stench ſo horridly ſuffocating, that *Ceſaria* was unable to endure it; and ſtarting up, cry'd——What have you done?——— O *Jupiter!* I am poiſon'd.——The Fellow feign'd to be in a prodigious Rage, threw down his Book, and told her ſhe had ruin'd all; and if ſhe would have the Deſign go on, and *Damias* recall'd, ſhe muſt produce the ſame Sum ſhe had given him before, for he muſt now begin all again.———She had too much Senſe not to ſee into the meaning of the Trick he had put upon her, and would not be cheated twice——nay, ſhe was ſo angry at the Impoſition, that ſhe would have ſued him openly by form of Law, to oblige him to return the Money he had taken, if a certain Lady, to whom ſhe told the Affair, and who had more Concern for her Reputation than ſhe had herſelf, had not with a great many Perſuaſions prevail'd on her to let it die.

None of her Spells having any Effect, and *Damias* not returning, ſhe at length grew weary of wiſhing for him, and ſought her Conſolation in Embraces leſs difficult to be obtain'd. In the mean time, the Mar-

Marquiſs perfectly acquainted with her monſtrous Actions, was endeavouring a Divorce, not doubting but that it would be eaſy to prove her Behaviour had highly juſtified his Proceeding in that manner againſt her.———She was ſecretly inform'd of it; and before he could get any Proceſs out, found means to give ſomething in his Meat, which for a time wholly depriv'd him of the Uſe of Reaſon——he was for three Years like a Man infatuated.——This ſhe kept cloſe from the Eye of the World, and pretending he was only a little indiſpos'd, in his Delirium made him aſſign the entire Management of his Eſtate to her——ſhe had been made to believe by thoſe that prepared them for her, that the pernicious Drugs ſhe had given him, would not ceaſe their Effect 'till Death———but ſhe found the Deceit at a time ſhe leaſt expected it——all on a ſudden he recover'd as from a long Sleep; and haſtily leaving the Place ſhe had conceal'd him in, applied to Officers proper for the purpoſe; and bringing them with him, broke into his Houſe, ſurpriz'd her in the midſt of her Riots; and ſeizing on every thing that belong'd to her, turn'd her and thoſe of the Family, which he had reaſon to ſuſpect had been her Adherents, out of doors.——He now purſued his Intention of being divorced, with all imaginable Vigour; and had not been unſucceſsful in his Endeavours, if Death had not put an end to his Proſecution.

He left behind him two Sons and a Daughter, a young Lady of an uncommon Beauty———her Fate is juſtly deſerving Commiſeration, ſince her too great Tenderneſs for a Mother, tho' an unworthy one, would not ſuffer her to leave her in her Affliction, tho' commanded by the Marquiſs to do ſo; which incenſed him ſo far, as to make him forget he was a Father, and cut her off at once from his Favour and Fortune.———She is doubly undone in her Intereſt

tereſt and Reputation by this Diviſion between her Parents; for 'tis to be hoped her Brother may repair the *one*, the other 'tis impoſſible ſhould ever be retrieved, at leaſt while ſhe continues to reſide with the Marchioneſs. As for that Wanton, ſhe is ſo far from having any Remorſe for the Crimes ſhe has been guilty of, that ſhe adds daily to the Number of them; and tho' her own Sons avoid her Preſence, and have obliged her to commence a Suit in Law againſt them for her Dower, tho' the whole World contemns her, and all the Vertuous hate her—tho' ſhe finds herſelf a Companion for none but the moſt abandon'd and profligate part of the Creation, yet ſhe regards it not, but perſeveres in thoſe Vices which have juſtly render'd her ſo deteſtable both to the Gods, and all good Men.

The Hiſtory of HORTENSIA.

THAT other Lady, much the moſt agreeable as to her Perſon, as I have already told you, was Partaker of all the Vices of the Marchioneſs, always one of her Party, and Partner in moſt of the ſame Scenes of Debauchery—She is full as looſe in her Inclinations, but more avaricious in her Humour; and 'tis not to be wonder'd at, that ſuch a Compoſition ſhould be capable of every kind of Evil. She began to intrigue at a very early Age, and grew immediately a Proficient in the Art—that Modeſty, which is, or ought to be the Characteriſtick of Womanhood, was thrown off with her Bib and Apron—and ſhe ſo ſoon forgot what 'twas to bluſh, and was ſo careleſs in concealing her Amours, that

at

at Fourteen ſhe was ſurprized even in the very Act of Shame with the young Chevalier *Brunett*, by two of his Companions; ſhe only laugh'd, and told them they wiſh'd themſelves in his place. Even Inceſt was not capable of ſhocking her; having in a few Years run thro' a handſome Fortune, ſhe receiv'd a Maintenance from two Brothers, who by turns careſs'd her, and by conſent contributed to her Support. After ſubmitting to the Circumſtance of a kept Miſtreſs, ſhe became the moſt mercenary, and ſelf-intereſted of all that ever follow'd the Profeſſion———the moſt deſpicable of Mankind, if they ' d Wealth, were welcome to her Arms; but without that Charm, not the moſt lovely could be receiv'd.——Till her Acquaintance with *Ceſaria*, and the Wife of a certain great Man, ſince dead, ſhe preſerv'd this Principle, but thoſe Ladies ſoon convinced her of the Poſſibility of indulging herſelf in Pleaſures without prejudice to her Intereſt; and being once brought into the Party, confeſſed ſhe found her Account in it.—This Triumvirate had a League among themſelves, never to interfere with each other's Property, and to be aiding and aſſiſting to each other as much as poſſible in the procuring new Conqueſts, and ſecuring former ones.—— She now gave a looſe to Deſires of a far different nature than the Love of Gold, but had the Addreſs to divide herſelf between the two Paſſions, ſo as to prevent the one from being any way prejudicial to the other.———One Hour of Love was ſucceeded by another of Intereſt.———She was ſo exact an Oeconomiſt, and made ſo good uſe of her Time, that ſhe had always an Opportunity of being happy with the Man ſhe liked, and never miſs'd one with the Man whoſe Purſe was at her devotion.

It was in this deteſtable manner ſhe liv'd, till the Baron *de Chevreron* grew infatuated by her deſtructive Charms, and, contrary to all Advice, took

took her to his honourable Embraces. He married her without any other Portion than a Load of Infamy, and behav'd himſelf to her in a manner very different from that with which he had treated his former Wife, tho' ſhe had been a moſt accompliſh'd Lady, was deſcended from one of the beſt Families among the Gentry in the Iſland, and had ever deſervedly bore the Character of a Woman of nice Honour and Virtue.———But 'tis this that drives me from any longer Reſidence among theſe ingrateful People; if they love at all, it is always an Object undeſerving Affection———the favourite and moſt conſpicuous Attributes of my Godhead, Conſtancy and Sincerity, are deſpis'd, ill-treated, and a little ſuperficial Beauty, or the Reputation of a trifling flaſhy Wit, triumphs over the moſt excellent Qualifications of the Soul.

The Baron doated on his unenvy'd Happineſs; and tho' ſhe proſecuted her former Pleaſures with little leſs Privacy than before, he was blind to her Faults, continued his Fondneſs to her, and by his laſt Teſtament left her poſſeſs'd of the greateſt part of his Wealth, tho' to the entire Diſappointment and Ruin of one of the fineſt Youths in the World, his Nephew, and whom he had the Charge of from his Infancy, with his Promiſe to make a Proviſion for him proportionable to his Birth.———This vile Woman, his Uncle yet unburied, turn'd him out of Doors, and he has been ſince obliged to Law to give him even that ſmall Pittance the Baron left him.

Notwithſtanding the Riches ſhe was poſſeſs'd of by the Dotage and Death of her Husband, ſhe thought it not beneath her to add to them, by making Sale of her Favours to thoſe whoſe Inclinations led them to become Cuſtomers, and has by thoſe ſhameful Meaſures amaſs'd together a vaſt heap of Money—She is now paſt her Prime; but ſtill finds ſome

who

who think her very desirable.———She is oblig'd indeed to make Advances, and softens her Charms much more than she was accustom'd—the severe and haughty Air in *Youth* commanded Admiration; but in her *Declension*, would be far from answering her Aim.——Her Voice now wears a tender Accent, her Eyes persuasive Glances———See with what Kindness in her Deportment she is accosting that grave old Person———mark how she presses his Hand, and looks fondly in his Face while she is talking to him———She knows him to be of an amorous Disposition; and tho' the most avaricious Man on Earth in other Affairs, grudges not to pay largely for his Pleasures this way.——His Name is *Serpentius*, descended from a Family little distinguish'd for any extraordinary Qualification, none of them have done any thing worthy of bearing Arms, nor is he any more than a Trading *Citizen*, tho' a much more eminent one than any of his Ancestors.—His natural Capacity and Cunning, and Readiness to conform to any Principles which would be of advantage towards his getting Money, render'd him a fit Engine for the great Mover of this Machine—*Lucitario* soon found him out——entrusted him with the whole Secret, and making it prodigiously to his own Interest to be faithful to his, obliged him to be so, who 'till that time had never given any Demonstration that he could be so:———but here indeed, he had sufficient Opportunity to exercise his Talent———to be a just Servant to the *Necromancer*, there was a Necessity he must be a Villain to all Mankind beside,———and long Custom had made the Art of deceiving so habitual to him, that to have been employ'd in any Concern where Honesty and fair Dealing were requisite to make him a Gainer, he would have found it difficult to render himself capable; but in a Business where both Profit and Inclination join'd to make him diligent, 'tis almost

incredible what vaſt Advantages he has made by it.——Numberleſs are the Wretches he has drawn in to put Faith in the Enchantment of this fatal *Well!* and ſcarce to be counted the Hundreds of ſhining Gods, which bleſs his crouded Coffers, and reward his Zeal; but as avaricious as he is in every other Affair of Life, none can be more profuſely laviſh than he is in the Gratification of his brutal Inclination: the moſt profligate of Womenkind have been taken and ſupported by him, in a Faſhion which has made thoſe of Quality look on the fine Preſents with which he adorn'd them, with as much Envy, as they did with Contempt on the means by which they had acquir'd them———'Tis the Knowledge of this which makes *Hortenſia* ſo willing to engage him; and 'tis not to be doubted but ſhe will find all thoſe Advantages ſhe expects in an Intimacy with him.———But ſee where the young gay *Bellario* comes, obſerve his Air, his Mien, his Shape, his Face, and tell me if you can find thoſe Perfections in him, which might juſtly entitle him to the Character of agreeable, and excuſe the Foible of the Fair Sex, whoſe darling Favourite he is.

Here pauſed the God, expecting a Reply to what he ask'd; but the Stranger, ſurpriz'd to be told there were any who could diſcover ſuch Charms in a Perſon who to him appear'd very far from handſome, (for *Bellario* had neither Stature, Proportion, nor Features, to be diſtinguiſh'd from the moſt indifferent of Mankind,) only ſaid, that if that Gentleman were poſſeſs'd of no greater Excellencies of Mind, than Body, thoſe who were pleaſed with him had occaſion for an uncommon ſhare of Wit to defend their Choice from being prodigiouſly the Subject of Satyr———I did not doubt, *reſum'd the Deity*, but you would be of this Opinion; but when I ſhall inform you, that of the two his Soul is leſs worthy

worthy of Eſteem, than even his Form, unlovely as it is, you will not wonder I have determined to withdraw my Influence from a People whoſe Affections are ſo ill directed.

This *Bellario* has not one good Quality to recommend him, unleſs Vanity, Oſtentation, Pride, and Ill-nature may be allow'd to be of the Number; but that which has won him the Ladies Favour, is, that he is always the firſt in the faſhion as to his Dreſs, can inſtruct them in the modelling theirs, and has an unweary'd Propenſity to Scandal; he is one that never ſpeaks ill of any to their Faces, nor well behind their Backs: he has all the News of the Town; and what he wants in Intelligence, he makes up with Invention, ſo is never at a loſs for Converſation.

With theſe Materials, and a vaſt ſtock of Aſſurance, he ſets up for a Wit, and values himſelf as much on the Reputation of being one, as he does in the Reverſion of an Eſtate, at preſent in the poſſeſſion of an Uncle, who has a greater regard for Merit, than to ſuffer any part of it to deſcend where there is ſo viſible a Deficiency, if he can any way avoid it. He is taking all poſſible Meaſures to cut off the Entail; and 'tis highly probable this Fop may in the end find himſelf as much miſtaken in his hope of being rich, as thoſe who have been weak enough to confide in what he has told them, have done of his Veracity and good Senſe.

He drop'd, in a publick Coffee-Houſe, the other day, a Packet of Letters, written to him by ſeveral Ladies, with a deſign to expoſe them, and make known the force of his own Charms; but a *Silph*, who happened to have a particular regard for one of the fair Scriblers, prevented his Intention, and ſnatch'd it from the Ground unſeen by any body: ſwift as an Arrow from the twanging Bow, he cut the yielding Air, and reach'd *Olympus*, where at that

time a general Aſſembly of the Gods commanded my Attendance.—The charitable Spirit reveal'd the intended Evil, and begg'd I would no more truſt with my Darts a Wretch ſo incapable of uſing them either to my Honour, or that of the Fair Sex, who felt their Power.———Nothing could be more tender than ſome of thoſe Letters———but you ſhall judge of them———the kind Emiſſary who brought them to me, whether on Earth he wanders, skims thro' the Air, or glides on the ſmooth Surface of ſome delightful Stream, Millions of Furlongs diſtant, will hear, and obey my Call.

The Deity of pleaſing Languiſhments now turn'd his radiant Eyes to that part of the *Hemiſphere* where the bright God of Day mounts his refulgent Car, to glad the waking World with Light reſtor'd; and uttering ſome Words too myſterious for the Comprehenſion of a mortal Capacity, ſurpriz'd the gazing Stranger with an inſtant Performance of his Promiſe. The Papers from a Height unfathomable to fleſhly Eyes, flew down like Atoms in the Sun's Beams; and without any viſible Direction darted themſelves into the Divine Hands which open'd to receive them, and in a moment deliver'd the whole Packet to the wondring Youth, who, as he was commanded, began to inſpect the Contents, and in the firſt found theſe Lines:

To the moſt Agreeable of his Sex, the Charming and Accompliſh'd *BELLARIO.*

IF Love were a Paſſion that would admit of Argument, how many could I raiſe in Oppoſition to the Tenderneſs I feel for you. Not but when I conſider the numberleſs Perfections you are maſter of, even Reaſon tells me you are worthy of all a Woman can beſtow; but then

then your Inconſtancy, that cruel Mutability of Temper which renders it impoſſible to have any Dependance on your Words or Oaths, makes you the moſt dangerous of all created Beings——'tis unſafe to hear you, ſure Deſtruction attends the unwary Nymph, who liſtens to your deceiving Accents———I know I am loſt———I ſee my Ruin, yet have not power to ſhun the dear Deceit——In pity come no more near me——avoid my Preſence——tell me you hate me——do any thing rather than undo me by a pretended Softneſs which I well know your Heart is incapable of feeling——but Oh! the mad Requeſt! how could I ſupport the Grant of it!——How bear the Pangs of an eternal Abſence! I live but in your Love——falſe tho' I know your Vows, they yet are all that my fond Soul can cheriſh as a Bleſſing——haſte then to repeat them———to charm me to an Extaſy——regard not the wild Extravagances of a Paſſion which knows not what to wiſh, to hope or fear.——Do you inſtruct me, inform my wandering Senſe, convert the leſs pleaſing Agitations all into Deſire, and raiſe to Immortality the whole Soul of

The Diſtractedly Enamour'd

AMABELLA.

P. S. *I ſhall expect you this Evening; fail not to come if you eſteem my Love, or think me worthy of yours.*

This Billet, *ſaid the divine Relater of theſe Wonders,* was written by the Daughter of a certain Marquiſs, who refuſing the honourable Pretenſions of one of the fineſt young Noblemen in the Iſland, liſten'd to the undoing Addreſſes of this *Bellario.* He has ſince that debauch'd her; ſhe had a Child by him, of which ſhe was deliver'd at a Midwife's Houſe, privately as ſhe thought; but the Affair took wind,

and her Father has ſent her to an Aunt's in the Country, where ſhe ſtill lives in a Retirement and Reſtraint far unſuitable to her Inclinations. But this Adventure is not the moſt remarkable that has happen'd to *Bellario*, as you will perceive when you have proceeded a little farther in the Packet. The Stranger by this time had opened another Letter, and read in it as follows:

To the Angel of my Wiſhes, my dear, dear *BELLARIO*.

I Long'd for an Opportunity to let you know what paſs'd ſince laſt Night; dearly had I like to have purchas'd thoſe few happy Moments in which I had you in my Arms.——My Husband, unknown to me, was in an Arbour all the while, and croſs'd the Garden juſt as you paſſed through it to the Back-gate: he heard the Door unlock; and believing it to be Thieves, rais'd the Houſe immediately: All the Servants were diſpatch'd, ſome one way, ſome another, with Lights and a ſtrict Charge to be careful in their Search; but they returning without being able to bring any Intelligence, which was rather owing to my good Fortune than your Caution, he grew ſullen on a ſudden, and put me into a terrible Apprehenſion that he was ſuſpicious of the Truth. I was ſo much alarm'd at it, knowing how violent he is in all his Paſſions, that I believe it would have gone nigh to have thrown me into a Swoon, if he had not as ſoon as we were alone, told me that he was ſtrangely uneaſy: for he certainly had ſeen the Appearance of a Man, and that he believ'd it was a Spirit.——He then made me acquainted with a long Story, which 'till then I had never heard, that having in his Youth fought a Duel with a young Chevalier, *he had the Misfortune of wounding him mortally.——This Suggeſtion has taken ſo deep a*

Root

Root in him, that all I could ſay was ineffectual to remove it: he ſtedfaſtly believes you were the Spirit of that departed Gentleman, and expects no other than that he ſhall be haunted by this perturb'd Apparition. I could not forbear being ſurpriz'd at firſt, that a Man of his good Senſe in other things ſhould ſo unaccountably be poſſeſſed of a Whimſey like this; but on ſecond Thoughts was well enough pleaſed at it; for I fancy it may be of no ſmall Service to the promoting our Converſation.——If he ſhould happen to ſurprize us, it is but my counterfeiting a prodigious Terror, and crying out, a Ghoſt! a Ghoſt! and he will ſcarce come near enough to diſtinguiſh the Fleſh from the Spirit.——I confeſs I have had no little Diverſion in my Thoughts ſince this Knowledge of his Poſſeſſion, I wiſh it may afford you as much, and that I were Conjurer enough to ſet a Spell to keep the dear charming Apparition for ever in the Circle of my Arms. I am, with all imaginable Tranſport,

My Lovely *BELLARIO*'s

Eternally devoted

CLIONE.

P. S. *I had forgot to let you know my Spouſe will be abroad all the Afternoon, and you may venture to come, without danger of Exorciſm: Farewell. The little Sleep I had after you left me, was taken up in dreaming of you.*

The Stranger had no ſooner finiſh'd, than the Deity preventing the Exclamations he perceiv'd the other about to make, told him that *Clione* was a Woman who had the moſt doating Husband on Earth; that he ſtudy'd nothing ſo much as how to

pleaſe her, and had ſettled a Jointure on her, vaſtly beyond the Expectations of her Friends: but ſhe ſold the Reverſion of it, made an Elopement from her Husband, and having ſquander'd away the beſt part of her Money, and being in a little time abandoned by *Bellario*, lives now at large, contemn'd by all who know her. But, *continued the Heavenly Inſpirer of Deſire*, neither this nor the former Letter can afford you half that matter of Reflection as will the next you ſhall peruſe. Theſe Words added to the impatient Curioſity of him they were addreſs'd to; and haſtily unfolding that Paper which promiſed to diſcover ſomething ſo ſurpriſing, found it contain'd this Declaration.

To my Soul's Joy, and Care, the moſt Adorable *BELLARIO*.

I Receiv'd your laſt, if poſſible, with greater Tranſport than any of your former ones, becauſe it gives me an Opportunity of proving the Sincerity of my Affection, but am amazed my dear Bellario *ſhould make any Apology for his Requeſt to one that loves him as I do———I ſend you encloſed the trifling Sum you writ for; and be aſſured, that to ſerve you, I would not refuſe a much greater, were it in my power. I only wiſh I had the means to put you paſt thoſe Dangers you fear.———If I had been bleſs'd with your Affection ſooner, it had been better for us both; I then ſhould have given you Inſtances of my Love worth your receiving———My Daughter ſhould have been yet unmarried, if Money was the Requiſite to get her a Husband, and my Son have had an Education leſs expenſive; but as I have reduced myſelf by a too fond maternal Care, I am aſhamed to think how little I am able to ſhow the Fervency of my Zeal for the dear Intereſt of the charming* Bellario.—*However, I beg*

you will always command me; and when you no longer reap any Benefit from my good Wiſhes, believe it as it is, that you ſuffer only through my Inability.——There yet remains ſome Timber on the Land which I have power to cut down, and ſome Plate in my Bureau *which I am not tied from the diſpoſal of; and if another Accident of this kind or any other ſhould happen, I beg you will make the ſame uſe of my Friendſhip as now.——To the laſt Guinea all is yours, and you may eaſily believe it when you are already convinc'd that you are the entire Poſſeſſor of my Soul, and that there is nothing on Earth ſo dear and valuable as* Bellario, *to his*

Moſt Paſſionate and

Ever Faithful

LUINA.

This Woman, *ſaid the God*, is the Jeſt of all who know her, and even deſpis'd by that Demon, whoſe Influence obliges her to act in a manner ſo contradictory to Reaſon, and indeed to Nature: it is not above five Moons ſince ſhe buried her third Husband, for whoſe Sake ſhe had almoſt given up all the Frugality her two former ones had amaſs'd; yet is ſhe now equally infatuated by *Bellario*. The Sum mention'd in the Letter was no leſs than two thouſand Crowns; but that was but the beginning of the Favours he requir'd: Whenever he loſt at play, or ſaw a fine Jewel he had a mind to purchaſe, it was to *Luina* he had recourſe; 'till ſhe has now little left to beſtow, but the Continuance of thoſe amorous Fondneſſes, which were ſcarce ſupportable, even when he was a gainer by the Frenzy which inſpir'd her to treat him with them, but are now no longer worth the pains of

Diſſi-

Diſſimulation.———Age therefore has its Follies as well as Youth; and the Inhabitants of this Iſle are ſo degenerated from theſe noble Principles they once boaſted to excel all other Nations in, that they are now Objects of Pity to thoſe Nations who envied them before.———Nature is ſo much inverted, that that Sex whoſe Right 'tis to attract and command, are the firſt who ſue for what they ought to fly, and court Undoing as a Favour.——How many Men are there who have no other Dependance, and owe their whole Support to the laviſh and unbecoming Fondneſs of Womankind! 'tis grown a kind of Trade, and neither Sex bluſh to be obliged this way.—Oh! why do theſe deteſted Bargainmakers blaſpheme my Name, and call theſe purchas'd——theſe polluted Joys the Rewards of Love! Baſe, mean, abandoned, mercenary Proſtitutes; how dare they impute that to my Influence, which *Intereſt* only, ſordid *Intereſt* excites, and where, as one of their own Poets ſays,

———*Cou'd the Experiment be try'd,*
A Dog with Two-Pence would not be deny'd!

Reflection at this moment had ſo great a Force on the offended Deity, that he had power to proceed no farther.———The utterance of his Words was ſtop'd with inward Agonies, his Cheeks ſweated ambroſial Dew, and from his ſhining Eyes big chryſtal Drops deſcended; which falling on the Earth, roſe in a new Creation of Flowers more beautiful and ſweet than e'er yet bleſs'd the Senſe of the admiring Stranger: but cautious how to proceed, believing it the higheſt Preſumption to attempt any Condolance of a Power ſo much above him; and having nothing to offer in Vindication of a Race ſo unworthy of the heavenly Care, ſtood ſilent in awful Contemplation, 'till the

Divinity

Divinity laying his Hand on the Packet, by that Sign giving to underſtand he would have him examine what farther it contain'd, again permitted him to ſatisfy his Curioſity; which he continued to do, by opening the next Billet, which contain'd theſe Words:

To the Everlaſting Charmer of my Nights, and Joy of my Days, my lovely *BELLARIO.*

I Have been in all the Confuſion imaginable ſince you left me; what could you mean by going away ſo abruptly? I expected to have been bleſs'd with your dear Society the whole Night, I ſhould eaſily have made a Pretence to have got rid of thoſe troubleſome Impertinents, that came to viſit me: But I fear, you were glad of an Excuſe to leave me; nor are my Suſpicions without Cauſe. Clarina *hurried after you immediately, and* Cimene, *who knows all her Secrets, aſſured me you had made an Aſſignation with her by your Eyes: ſhe told me alſo, that this was not the firſt time you had been together, and that ſhe had ſeen Letters from you, containing the moſt tender Declarations of Love imaginable.——If this be true, how truely miſerable is* Melantha?——*to have you mine, and wholly mine, I would with pleaſure forgo all other Conſiderations; but dear as you are, I cannot conſent to ſhare you with another.———No, whenever the cruel Certainty of that arrives, I never will conſent to ſee you more, I'll tear myſelf from all thoſe Joys, thoſe nameleſs, numberleſs, inconceivable Felicities your Preſence gives, tho' in executing this Reſolution, I muſt endure Agonies ſuch as they tell us are the Portion of the Damn'd.——Oh!* Bellario, *what do I feel in but the bare Imagination that thou canſt be falſe! Lovely Undoer of my Peace, be quick to prove* Cimene *in the wrong.———What we wiſh, we eaſily believe, my fond Soul would give the Lye to a Perſon*

of

of more Veracity than ſhe, if you profeſs'd your Innocence— Haſte then to bleſs me with your Vows, thoſe ſoft, thoſe tender, thoſe prevailing Vows, which have had the power to render thoſe I made to Heaven, and my too cautious Friends, of no effect: In thy dear Arms let me loſe all my Fears, and with renew'd Endearments drive from my tormented Breaſt this Devil, Jealouſy——Stay not to write, there is nothing but your Preſence can give me eaſe——if all I heard be not Truth — if indeed I am not the moſt unhappy, the moſt accurs'd of all my eaſy yielding Sex, come with the Beaver, and meet with equal Ardors, equal Extaſies, the

Impatient, the Adoring,

The Heart-tortur'd

MELANTHA.

The next Billet which preſented itſelf, ſeeming to be writ by the ſame Hand, he waited not for any Intelligence from his divine Informer, but proceeded to examine what it contain'd, which was in this manner.

To the moſt Ungrateful of Mankind, the Perjur'd, but ſtill Dear *BELLARIO.*

IT is then true that I am loſt, betray'd, abandoned; your Silence, and your Abſence confeſs your Inconſtancy, and ſhow me what a wretched Fool I have been, to truſt a Man who I knew had been falſe to others.—— Oh! I could curſe myſelf, and tear out my own fond credulous Heart.——It is not in your power to be juſt, or good: Ingratitude is ingrafted in your very Nature, 'tis a part of your Being, and you cannot ſhake it off without parting

parting at the ſame time with Life.—Blind and ſtupid that I was, to imagine there could be a Reformation in him whoſe whole Soul is made up of Hypocriſy and Deceit, and whoſe every Action, ſince he could write Man, *has ſhew'd the* Villain.*——Oh! I am mad!——pardon the harſh Expreſſions of my jealous Frenzy——I mean not as I ſay——I love you ſtill, nor ſcarce repent the Ruin I have yielded to— all Men are falſe—all Men are Hypocrites in Love, and you but as the reſt, only more lovely, more endearing far——and if you have the Vices incident to your Sex, you have, to excuſe the Woman they undo, Perfections which not one beſides yourſelf can boaſt——Never were Eyes ſo form'd to charm, as yours.——Never had any Tongue perſuaſive Force like yours.——The Gods of Love and Wit, conſpire to aid you.——Thou more than Angel!——thou God of my Deſires! thou ſomething more than Words can ſpeak!——Oh! I grow wild again, Remembrance of thoſe extatick Joys your Kindneſs has beſtow'd, is as dangerous to Senſe, as thoſe Heart-rending Agonies your Falſhood now inflicts.——Neither are to be borne, each is enough to overthrow Reflection; how is my divided Soul then rent 'twixt both!——Pity me, eaſe me, ſee me once more, and tell me if* Clarina *muſt engroſs you all—give me but the Satisfaction of knowing whether I ought to love or hate you——Oh! that I had never known a Cauſe to doubt which Choice to make——Curſe on the vain officious Tongue that rais'd this jealous Fury——Curſe on my Readineſs to liſten to ſuch deſtructive Tales—But doubly curs'd be my own want of Charms, which had not power to hold you, yet flatter'd me they had.——Torture—Diſtraction——Hell—what will become of me——I cannot——I will not ſurvive the Knowledge that you are mine no more——Yet this Suſpence is worſe than all yet ever bore the Name of Horror——Let me not linger in it, if you have Humanity——declare my Doom at once——be kind in Cruelty at leaſt, and let one*

Death

Death conclude the thouſand, thouſand Deaths which every Minute of Uncertainty brings with it, to

The Miſerable, but

Still Adoring

MELANTHA.

P. S. *I have order'd the Meſſenger to bring an Anſwer; if he comes without, depend I will murder him, and then myſelf.*

The Deity perceiving the Amazement which theſe diſtracted Epiſtles created in the Mind of him who read them, related the Hiſtory of the Lady in theſe or the like Terms:

Melantha, ſaid he, was the only Daughter of a Country Gentleman of a plentiful Eſtate; ſome Buſineſs happening to call *Bellario* to the Village where they liv'd, he preſently caſt his Eyes on the Heireſs, with a deſign of making his Fortune by marrying her.——He made his Addreſſes with ſuch Succeſs, that he ſoon found himſelf enough in the favour of the young Lady, to encourage him to hope he ſhould have her Conſent——— but the Father's was not ſo eaſy to be obtain'd—he look'd on him with other Eyes; and finding his Daughter too much prepoſſeſſed with a good Opinion of him, forbad him his Houſe, and threaten'd her with his eternal Diſpleaſure, if ſhe continu'd any Correſpondence with him.

Bellario, who never had Tenderneſs enough of Nature to feel my Influence, regarded it no farther than as this Diſappointment was a Prejudice to his Intereſt; and Vain, Oſtentatious, and Self-ſufficient, to give himſelf an Air of not valuing *Melantha*,

tha, or her Fortune, immediately made court to a young Lady in the Neighbourhood: her Name was *Lucilla*, pretty enough to excuſe the violent Paſſion he pretended to her, and of a Birth ſuperior to *Melantha*, tho' much below her in point of the World's Idol, Wealth. The poor young artleſs Maid, unskill'd in Deceit, and unacquainted with thoſe Artifices, which thoſe who call themſelves the *Beau Monde* make uſe of in Converſation, thought *Bellario* the fineſt thing ſhe had ever ſeen, admir'd his Wit, his Manner of Addreſs, his Notions, his Knowledge ſeem'd to her, who never had experienc'd better, to be prodigious: and ſhe believ'd him ſo worthy of her Affections, that ſhe could not without being guilty of ſinning againſt Reaſon, deny him the utmoſt Proof of them.——In fine, he won ſo far upon her, as to obtain the laſt Favour a Woman has to beſtow: ſhe grew with Child by him, and an Aunt of her's, with whom ſhe was educated, perceiving it, was not a little confounded what ſhe ſhould do to repair the Diſgrace her Niece was like to fall into.——She talk'd to *Bellario* on the Affair, and preſs'd him to marry her, as the unhappy young Lady had told her he had promis'd, but he had been too wary, to give any ſuch Teſtimony under his Hand, and had little Regard to a verbal Contract.——He denied he had made her any ſuch Promiſe; and tho' he refus'd what ſhe deſired with the moſt courtly Air imaginable, 'twas eaſy for her to ſee there was nothing to be expected from him——ſhe thereon fell to catechiſing her Niece with all Severity, who aſham'd of her Weakneſs, and half diſtracted at the diſcover'd Coldneſs and Perjury of *Bellario*, attempted to put an end at once to her Life, and the Miſery which attended it.——She ſwallow'd Poiſon; but being diſcover'd before it had time to work the pernicious Effect it was deſign'd for, proper Medicines

were

were applied to expel it, and ſhe liv'd; and what was more to be admir'd, the Child within her ſuffer'd not by what ſhe had taken, and ſhe was in due time deliver'd of a Daughter.

Bellario all this while was paying his Devoirs to a Widow Lady of a great Jointure, and had certainly obtained his Point, but for the ſudden arrival of her Brother; who perfectly acquainted with *Bellario*'s Character, gave her a ſeaſonable warning, and wrought ſo far upon her, as to prevail on her to diſmiſs him.

Theſe Amours could not but make a prodigious *Eclat* in the Country; *Melantha* ſoon heard of them, and tho' ſhe had loſt all hope of marrying him herſelf, could not be told of his addreſſing another Woman ſo near her, without feeling an inexpreſſible Chagrin. She writ to upbraid him with the little Tenderneſs ſhe now perceiv'd he ever had for her, ſince he could ſo ſoon carry it elſewhere—but alas! ſhe knew not what ſhe did in renewing this Correſpondence with him, tho' ſhe deſign'd no more than to expreſs her Reſentment. That very Reſentment ſhow'd ſo much of Love, that it embolden'd him to imagine he might prevail on her to believe any thing.——He anſwer'd her Letter with all the ſeeming Affection imaginable, fill'd it with Proteſtations that he never did, nor never could love any but herſelf——that his Paſſion for *Lucilla*, and the other Lady, had been but counterfeited, only to diſcover what Impreſſion the News of ſuch a Behaviour would make on her; and concluded with an entreaty that ſhe would vouchſafe him a Meeting in private, when he told her he doubted not but he ſhould convince her, that he was and would be eternally her Slave.—The credulous Maid, who in ſpite of all ſhe had been inform'd of, ceas'd not to love him with an unbated Fondneſs, receiv'd his fictitious Promiſes with a Tranſport beyond what

even

even his Vanity had made him hope; ſhe conſented to ſee him, and made the Appointment at an old Woman's Houſe, who formerly had been a Servant in the Family, and now liv'd but a ſmall diſtance off.—His Behaviour ſeconding what his Letter had begun, ſhe was now, more than ever, all his own; and if he did not at that time entirely compleat his Triumph over her Virtue, it was only becauſe the old Woman, at whoſe Houſe they met, fearing the Conſequence, took care they ſhould not have any Opportunity; but he made ſo good uſe of the little Time he had to talk to her alone, that he obtained her Promiſe to follow him to Town, which ſhe ſoon after did; and the Effect of that Condeſcenſion was ſuch as may eaſily be gueſs'd at.— He enjoy'd, forſook, and deſpis'd her, in leſs time than it took in perſuading her.——She is now undone in every Circumſtance, and pity'd by all but him who occaſion'd her Misfortunes.——Her Sufferings are of a nature which would oblige me to dwell longer in the Commiſeration of them; but that I ſee your Curioſity impatient for the Contents of the yet remaining Billets.——Make haſte therefore to gratify it, for the day is far ſpent, and before the cloſe of it I have much to ſay. Here ceas'd the *Deity*, and the Stranger pleaſed to obey the Command he had received, went on to the next Letter, in which he found theſe Lines.

To the Deceitful *BELLARIO*.

IF my Actions had not too plainly teſtify'd the guilty Paſſion you have inſpir'd me with, I ſhould rather have choſe to ſuffer in Silence, than by making you this Compl.int, run the Riſque of being more expoſed——I am told it is a common Thing with you to betray, and after to ridicule the Wretch who gives C edit to your Inſinuations; nor can you blame me for believing a Report

which brings with it its own Confirmation.——I have heard my own Words repeated,——those fooliſh, fond Expreſſions which my ungovern'd Tenderneſs taught my unwary Tongue, when in your Arms I laugh'd at Honour, and thought your Love ſufficient recompence for loſs of Virtue, Fame and Grandure; are made the Jeſt of your looſe Companions.—They criticize on all my ſoft Endearments, and conſtrue each unguarded Sentence as they pleaſe. This cannot be Suggeſtion——No, 'tis too true, and you are the moſt baſe as well as moſt inconſtant of Mankind. Monſter! Is it not enough that you have ruin'd me, that your curſed Artifices have drawn me from the beſt of Huſbands, ſeduced me from all which ought to be dear or valuable to a Woman's Soul? But you muſt alſo make a Sport of my Misfortune.—What have I done, that you ſhould uſe me thus?——Or, how dare you affront me in this manner?——Believe me, I have a Mind as capable of Revenge *as* Love, *and ſince deny'd the* one, *will have recourſe to the* other.——*I expect your immediate Anſwer.——I wiſh 'twere in your power to make Atonement for the Wrongs you have done me; there is nothing I ſo paſſionately wiſh, as that there were a poſſibility of renewing the Eſteem I once had for you.——Write me your real Sentiments, that I may be aſſured what it is you deſerve from*

BELLIMANTE.

You perceive, *reſum'd the God*, that this is a Lady whoſe Complaiſance for *Bellario* render'd, not only the Nuptial Tye, but all other Conſiderations alſo fruitleſs; nor need I tell you what after enſued, the next will inform you, and ſave me the pains of relating Circumſtances ſo deteſtable to the Deity of Truth and Tenderneſs. Theſe Words giving the Stranger to underſtand the Cataſtrophe of her Hiſtory was to be explain'd in this manner, haſtily open'd another Letter, which he found written in the ſame Character, and read as follows.

To

To the moſt Wicked of his Sex, the Unjuſt, Ingrateful and Perjur'd *BELLARIO.*

DARE you then defy my Rage? Do you believe there is nothing to be feared from the juſt Indignation of a Woman wrong'd as I have been;——or if I ſhould conſent to be paſſive under the Indignities you have offer'd, do you not think high Heaven would revenge my Cauſe, and ſtrike you dead with Lightning?—Villain, as you are, how have you Impudence to breathe the ſame Air with me, and perſiſt in a Behaviour ſo different from what you have ſworn!——But Oh, well may you deſpiſe and ridicule my enervate Reſentment—you know, alas! I muſt depart the Iſland, and you will ſoon loſe every thing of me, but the Memory.——Yet, cruel Man, is not that enough? Will not your Conſcience be a worſe Tormentor than all the Fiends my Rage would muſter up? Will it not perpetually upbraid you with the Miſeries you have brought on an unhappy Woman, who lov'd you more than Life? Is it not for you that I am undone in my Reputation, in the Eſteem of my Friends, in the World's Friendſhip?—Have I not for you, loſt for ever the endearing Fondneſs of a Husband, whoſe every Grain was worth the Maſs of your whole Family?—Have I not diſgrac'd myſelf for ever? Has not the extravagant Profuſion of my Love for you, deprived me of every Support of Life.——Am I not obliged to fly my Native Country, and ſeek a wretched and uncertain Dependance in a Foreign Clime.——But what of all this! have I not hazarded my eternal State, incurr'd the Sentence of everlaſting Woe, and plung'd my Soul as well as Body in the deep Chaſm of unceaſing Horror?——And do you,——you, for whoſe ſake I am ſo curſed, deſpiſe me?——I cannot bear it—the Thought will bring Diſtraction.——If Wiſhes have the power to blaſt you, depend you ſhall not long triumph in the Ruin of

BELLIMANTE.

P. S. *I embark this Night, and ſhould wiſh the Ship that bears me hence might ſink, and I go to the Bottom, if I were certain my injur'd Ghoſt would have the power to haunt you, and curſe your Days and Nights, as you have mine ;——but whatever is denied to me, may Hell and its worſt Furies do, and not one Hour of future Peace attend you—Reſtleſſneſs—Diſtraction be your Portion in this Life, and everlaſting Horrors in the next.*

No Interruption being given by the Celeſtial Hiſtorian, the Stranger found in the next that offered itſelf to his peruſal, theſe Lines.

To the Unkind, but Ever-charming, *BELLARIO.*

THERE is ſomething ſo ſtrangely cruel, as well as unjuſt in your late Behaviour, that I can't imagine how you can anſwer it to your own Good-Nature.—If I entreated to ſee you on any mercenary ſcore, or had any other Deſign in that Requeſt, than merely for the Pleaſure I ſhould receive in ſuch an Interview, I ſhould not wonder a Man who knows the World ſo well as Bellario, *ſhould refuſe me.——But you are perfectly ſenſible I ask no other Return, than Love for Love ; and not to grant me that, nor give me any reaſon why you will not, is ungenerous and ingrateful to the laſt degree.——To avoid a Woman, whoſe Preſence you ſo lately coveted, without even the Shadow of a Cauſe for ſuch a Change of Treatment, is what in my Opinion can't be accounted for by Reaſon, Honour, or indeed even common Complaiſance ;—but I will trouble you no farther at this time, than to aſſure you I will not be condemn'd unknowing of the Crime for which I am ſo, and if you delay to write or come, I will bring to your own Houſe my too juſt Complaint—will upbraid you in the Face of the whole World—will do every thing my Tenderneſs will permit, to revenge the Injury*

jury you have done me.———Haſte then, my Dear, my ſweet Diſturber, to vindicate your own Honour and Generoſity, and ſave from Deſpair,

Your moſt paſſionately devoted

ALMA.

The enquiring Youth expecting ſome farther Information of this Lady, paus'd on concluding her Epiſtle; but the Deity being ſilent, he paſs'd to the next, which contain'd theſe Words.

To the Lovely *BELLARIO.*

I Know not if you are enough acquainted with your own Perfections, to be ſenſible of the Impreſſion they have made on me.—Nor might I perhaps appear conſiderable enough in your Eyes, for you to take notice of what elſe you muſt have certainly read in mine.—The Paſſion therefore which you have inſpir'd, being not of a nature to endure Reſtraint, this comes to reveal it, and to tell you this Evening in the Palace-Garden about Ten you may find a farther Explanation of the Meaning of her, who wiſhes no greater Bleſſing than to be Yours.

CLIO.

As the Stranger was beginning to open another *Billet*, the God prevented him, by ſaying, there remains no more of any conſequence; beſide, too much Time has been already ſpent on a Subject ſo trifling as *Bellario*. Let us now turn our Eyes again on that numerous Aſſembly: See where, conſpicuous by his Port and Grandeur, the Prince *Del Ponto* ſtands;—Obſerve his Air, his Mien, his Shape, you will find few who equal him in the Graces of his Perſon.—*Nature* has been as liberal of her

Gifts as *Fortune*, both have done their utmoſt to make him appear great and lovely;—yet if you regard him heedfully, you will read ſomething in his Eyes which diſcovers he has a Soul far unworthy of the Caſe in which it is inſhrin'd.——The meaneſt of the *Plebeian* Crowd who court his Favour, or implore his Bounty, has not a Diſpoſition more ſordid and avaricious; there is none ſo vile, whom, for Intereſt, he will not baſely fawn on; nor any ſo much below him, whom, to make inſtrumental to his Gains, he will not treat as his Superiors.——He married a Lady of Birth equal to his own, but denies that unhappy Princeſs every thing befitting her Quality; and on her refuſing to come into ſome Meaſures to which her Spirit render'd her averſe, obliges her to live in a lonely Country-Houſe, a great diſtance from all her Friends and Relations, ſcarce allowing her an Equipage fit for the Wife of a private Gentleman.——But notwithſtanding his Neglect of her he ought to love, he is not inſenſible of Beauty———he is accounted one of the moſt amorous of the Nobility; and 'tis certain, to gratify his Inclinations that way, will make no ſcruple of ſacrificing every thing but Money.——The Wives and Daughters of his neareſt Friends, or even Kindred, are not ſecure from his Sollicitations; and numberleſs are the Families, whoſe Honour has been ſtain'd by his ſeducing Arts.——But the moſt remarkable and worthy Commiſeration, was, that of *Bellengar*; he was bred with the Prince, had been his Companion from Childhood, came to this Iſland with him, for both are Foreigners——They were almoſt inſeparable,—and never had any one Man a greater Regard, a more true Reſpect, and diſintereſted Zeal to ſerve another, than he had for this Prince: knowing his Temper, he always took care never to ask any other Favours of him, than ſuch as it would coſt him nothing to beſtow, and

by this means preſerved the Reputation of being lov'd by him; which Honour, 'tis probable, he ſtill might have maintain'd, if his Inclinations had not led him to marry a young Lady of an extraordinary Beauty.——The Prince viſited him on this occaſion, and no ſooner ſaw the Bride, than he languiſh'd for her.——Inſolent, on his Quality, he made her an immediate Declaration of his Sentiments; which if ſhe liſten'd not to with that Pleaſure which his Vanity had made him to expect, yet it was not with that Auſterity which becomes a Woman of true Virtue: he perceiv'd he ſhould find ſome difficulty in obtaining her, but had no great cauſe to deſpair he ſhould gain his Point in the end.——Knowing Opportunity and Importunity to be the two great Ruiners of the Sex, he gave not over the *one*, till he had found the *other*: Happning to come one Evening when her Husband was abroad, no Company with her, ſhe in a languiſhing Poſture lying on a Couch, all undreſs'd, and full of thoſe deſtructive Softneſſes which ordinarily inhabit the Breaſts of the Young and Gay, he let not ſlip the lucky Moment; but preſſing her with all the Force of vigorous Deſire, with ſtrenuous Embraces rendring the Efforts ſhe made to riſe of no effect, and ſtopping with Kiſſes the Breath ſhe would have made uſe of in Reproaches for the Liberties he took, in a ſhort time compleated his Deſign, and finiſh'd her Undoing.——The Tranſport over, he wanted not enough to ſay in excuſe of the Violence he had been guilty of.——Never was my Name more prophan'd than in this Scene of Perjury and Deceit, and ſo much Regard the Fair Sex ſtill pay me, that few of them but are willing to pardon all the Faults they think occaſion'd by my Influence.——Madam *de Bellengar* forgave his Crime, and was, without much difficulty, prevail'd on to permit he ſhould repeat the ſweet Offence.——This fine Woman had

more Beauty than Diſcretion, and though ſhe was not a Fool, ſuffer'd her Vanity ſo much to overcome her conſiderative Faculty, that the Pleaſure of being belov'd by a Man of the Prince *Del Ponto*'s Quality and Figure, ſeem'd of greater Value than her Reputation: This Humour, join'd with the little Regard he had for the Honour of any Woman he had deluded, made them not ſo cautious as they ought to have been; the Affair was ſoon made publick, and *Bellengar* was not the laſt who perceived it.—The Grief which ſeiz'd his Soul at this Diſcovery, cannot very eaſily be conceiv'd; had any other Man injur'd him in this manner, he would have endeavour'd to repair it by the Blood of the Offender; but the Obligations he had receiv'd from the *Prince*, tied his Hands: he contented himſelf therefore for ſome time with ſecretly reproaching his Wife; but finding all his Admonitions vain, that ſhe continu'd her Aſſignations with the injurious Deſtroyer of the Honour of them both; and that in ſo publick a manner, that his Patience grew the Jeſt of all who knew him; the abus'd Gratitude and Tenderneſs which had ſo long with-held him, now gave way to juſt Reſentment and Deſire of Vengeance.——He made it his buſineſs to find out the exact Place and Time of their Meeting; and as ſoon as his Emiſſary, employ'd for that purpoſe, brought an Account they were together, flew to the Rendezvous, and forcibly entring the Chamber they were in, accoſted them with Language befitting the Wrong they had done him; and, too furious to attend the Ceremony of a formal Challenge, told the Prince, he muſt prepare that Moment to defend the Indignity he had offer'd, or expect to fall a Sacrifice to the Honour he had violated. This Threat was accompany'd by an Attempt to execute what it meant; and the *Prince*, who at ſight of him gueſs'd the Intent of his coming,

coming, had his Sword out almoſt as ſoon as the other: They made ſeveral Paſſes at each other, in one of which, the Prince, having more good Fortune than Juſtice on his ſide, diſarm'd his Adverſary, before the Cries of Madam *de Bellengar* had drawn the People of the Houſe, to prevent what Miſchief the Fury of both ſeem'd to threaten.——They came in, however, in good time for the defenceleſs Husband, who was on the point of being ſtabb'd by the *Prince*, after he had dropt his Sword: The Preſence of ſo many Witneſſes, who, perhaps, might not all of them be of a Principle, to be brib'd to Secreſy in a Caſe ſo deteſtable as Murder, was all that preſerv'd him from the Rage of the detected Prince: but as a late happily inſpir'd Poet ſays,

Forgiveneſs to the Injur'd does belong,
But they ne'er pardon who have done the Wrong.

He had gone too far in his ill Treatment of *de Bellengar*, to hope he ever could be reconcil'd.—He knew it was impoſſible for him to be any other than an implacable Ill-wiſher, and reſolv'd to put it out of his power to do him any further Miſchief than that of enervate Railing.——He went immediately to the *Sovereign*, and made a Complaint, that being retir'd in purſuit of his private Pleaſures, *Bellengar* had broke in upon him, aſſaulted his Life, and had wanted but very little of ſacrificing him to his Malice. The Great and Powerful are never at a loſs for Friends to ſecond any Requeſt they ſhall make; the Prince *Del Pozzo* had Intereſt enough to be the Ruin of the little Fortune of this unhappy Gentleman, as he before had been of his Tranquillity. He was tried by Judges wholly devoted to the Service of his Enemy, and being convicted of an Aſſault againſt a Prince, his Superior and Patron, his Eſtate was ſeiz'd on as a Forfeit

for

for his Crime, and himſelf condemn'd to languiſh the Remainder of his Days in Baniſhment. The ill-fated and unfaithful Wife, during the whole Proceeding, remain'd wholly paſſive, nor mov'd, nor ſpoke in vindication of a Husband, undone by her Perfidy and Ingratitude. So much had the Artifices of the Prince won her to his ſide, that ſhe wiſh'd for nothing more than to be eternally freed from the Sight of a Man, who, ſhe was ſenſible, could not look on her but with Horror; not doubting but ſhe ſhould find from her proteſting Lover a Support as magnificent as her Pride and Vanity could ask: But, alas! how was ſhe deceived, how in a Moment did all her gilded Expectations vaniſh? *Bellengar* gone, her Evidence no longer fear'd, and her Charms, by repeated Enjoyments, no longer deſirable, ſhe found herſelf immediately the moſt wretched Creature on Earth: not only all the Friends of *Bellengar*, but thoſe alſo who had formerly been her own, too well acquainted with her Behaviour in this Affair, ſhunn'd her Society, refus'd her all Aſſiſtance; and deſpis'd by him who had ruin'd her, and juſtly hated by all the World beſide, ſhe fell into Miſeries, ſuch as even the Crime which brought them on, could not render unpitiable.——Retaining ſtill too much of her former Pride, to ſubmit to a leſs mean way of Life than ſhe had been accuſtom'd, ſhe run exceſſively in debt, was thrown into Priſon; where receiving no Relief, ſhe was near periſhing for want of common Neceſſaries, when a Fellow-ſufferer, who had long been in the ſame Place, and was at laſt deliver'd by the Kindneſs of his Friends, hapned to feel the Influence of her Beauty, which even in this Diſtreſs had ſome Remains of its once attractive Force; he pretended his own Debts to be much greater than they were, and by that means paid part of her's, and got her Diſcharge at the

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ſame time his own was ſign'd: ſhe could do no leſs than make him all the Retributions he deſir'd for ſo unexpected a Redemption.——She lived ſome time with him as a Miſtreſs, but he marrying, ſhe was again driven to ſeek a way of Subſiſtence: and fearing to fall into the ſame Condition from which his Paſſion had releas'd her, ſhe threw off all Notions of Honour, and grew a common Proſtitute; in that wretched and abhorr'd State, ſhe now drags on an odious Life, which in all probability muſt ſoon be finiſh'd by a Diſeaſe as loathſome as the Crime, whoſe Puniſhment it is. Yet ſo impoſſible is it for the Great and Rich to have any Faults, that notwithſtanding the Pain this unhappy Lady ſuſtains, through the Deluſions of this Prince; notwithſtanding the Contempt he ſince has had for the Sufferings he occaſion'd; that very Gentleman, who you now ſee courting his Favour, and bowing to him with the Appearance of the higheſt Regard, is her near Relation: But, indeed, it is not much to be wonder'd at, that he ſhould worſhip any thing for Intereſt, when he can conſent to throw one of the moſt lovely Women in the World, and one whom, till he debauch'd her Principles, was the beſt of Wives, into the Arms of an old Court-Leacher, who in exchange beſtow'd a Place on him of about 2000 Crowns a Year.——What will not theſe wretched Iſlanders do for Intereſt! What Senſe have they of preſent Shame, or future Puniſhments!—Does not one of the firſt of their Nobility, neglecting the Embraces of his almoſt Virgin-Bride, live in Pollution with his own Siſter?—Has not another proſtituted his Daughter?——

Adultery and Inceſt are grown common Crimes, and ſcarce wear any other Name than that of venial Tranſgreſſions——And well indeed may theſe appear leſs monſtrous, when there's a reigning Sin yet more unnatural, more horrid, than Hell, or any Fiend

Fiend but *Man*, has power to invent. Both Sexes, as not content to mingle with each other in unlawful Blendings, turn to their own, perverting Nature, and defiling their own Specie: and *Man* with *Man*, *Woman* with *Woman* ſins!——But this Vice is of a kind too monſtrous for any but the Damn'd, by whoſe Accuſation they muſt hereafter be ſentene'd by the infernal Judges, to deſcribe.——If you make any long Abode in this Place, you will ſee and hear too much of it, for there are but few, except thoſe whoſe Trade is Religion, who ſeem not to glory in their Crimes, nor even among the moſt hypocritical Part of them, is there ſo great a Caution, but that a Penetration ſuch as yours will eaſily diſcover the falſe Gloſs.——I ſee a Lady yonder, whoſe Variety of Adventures makes her Hiſtory more entertaining than any I have yet related; nor would I omit giving you a Detail of her Life, if it were only to prove how weak human Judgment is, when it pretends to a more than ordinary Excellence; and that even *Penitence*, one of the moſt beautiful Virtues in the eye of Heaven, when ſtretch'd too far, may degenerate into Vice. What I mean by too far, is, when, to teſtify an Exceſs of it, the Profeſſor goes beyond the Bounds of Nature; and to be impartially juſt to one good Quality, injures another equally valuable.—*Tenderneſs*, the peculiar Characteriſtick of the ſofter Sex, this Lady ſeems to have thrown off.—But to make you ſenſible of her Fault, without being guilty of an Injuſtice equal to her own, you muſt alſo be acquainted with the pretended Reaſons which induc'd her to commit it; therefore I ſhall inform you of ſome few of the Particulars of a Life which has not many Parallels.

The Hiſtory of Maſonia, *Count* Marville, *and Count* Riverius.

SHE was the only Daughter of a Gentleman of a diſtinguiſh'd Family, had a liberal Education, and a vaſt Fortune. As to her perſonal Charms, you may believe a Woman ſo agreeable, when turn'd of Forty, cou'd not be wanting in the attractive Power when in her Bloom. Among a number of Admirers was Count *Marville*, who, more for his Quality and Eſtate, than any other Endowment of Mind or Body, was the Perſon pitch'd on by her Father, to be her Husband. She was married to him very young, and tho' her Inclination was not conſulted in the Match, might probably have afterwards been well enough ſatisfy'd with her Fate, had he behaved in any tolerable manner; but nothing was ever more groſs, and more unbecoming a Man of his Figure, than the Treatment ſhe received from him. The Name of *Bride* was ſcarcely exchanged for that of *Wife*, before he avow'd a publick Diſlike of her, and while all the young Gallants of the Court ſeem-ed to envy the Happineſs he enjoy'd, expreſſed a Contempt of it, which could not but be ſtinging to a Woman who had the leaſt ſhare of Pride.——Frequently has he brought into his own Houſe the moſt ſhameleſs and abandon'd Proſtitutes, careſs'd and entertain'd them in her hearing, almoſt in her ſight; left her to mourn his barbarous Neglect, while he paſs'd the Night in all the Riots and ſtudy'd Debauchery his lewd Companions cou'd invent.

'Tis impoſſible to know any thing of the World, without knowing alſo, that ſuch Conduct in a *Huſ-*

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band must be a prodigious Encouragement to draw loose Addresses on the *Wife*,——and as *Masonia* was a Woman generally lik'd, there were not a few who rejoic'd in the Hope, that her ill Usage at *Home*, might induce her to accept of better Entertainment *Abroad*; and grew bold enough to make Declarations to her, of a nature which, had the *Count* been less notorious in his Behaviour, they never wou'd have presum'd to have done: But never were the Seeds of Virtue more deeply rooted, than in the Heart of this abused Lady, and as she had been taught to abhor Unchastity, as a Vice the most pernicious to a Woman's Character, so she also found not in herself the least Propensity, to wish it were not so. The falling Snow, or Air new rarefy'd by *Phœbus*'s Beams, is not more pure, more free from Stain than was her spotless Mind;——she sinn'd not even in Thought that way,——nor was her Soul less guarded against Anger and Revenge; she endeavour'd, rather by Patience and Resignation to baffle the Malice of her Fate, than by returning Infidelity for Infidelity, deserve it—Thus for a long time did she continue an eminent Example of suffering Virtue; *Marville*, tho' he hated her enough to wish it, had it not in his power to tax her with one Word or Action unbecoming her Character or Circumstances: It was only by the most meek and gentle means she attempted to reclaim him, and it was in as austere a manner, as the Mildness of her Disposition wou'd permit, that she repell'd the Addresses of those who offer'd any thing to the prejudice of her Honour.——Continued Repulses, and the Appearance of the most fix'd Resolution never to swerve from the Paths of Virtue, in time freed her from those unpleasing Sollicitations, and she was beginning to hope her Character so well establish'd, that none for the future wou'd make any Pretences of that nature, when she found herself deceiv'd, and

that

that ſhe had ſtill a Lover ſo much the more dangerous than the former ones, by being leſs aſſured—There was not a Day in which ſhe did not receive a Letter from this paſſionate *Incognito*; it wou'd be impoſſible for me to inſpire Expreſſions more ſoft and tender, or more full of Reſpect, than thoſe in which he declared his Sentiments.——He profeſs'd a Regard for her, ſo pure, that he even wiſh'd not to receive a Condeſcenſion to the diſadvantage of her Fame or Virtue;—vow'd, that, tho' he found it impoſſible to live unpity'd by her, he wou'd prefer Death, to the attempting any Action, which might cauſe a Bluſh in her:—but all the while artfully inſinuating, that if Honour oblig'd her to think of no other Man, while the Wife of Count *Marville*; to continue in that Station, after ſuch known ill Treatment, call'd her Judgment very much in queſtion, ſince ſhe might lawfully ſue for a Divorce.———It was impoſſible for her to hinder the Receipt of theſe *Billets*; the Character in which the Superſcription was writ, was ſo often chang'd, that till ſhe open'd them ſhe knew not they came from the ſame Perſon; nor was it only at home ſhe found herſelf oblig'd to take them—whether ſhe went to the Drawing-Room, to Church, or to the Garden of the Royal-Palace, the dextrous Writer found ſome way to convey, what he wou'd have her read, either into her Pocket, or the Sleeves of her Gown,—and ſeldom it was, that they brought not ſomething incloſed, which teſtify'd the Paſſion of him that gave it, more than all the Aſſeverations they contained beſide.—A fine Ring, Locket, or a Jewel for her Hair, were the daily Preſents of this laviſh *Enamorato*.—By the Richneſs of theſe Preſents, ſhe knew he muſt be a Man of a very conſiderable Fortune, and by the Places where ſhe received them, that he was of Quality, and of her particular Acquaintance, or cou'd not have had the Opportunity of coming

near enough to convey them; but not all her Penetration, tho' no Woman is Miſtreſs of more, could find out who he was. There were many who look'd on her with the Eyes of Deſire, and ſometimes ſhe imagin'd ſhe ſaw in one, marks of this reſpectful Lover; ſometimes in another, the Caution which the real Perſon obſerv'd in all his Words and Actions, took from her all Poſſibility of being certain.—The young Count *De Riverius*, by frequenting all Places where ſhe went, diſtinguiſhing her with a particular regard from all the Ladies in Company, being on her ſide in whatever Argument ſhe was pleaſed to hold, and a thouſand other ſuch like Demonſtrations of the higheſt Eſteem, had often made her fancy him the Perſon; but then the known Wildneſs of his Temper (for he was accounted one of the moſt looſe and debauch'd of all the young Noblemen about the Court) check'd that Opinion; and ſhe thought it impoſſible for a Man of his gay roving Diſpoſition, and who had revell'd thro' all the ſelected Beauties of a whole Nation, to confine himſelf to that Reſerve, and humble Awe, where he had a Deſign.—The Behaviour of this unknown Lover, however, fill'd her with Sentiments, not at all to the advantage of her Peace; and her Husband perſiſting in his barbarous Uſage of her, ſhe compar'd the one with the other, and began to reflect how happy ſhe might have been, if it had been her Lot to have married a Man who had the Love or the Reſpect of this *Incognito*; and at laſt, without reflecting on the Danger of ſuch a Knowledge, wiſh'd to know, to whom ſhe was ſo much oblig'd, that ſhe might pay him back in *Friendſhip* ſome part of what ſhe ow'd to his *Love*.——All his Letters expreſſing only the moſt pure Affection, without the leaſt mixture of looſe Deſire, made her imagine ſhe might ſafely truſt the Converſation of ſo diſintereſted a Tenderneſs, and began to think it wou'd be a prodigious

digious Alleviation of her Misfortunes to have ſuch a Friend to condole them, and adviſe her what Method ſhe ſhould take to make them leſs——
It was not long after this Inclination had taken poſſeſſion of her Soul, that an Accident happened to give her the Gratification of it: One day, as ſhe was at her Cabinet looking over her Jewels, among which were thoſe ſhe had receiv'd from her conceal'd Admirer, Count *Riverius* came to make her a Viſit; and being told ſhe was in her Cloſet, ran directly thither with a Freedom which his Intimacy in the Family render'd not unpardonable: Perceiving how ſhe was employ'd, he took the occaſion of praiſing her Fancy in the choice of her Ornaments, and among the reſt, laid his Hand on a fine Locket, the middle of which was an entire Ruby made in the ſhape of a Heart, and ſet round with *Diamonds*, and Saphirs, telling her he thought it perfectly handſome, but did not remember he had ever ſeen her wear it, as indeed he had not; for this being one of thoſe Preſents, ſhe had forbore the uſe of them, leſt it might ſerve as an Encouragement to him who ſent them.——Viewing it more nearly, as ſeeming to admire the Workmanſhip, he told her he was aſſured this had been the Offering of ſome unhappy Adorer, the Deſign of it in the Colours of the Stones plainly denoting a bleeding Heart, but in the midſt of Tortures encompaſſed with Sincerity and Honour.

Theſe Words touching a little too nearly the Soul of her they were addreſs'd to, ſhe endeavour'd to ſnatch it from him, crying, No more of your Raillery——you witty Men make the moſt unaccountable Conſtructions——In the Struggle it happened to fall to the ground; and flying ſuddenly open, diſcover'd there was ſomething in the inſide, which by looking on it, or handling when ſhut, could not be diſcover'd by the niceſt Eye——

Maſonia haſtily taking it up, curious to ſee what it contain'd, to her great Surprize found it the Picture of *Riverius*, drawn ſo exactly to the Life, that on the firſt Glimpſe ſhe was no longer to ſeek for her ſo long unknown Adorer.——The Preſence of Mind ſhe ſhow'd on this Occaſion, was very wonderful: Had ſhe taken any Notice of the Diſcovery ſhe had made, ſhe preſently conſider'd it would be a ſufficient Handle for him to make a Declaration to her, which his Reſpect had hitherto prevented him from doing, and that ſhe muſt then be obliged either to baniſh him her Preſence, which ſhe could not yet reſolve to do, or by continuing to admit his Viſits, give him leave to hope. Therefore ſhutting haſtily the Caſe, put it into her Pocket; and turning to her Cabinet, with admirable Artifice, immediately began a Diſcourſe of ſomething vaſtly foreign to what they had been talking of——never was Confuſion greater than than that of *Riverius*, who, tho' he had certainly an Aim in all he had done, and had behav'd in this humble manner only to inſpire her with ſo much Tenderneſs for her unknown Admirer, that it ſhould be out of her power to be very much incenſed, when he ſhould declare himſelf her Lover; yet he thought it not yet time, he was fearful ſhe was not yet enough prepared, and dreaded an Eclairciſſement, which 'twas probable might ruin him for ever in her good Opinion—— he expected nothing leſs than that ſhe would have return'd thoſe Preſents and Letters to the Sender of them, with all the Indignation of offended Virtue, and was about to throw himſelf on his Knees before her, to confeſs his Crime, and to intreat her Pity and Forgiveneſs, when ſo contrary to what his Fears ſuggeſted, ſhe evaded taking any notice of what ſhe had diſcovered.

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Tho' nothing was ſo dear to him as her Preſence, he now wiſh'd for a handſome Excuſe to take leave——he long'd for an Opportunity of Reflection——he could not for his Soul know what to make of her Behaviour, or whether he ſhould interpret it to his advantage or the contrary; and the different Emotions by which he was agitated, rendered it altogether impoſſible to reſolve which way he ſhould proceed.——Nor was ſhe inwardly leſs diſturbed——all ſhe ſaid to him was wild, and incoherent; all his Anſwers diſtracted, and ſtrangely diſtant from the Purpoſe; but both being equally diſordered, neither had the power of making any Obſervation on the other.——Company coming in, gave a Relief to both; and the *Count*, glad of the Interruption, withdrew to contemplate on what had paſs'd: But not all his Penetration (of which few Men had more) could inform him of the Certainty—Sometimes he flatter'd himſelf with a Belief that it was to her Kindneſs he was indebted, for her paſſing over in ſilence that which he was not inſenſible ſhe had from others reſented as the higheſt Affront.——Sometimes he imagined it only as a delay of the Misfortune he muſt expect, and that ſhe forbore taking an immediate Obſervance, that ſhe might hereafter return what ſhe had received with the Appearance of a more ſedate Severity. The Dilemma he was in, was the moſt perplexing that could be; and the more he conſider'd, the more intricate he found it.

The Impoſſibility of forming any direct Conjecture of her Sentiments, rendered it extremely puzzling how to behave in an Affair ſo nice and delicate, to deſiſt viſiting her, or continuing to write as formerly; he thought might ſeem to argue a Decreaſe of that Inclination he would have believed moſt violent; and to do either, he fear'd would give her an Opportunity of diſcarding him

for ever; but after a long debate in his Mind, he at last resolved to take those Measures which might be look'd on as most the Effects of my Influence, and accordingly writ to her the next Day.——The Contents of this Letter being full of a prodigious Artifice, I will repeat to you.

To the most Adorable *MASONIA.*

TO reiterate the thousand Protestations I have already made you, that my whole Soul is at your Devotion——that my Life and its eternal Peace, are light when balanced with a Moment's Inquietude of yours———and that I chuse to suffer Torments equal at least to what the Damn'd endure, rather than Cause a Frown upon that Face, whose Smiles were made to chear the admiring World———All this, divine Masonia! *you are not ignorant of———those regardful Bounds in which my burning, self-consuming Passion has been confined, cannot but have convinced a Soul so heavenly just as yours, that nothing is so dear, nothing so sacred to me as your Honour. Unknowing who I am in Quality of a* Lover, *I may perhaps be bless'd with your Commiseration, and in the Person of an* Acquaintance *with your Friendship; sufficient Recompence, Great Gods! for the lingring Martyrdom of* Love *ungratified. But if your Bounty thinks the humble Awe, the duteous Respect which to the end of my Life I shall persevere to pay you, worthy of a greater Return; 'tis this I would implore, that if at any time, by any Accident yet unforeseen, you should arrive at the Knowledge of your Slave, you would not, to be severely strict to* Virtue, *banish* Pity, *and drive from your Presence him who finds no Joy in Sight but looking on you——Grant this Request to the Terrors of my Despair, to the Agonies of a Heart which bleeds but at the Apprehension of your Displeasure, and be in Mercy, as in all else divine—and that you may the more easily dispose yourself to favour me in this Particular,*

permit

permit me to assure you, that not all the Suggestions of ungovernable Desire! not all the Racks of Nature! shall even in Death prevail to wound your Ears with one presumptuous Declaration, but as I have liv'd, will die in the most refin'd Purity of zealous Passion ever

Your unknown Adorer.

This Letter fail'd not of the Effect for which 'twas writ, to melt *Masonia* to a Tenderness she ne'er had known before—So humble a Respect in a Man who had ever been accounted in the Affairs of Love the most daring of his Sex, joined to so engaging a Softness——his Behaviour, both as the *Lover* and the *Friend*, so every way agreeable to her Humour; and what she could have wish'd in the Man who should address her, had she been at liberty to receive any Declarations of that nature; made her readily afford him that Pity he intreated, and indeed a greater share of it than he imagined.

The first Visit he made her after the Adventure of the *Locket*, occasioned a good deal of Confusion in both—He dreaded lest she should now, obeying the Remonstrances of her Virtue, discover her Knowledge of his Presumption, and inflict that Punishment the nature of the Crime required——and she, that in spite of the Declaration of his last Letter, and the distant Observance he had hitherto paid, the Violence of his Passion should burst out in a Declaration. But these Terrors were but of a short Continuance, and each had the pleasure to find themselves mistaken.

Both behav'd in the manner they were accustom'd to do to each other, or if there were any Difference, it was only that his Words and Eyes expressed something of a greater Awe than before, and her's of an Increase of Softness and Good-Hu-

mour; tho' mix'd with a certain Baſhfulneſs which naturally ariſes in a modeſt Woman, from being in the Preſence of the Man whoſe Wiſhes, however he may diſguiſe them, ſhe is ſenſible aim at Enjoyment.———Her Proceeding was indeed enough Encouragement for him to hope every thing, had it been given by any other Woman; but he had ſo high an Opinion of her Virtue, and was ſo fearful of loſing the little he had gain'd upon her, that he let not fall the leaſt unguarded Word to give her cauſe to repent the obliging Carriage with which ſhe treated him.

While things were in this Poſition between them, Count *Marville* continued his uſual Brutality; and as all Tempers, if they grow not *better*, grow *worſe*, his became ſo intolerable, that it muſt have been more than human Patience, which could have enabled his Lady to endure it. The ſevereſt Rules of Virtue and Duty to a Husband, oblige not a Woman to ſuffer herſelf to be abuſed in the manner ſhe was, and it was not only her own Opinion, but alſo the Judgment of all her Friends, ſince his ill Treatment was ſo publick; and ſhe run the riſque of loſing not only her Health by his Debaucheries, but alſo her Life, which in his Fits of Paſſion he had often threatned, that it would be far from blemiſhing her Reputation to quit his Houſe.

By the Advice therefore of many diſcreet Perſons, among whom were ſome of the *Religious*, ſhe ordered Lodgings to be taken for her, and on the firſt Opportunity went to them.——The Obligation there was on Count *Marville* to allow her a ſeparate Maintenance in proportion to the vaſt Dower ſhe brought him, made him very uneaſy at this removal.——Lawyers were employ'd on both ſides; who finding it to their advantage, inſtead of making up the Breach between them, widened it yet more, and the former Indifference they had

for

for each other, was now turn'd to the utmoſt Deteſtation.———She could not brook the Sight of a Man who had uſed her ſo ill, and expreſſed not the leaſt remorſe that he had done ſo; nor he of a Woman, who pretended a right to inſpect into his Conduct——where-ever they met, they quarrelled, and ſcarce was the Royal Preſence of force to check the violence of their Hatred from breaking out in Expreſſions unbefitting the Place.

All this time ſhe was viſited as before by Count *Riverius*, and with the ſame Reſerve; he could not venture to declare himſelf, tho' this Separation from her Husband was of no ſmall ſervice to his Hope's Increaſe, he could not as he thought yet find an Opportunity ſufficiently favourable, and he choſe rather to converſe with her in a manner leſs rapturous than he could wiſh, than to hazard being reduced to the Misfortune of not converſing with her at all.——And it was this unaſſured and fearful way of proceeding, which ſoftened her more than all the Rhetorick his Wit and Paſſion could have inſpired her with———for conſidering him a Lover not dangerous to her Honour, ſhe avoided not his Preſence, thought herſelf obliged to treat him with a more than ordinary *Civility*, as he did her with a more than ordinary *Reſpect*;———and when alone, indulged that little Vanity, to which all Morrality is incident, of pleaſing herſelf with the Reflection on the Deference he paid her.———The Tenderneſs ſhe had for him every Moment taking deeper Root, ſpread itſelf at length through all the Avenues of her Soul, and ſhe became, inſenſibly to herſelf, all Love and ſoft Deſire: Tho' no Woman ever had more Prudence in concealing what was improper to be talked of, yet the little Knowledge ſhe now had of the State of her own Heart, made it diſcoverable to others by a thouſand unguarded Words and Actions. *Cocyna* her Wo-

man was immediately in poſſeſſion of the Secret, and hugg'd herſelf with the Advantage ſhe might in time reap from it.——To this end ſhe watch'd even her very Looks, and under the pretence of Duty and Obſervance, ſcarce left her alone one Moment; happening to be from her on ſome Occaſion, much longer than uſual, ſhe found her in her Cloſet with a Book in her Hand, on which ſhe ſeem'd very attentive: Coming up to her with the Aſſurance of an embolden'd Favourite, ſhe ſaw it was a Tranſlation of a famous old Poet of a foreign Nation, whoſe chief Perfection was in writing Love-Affairs; You are very tenderly engaged, *Madam, ſaid the cunning Sycophant*, and it is no ſmall Subject of Admiration to me, to ſee you who without any Concern have ſeen the nobleſt Youths of this Iſland languiſh for you, be at all affected with the Hiſtory of an Amour, which probably was never any more than fictitious, or if in reality it ever had an Exiſtence, has long ſince known a Period. It was the celebrated Epiſtles of *Ovid*, which ſo known to all the World, cannot be Strangers to a Perſon ſo polite as you, that this Lady was now employ'd in; and the Story ſhe happened to hit on, that of *Helen* of *Greece*, to the enamour'd Prince of *Troy*. *Maſonia*'s Face was cover'd with conſcious Bluſhes at this Remonſtrance from *Cocona*; which that artful Creature perceiving, and inferring from thence, that what ſhe had ſaid, and touched her to the quick, run on this manner: Do you imagine, Madam! *added ſhe*, that any of the Hiſtories contained in that Book, are Truth!——for my part, I want Faith to believe there ever were ſuch loving Fools.——If Love be Folly, *reply'd the Lady with a Sigh*, I dare ſwear there are as great Examples in this Age, as any the former could produce.——They are but few then, *reſum'd the other*. The fewer, the more to be admir'd and valued, *ſaid* Maſonia.

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That is true, *rejoined her Woman*, but 'tis ſeldom they are ſo, even by the Object of their Affections——There is indeed but little Gratitude, *anſwered the other*, but that is oftener owing to the difference of our times from thoſe in which the Heroes of *Ovid* liv'd and lov'd, than to a thankfulneſs of Nature.——The Crime of *Helen* in forſaking her Husband (tho' a tender and indulgent one) was not accounted of that ſhameful kind, but that all the *Grecian* Princes thought that to recover her, and bring her back to her forgiving Husband, was a Cauſe worthy of a ten Years War; whereas in our more nice, and ſcrupulous Days, ſhould a Woman make an Elopement from the *worſt* of Men in favour of the *beſt*, ſhe would not only be contemn'd by the World, but alſo abandon'd by her neareſt Friends——what *then* was pardonable, is *now* not ſo.——See (*continued ſhe, letting her Head ſink careleſly on her Shoulder, and dropping ſome Tears which it was not in her power to contain*) ſee *Cocona*, the Prevalence of Cuſtom! Finding her in a Humour ſo fit for her purpoſe, the inſinuating Wretch let not ſlip the Opportunity: but purſuing the Diſcourſe in as warm a manner as ſhe durſt take the liberty to do, at laſt told her ſhe was very certain that ſhe was not leſs belov'd than any of thoſe Beauties immortalized by *Ovid*'s no leſs charming Lays. Nor do I think, *ſaid ſhe*, that you could be ingrateful to ſo much tender Paſſion, if Circumſtances did not make it, as it were, neceſſary to appear ſo.

'Tis impoſſible to repreſent to you the Confuſion of *Maſonia*'s Thoughts at theſe Words; even I who inſpir'd the Tenderneſs ſhe felt, am alone able to conceive it.——All the obliging Behaviour of *Riverius*, came preſently into her Mind——ſhe reflected what he muſt endure in the unintermitting Pangs of hopeleſs, ſuppreſs'd, deſpairing Love, and compaſſionated his Sufferings by what ſhe felt herſelf;

herſelf ;——not that ſhe imagined her Heart was poſſeſſed of any part of that Paſſion which ſo violently agitated his, but ſhe was ſenſible of an Exceſs of Friendſhip, which ſhe long'd to let him know, but durſt not.——It was in this ſoft and melting Diſpoſition eaſy for the cunning *Cocona* to ſift out the whole Secret.——In ſpite of the natural Reſervedneſs of this Lady's Temper, and the Caution ſhe had hitherto obſerved in ſpeaking of *Riverius*, the Artifice of this Creature now won her to reveal the whole Affair, from the firſt Letter ſhe had received from him, to that which followed the Adventure of the *Locket*, and the whole Truth of her Sentiments on the occaſion. It was not to gratify her Curioſity, that ſhe had taken ſo much pains to dive into this Secret : ſhe had other Ends ; and being perfectly Miſtreſs of what ſhe wanted, haſted to the Accompliſhment of them. She doubted not but the News ſhe had to bring, would make her a welcome Gueſt to Count *Riverius*, and accordingly went to his Lodgings, and related to him every particular of the Converſation ſhe had with her Lady on his ſcore ; giving him alſo to underſtand, that it was only the Fault of his too timorous Paſſion, which had ſo long made him endure the Torments of Suſpence, and adviſ'd him to declare himſelf the very firſt Opportunity——The deſign of this mercenary Seller of her Lady's Honour, was anſwered to the full in a Purſe of Gold, and an Aſſurance of further Bounties, as he found the Benefits of her Advice.——'Tis difficult to ſay which of theſe two were moſt tranſported ; the Count to find himſelf ſo much more happy than he ever could even hope to be, or *Cocona*, that ſhe had it ſo much in her power to oblige a Gentleman ſo vaſtly liberal ; both had their Reaſons to be ſatisfied with the Friendſhip of the other, and in the Sequel found their Account in proceeding

ing as they had done.———But not all the Encouragement ſhe gave him———not all the Boldneſs which former Succeſſes had inſpir'd him with, cou'd prevail with him to follow the Dictates of his Impatience, and declare himſelf her Lover.

He continued to viſit her with his uſual Aſſiduity, but in all his Words and Actions perſevered in his uſual Caution, never diſcovering even in a Look the Knowledge of his Happineſs, 'till *Cocona*, vex'd to the Heart to ſee him ſo timorous, and well knowing that theſe diſtant Wiſhes were of no ſervice to the End ſhe propoſed to herſelf, brought him to her in a Seaſon when it was almoſt an Impoſſibility in Nature for him to maintain his accuſtomed Reſtraint.——It was in a cool and refreſhing Evening of a ſultry Summer's Day, when the contemplative and languiſhing *Maſonia* had laid herſelf down on a Bank of Violets in the Garden, that this diligent Tempter was told Count *Riverius* was come to wait on her Lady: knowing in what Place and Poſture ſhe was, ſhe trembled leſt any of the Servants ſhould diſmiſs him on the account of her Retirement; ſhe therefore made no delay, but running haſtily to the Door, told him ſhe had Buſineſs of the utmoſt Conſequence to impart, and that he muſt come in.——It is not to be doubted but that he readily obey'd the Summons of this good Friend, and being brought by her into a Gallery which over-look'd the Garden; Now, *ſaid ſhe*, or never is your Time.———This precious Moment loſt, may perhaps never be regain'd, and you'll hereafter curſe that Backwardneſs, which is the only Impediment to all your Soul can wiſh. She then pointed out the Place where *Maſonia* lay reclin'd, and uſed ſo many Arguments for his Encouragement, that he was at laſt convinced he had been to blame, and inflicted Torments on himſelf which it was not the deſire of his fair Foe he ſhould endure.—Recovering

vering therefore (by the Suggeſtions of her who he knew was perfectly acquainted with his Charmer's Sentiments) great part of that Boldneſs which had been wont to arm him on the like occaſions, he paſſed the Alley which led to that delightful Grotto, in which ſhe was repoſed.—She was fallen aſleep, and the Heat of the Day having prevented her from dreſſing, ſhe was in a looſe Diſhabillé of green Luteſtring flower'd with Silver; which being as it were only careleſly thrown over her Shoulders, and quite unfaſtened before, diſcover'd Beauties 'till that raviſhing moment he had never ſeen but in Imagination: the whole Proportion of her fine-turn'd Neck, and heaving Breaſts, were now expoſed to view, excepting only where here and there an unty'd Lock of the moſt lovely Hair in the world fell ſcattering down; and by ſeeming to endeavour to hide ſome part of Beauty, diſclos'd another by ſhowing of itſelf.—Nor were her Legs and Feet with greater Caution skreen'd, the Bank being rais'd a pretty height above the Ground they hung over it, and her Petticoats being ſhorter than Ladies generally wear, except in an Undreſs, the happy Count had a full Opportunity of feaſting his Eyes with the ſight of thoſe Charms ſo dear to a Lover's Fancy.

In this extatick View how improbable is it he ſhould contain himſelf from the purſuit of gratifying other Senſes beſides that of Seeing: The tempting Fruit ſeem'd to invite the Taſte as well as Sight, yet ſtill unable to conquer ſome Remains of that Awe, which had ſo long deter'd him, he offered at no more than her Hand, and that too, he ventured on but with the utmoſt mark of Adoration: he threw himſelf on his Knees by the Bankſide; and putting it gently and trembling to his Mouth, deſigned no more than to ſteal ſome Kiſſes on it; but the fear he had of offending,

made

made him offend the more. The Confuſion of his different Agitations entirely took from him the power of Thought, and the Touch of her Hand working that Effect on him which none uninfluenced by me can be ſenſible of, he fell amidſt the Extaſy of Pain and Pleaſure quite motionleſs upon her Breaſt.

The ſudden Weight broke in a Moment the Bonds of Sleep: ſhe ſtarted and awak'd, but how, enquiring. Stranger, ſhall I make you comprehend what 'twas ſhe felt within, at ſight of *Riverius!* The Tenderneſs ſhe had for his long Sufferings, and a juſt Senſe of what ſhe ow'd to her own Honour, roſe in her Soul with equal force, and impoſſible to yield to the Dictates of either different Suggeſtion, ſhe wanted but little of being in his Condition when he recover'd from it; and perceiving ſhe was ſenſible of what had happened, and that it was now too late to go back if he had a mind to it, entreated her Pardon for what the Violence of his Paſſion had tranſported him to do, and what he ſtill continued to do, (for he remov'd not from the Poſture he was in) with Words ſo ſoft and perſuaſive, that it was not in the power of a Woman, who knew what it was to love, to be ſevere.—The Scene indeed was admirable, and worthy my peculiar Regard, never did any two Hearts burn with a fiercer Deſire, yet never did any preſerve a more untainted Purity: the unaffected Modeſty of her Deportment check'd all the wild Wiſhes *Cocona* had rais'd in him by her looſe Prate before ſhe ſent him thither; and the Zeal he expreſs'd for her Honour, however prejudiced to his own Happineſs, made her look on him as the Wonder of his Sex.

There paſs'd between them all that was tender, all that can be conceiv'd of fond and endearing—— but nothing that was indecent, or that *Maſonia* might not reflect on without a Bluſh.——Had

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Marville himſelf been witneſs of their Behaviour, he would have found nothing in it to accuſe; but by the ſight of ſuch an exalted Paſſion on the one ſide, and Virtue on the other, might poſſibly have been reclaimed, and endeavour'd to imitate *Riverius* in his Affection, as the lovely Inſpirer of it teſtified how worthy ſhe was of it.—It was ſome Hours before the Count could prevail on himſelf to take leave, or ſhe to bid him do it; but at laſt to mollify the Pangs of Separation, he had her Permiſſion to wait on her the next day, and every day, and entertain her in the ſame manner as he had done this; promiſing never to be angry at any Declarations he ſhould continue to make of his Sufferings, ſo long as he demanded not a Recompence for them: which he aſſuring her he never would be guilty of, they parted with a kind of ſmarting Satisfaction, a pleaſing Anguiſh on both ſides, and which may much more eaſily be imagined than deſcribed, tho' by the Mouth of that Deity from whom alone theſe ſweet Perplexities are deriv'd. I will not therefore, not only for this Reaſon, but alſo becauſe it would be unkind, keep your Curioſity (which I perceive is impatient for the *Cataſtrophe* of an Adventure, whoſe *Beginning* promiſes ſo much) on the Rack of Suſpence, ſo long as it would take to recount the various Turns of Thought which agitated the Breaſts of theſe Lovers when aſunder—Count *Riverius* muſt, with the Boldneſs which in theſe Caſes was accuſtomed to be his unfailing Aſſiſtant, have thrown off the Nature of a Man, if he had not ſometimes repented the little Advantage he had taken of an Opportunity ſo favourable to his warmeſt Wiſhes; nor could he have been my perfect Votary, if at others he had not thought the Condeſcenſions ſhe had bleſs'd him with, a Recompence ſufficient for the utmoſt he had endured from his Deſpair. As for her part, ſhe was

not

not without Perturbations, of the two more uneaſy to be borne: and if her *Virtue* made her think herſelf happy, that the Man who of all the World had alone the Power to move her Inclination, made no other Uſe of the dangerous Influence he had over her, than to atteſt the Purity of his Paſſion; the Lover, and the Woman in her Soul, ſeem'd to ſuggeſtthe Maſtery he had over his Deſires, was an Argument they were leſs forcible than ſhe at firſt had thought them, or than, perhaps, in ſome unguarded Moments ſhe wiſh'd they ſhould be.——

The different Workings of her Fancy were all imparted to *Cocona*: ſhe was now in that Condition which renders the Perſon involv'd in it incapable of keeping it conceal'd; and as ſhe had already truſted this Creature with good part of her Sentiments, found it no difficulty now to reveal the whole.——She made her acquainted with every Particular of their Converſation in the Grotto, and hid nothing of her Thoughts on it from her, every now and then asking her in what manner ſhe ſhould interpret ſuch a Word, or ſuch a Look, or ſuch an Action; which you may believe the other did not want Replies for, which were far from affording any real Peace, and but ſerv'd to ſooth a while the riſing Diſcontents, that they might hereafter break out with greater Vehemence. She was reſolv'd, if poſſible, to bring this Affair to the Period ſhe wiſh'd, and on the firſt Opportunity ſchool'd the Count handſomely for making no better Uſe of his good Fortune, and related to him all that the unthinking *Maſonia* had utter'd by the way of Queſtion, if ſuch a Behaviour were not rather the Effect of a Coldneſs and Decay of Paſſion, than a too great Sublimity of it; in fine, ſhe manag'd her Argument ſo well for her purpoſe, that the Count got rid of all his Fears, and aſſur'd her, that in a few days he would put an end to her Theme of Raillery.

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Having let you thus far into the Secrets of both their Sentiments, I do not doubt but your Imagination has already poſtpon'd good part of my Narration. I know you expect the next thing I am to relate, is, that the Count was as good as his word, and that *Maſonia*, wholly ſoften'd by ſo many and continu'd Proofs of his Affection, had not for ever the Power of refuſing him any thing.——— Nor does this Conjecture deceive you; he watch'd a tender moment, when in her Eyes he read the Meltings of her Soul; and e'er the accuſtom'd Guardians of her Honour cou'd return, and dart repulſing Glances, he ſeiz'd the glorious Opportunity, ruſh'd at once on her in a Tempeſt of Deſire, and triumph'd over all the faint Efforts of Virtue. ——Thus was *Maſonia* won, by theſe Steps ſhe was at laſt led to give up what was moſt dear to her; and ſure no Woman, who had been with ſo much difficulty obtain'd, was ever ſo little diſſatisfy'd with what ſhe had been perſuaded to condeſcend to.———From the moſt ſtrict Reſerve, ſhe fell immediately into the other Extreme of giving the moſt inordinate Looſe to Inclination; ſhe deſpis'd the Cenſure of the World, would ſcarce ſuffer *Riverius* a moment from her Sight, ſhunn'd all other Society, and was ſo extravagant in her way of loving him, that nothing but an equal Ardency of Paſſion could have made ſo unlimited a Fondneſs agreeable:———That Reputation which had been formerly ſo valuable to her, that ſhe was uſed to ſay, ſhe wonder'd how any one could ſurvive the Loſs of it, was now ſo little thought of, that ſhe ſeem'd not to regard what any one might ſay of her Behaviour.———The Poſſeſſion of *Riverius* was all ſhe had time to think on,——he was the only Object ſhe deſir'd to pleaſe; and in having him, had all the World could give to bleſs her Wiſhes.

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By this manner of proceeding, their Amour was ſoon made publick ; Count *Marville* heard it, and rejoic'd in her Diſgrace, and ſince ſhe, quite loſt in wanton Pleaſure, had no Thought nor Leiſure, as yet, from her more agreeable Engagement, to proſecute the Intentions ſhe had of ſuing out a Divorce; her Elopement, which he imagin'd a Poſſibility of proving was in favour of *Riverius*, gave him a ſufficient Pretence to throw the Odium of their Diſagreement wholly on her, and endeavour firſt to get a Separation by form of Law, which now he doubted not but would decide the Cauſe much more to his advantage than before.——To this end he takes the Advice of Perſons the moſt eminent for ſuch Caſes, but they being divided in their Opinions, he defer'd it.——In the mean time ſhe lay-in of a Daughter, but that Buſineſs, more indeed thro' the Care of *Cocona*, than her own, was manag'd with ſo much Conduct and Secrecy, that tho' many ſuſpected and whiſper'd it abroad, none durſt preſume to affirm it for a Truth ;——but ſoon after, the Continuance of their Careſſes produc'd a ſecond, which in due time prov'd a Son.———At the Conception and Birth of this unhappy Infant, all ill Planets ſeem'd to be in Conjunction ; ſhe was herſelf ſcarce certain that ſhe was with Child, when ſome buſy Demon reveal'd it to the Husband ; and taking then eſpecial Care to inform himſelf of the Truth, reſolv'd to proceed againſt her in the manner he was once about to do before : he had Officers aſſigned by the Magiſtrates in ſearch of her, and ſhe was obliged to fly, and skreen that undeniable Token of her Fault from the Eye of an unpitying World, and more inveterate Husband.———She now liv'd wholly with *Riverius* in Lodgings, which he hired for her in the moſt private Part of the Town ; but it was to no effect, Count *Marville* had Spies, who brought

him Intelligence of all that pass'd between them; but he conceal'd his Knowledge till the Day appointed by the Judges for the Decision of the Cause, and then produced Evidences so strong, as quite overthrew all that the Lady had prepared to alledge in Vindication of herself.——She was found guilty of Adultery, and an Attempt to bastardize his Family.——A Divorce was immediately granted, and she was disrobed of those shining Titles, which had unfortunately tempted her to yield to be his Wife; and all the Favour she found, was to have her Dowry return'd her back without any Diminution.

The Hurry and Confusion of this Affair, wak'd *Masonia* from her long Lethargy of amorous Stupidity——her Eyes were now open, and she saw her Shame writ in the estrang'd Countenances of those who had been her neareſt Friends, and who 'till this open Conviction were willing to believe her Accusers in the wrong——every little Prude, saucy on her undiscover'd Faults, now took upon her to advise and reprove this fallen Fair——every Flirt look'd down on her with a scornful Smile——in fine, her *Misfortune* render'd her a mark of Pity to the truly *Virtuous*, and the *Discovery*, of Contempt to the *Pretenders* to it.——The loss of Precedence also, though it gave her not that Pain it would have done many other Women, yet she could not avoid feeling some little Alarms at being obliged to give place to those, who, while she was the Wife of a Count, rose from their Seats as soon as she appeared, nor resumed their Places without her Permission.——All the Homage, all the Respect which her Titles had commanded——all that more valuable Veneration which the Fame of her great Virtue had made her Due, had now no more a Being, but in her Expectation, when sometimes she forgot the State to which she had reduced herself.——With what Stings

Stings came now Reflection arm'd!——How terrible was now become her once greateſt Pleaſure, Contemplation!——How intolerable were now the Racks of Thought!——Yet Thought could not be avoided:——ſhe muſt remember both what ſhe had been, and what ſhe was, and compare the *preſent* with the *paſt*, what Shocks ſoever ſhe endured.

The Miſery of her Condition is not to be deſcribed; in Company ſhe ſeemed aſhamed, dejected and forlorn; diſtracted when alone.——Nor had the Charms of her endearing Lover, nor all the ſoothing Arts he was Maſter of, the Power to make her forego the Senſe of her loſt Honour.—— She was perpetually upbraiding him, and teſtifying her Remorſe, either by Tears, Sighs, and all the Marks of ſullen Diſcontent, or loud and keen Reproaches.—— So unexpected a Change in her Behaviour, made him, who really loved her with a Tenderneſs, which, but for her he never had felt, almoſt as diſquieted as herſelf.——For a long time he uſed his utmoſt Endeavours to reſtore her to her former Softneſs and Affability of Temper; but when he perceived all he could do was ineffectual, and that this Diſpoſition in her rather increaſed, than any way abated, he began to grow weary of the vain Attempt; and as the Nature of Mankind is ſuch, that, after Poſſeſſion, the leaſt diſobliging Action creates Diſguſt, his Paſſion inſenſibly wore off, and became colder and colder by degrees, even more ſwift than thoſe with which it had began.——Her Converſation having loſt all reliſh with him, he ſought elſewhere the Pleaſures ſhe no longer could afford: This added to her other Vexations, the Plague of Jealouſy.——Every day preſented ſomething to increaſe their mututal Diſlike of each other's Proceedings; till at laſt, he appearing ſtill leſs regardful, as ſhe was more impatient, the violent Paſſion which both had profeſs'd, was con-

verted into an entire Indifference on his ſide, and Deteſtation on her's.——She hated him for being the Cauſe of her Misfortunes; and as her *Diſgrace* had been publick, thought the leaſt Reparation ſhe owed her Honour, was to make her Penitence ſo too.——She not only deſiſted ſeeing him in private, but alſo ſhunn'd all Places where there was a Probability of meeting him.——Never mention'd him herſelf; and forbad all others from doing it before her; and if by chance any body named him, it was with the utmoſt Horror and Remorſe ſhe heard them.

It is moſt certain, that her Repentance for her Crime was no leſs ſincere, than the Paſſion which had influenc'd her to commit it; and had ſhe confin'd her Hatred within the juſt Bounds ſhe ought to have done, venting her Indignation only on herſelf, and the deluding Tempter who had ſeduced her to an Act ſo contrary to her Principles, and the natural Bent of her Inclination, the latter part of her Life had been as truly praiſe-worthy as the firſt.——She would have looked full as lovely in the Eye of Heaven, adorn'd with Penitence, as, before her Fall, ſhe had done in an unſpotted Chaſtity. But, alas! her Averſion ran to unpardonable Extremes; and the Puniſhments which ought to have been confined to the *guilty Cauſes* of her Shame, ſhe extended to the *innocent Effects*——with the moſt unheard-of and unnatural Barbarity, abhorring, and throwing out to Miſery thoſe unhappy Infants, the Pledges of that Tenderneſs ſhe once had for *Riverius*.——The eldeſt of them ſhe took from the Breaſt of her who had ſuckled it from the Birth, and, by the Inſtigations of the wicked *Cocona*, whoſe cunning and avaritious Nature made her fall in with all her Lady's Humours, gave the helpleſs little Wretch to one of thoſe Creatures (of whom there are many in this Iſland) who for a ſmall Sum

of Money, will take the Charge of ſuch unwelcome Children from their Parents, and diſpoſe of them in a manner, that very rarely leaves them the Power of being troubleſome.———But this poor Babe, in ſpight of Ill-uſage, and the Inhumanity of her who gave her Birth, ſtill lives, though in the moſt obſcure and miſerable manner, bred only to ſervile Offices, and unpitied, becauſe unknown.———The Son has found ſomething a better Fate, for in his earlieſt Bud, diſcovering a Promiſe of ſomething worthy of Regard; a Gentlewoman, who was an Intimate of *Maſonia's*, but very little ſatisfy'd with her Proceedings, begg'd ſhe might have the Care of him: which, with much Perſuaſions, was conſented to by the Mother, extorting from her firſt an Oath, never to let him know to whom he owed his Birth. But it was the Pleaſure of great *Jupiter* to render this Caution ineffectual; for tho' his charitable Guardianeſs violated not her Promiſe, being on a ſudden ſnatch'd from this World when he was about eleven or twelve Years of Age, ſome Letters hapning after her Death to fall into his hand, which had been written to her by *Maſonia*, diſcover'd to him at once both who his Parents were, and the Inhumanity with which he had been treated by one of them.—But before this came to paſs, Count *Riverius* was no more; and tho' before his Death, he had often entreated with the utmoſt Tenderneſs to ſee his Children, deſigning to make handſome Proviſions for 'em, eſpecially for the Boy, being the only one he ever had, *Maſonia* never would conſent; and putting him off from time to time, either under pretence of their being indiſpos'd, or ſome other Excuſe, at laſt ſent him word that they were both dead, reſolving they ſhould be ſo to the whole World; vainly imagining that her Shame would in time wear off, when nothing remain'd to bring it to remembrance.———She after married a moſt lovely and accompliſh'd *Chevalier*,

by whom she has two Daughters; she seems as indulgent to them, as she was cruel to the others; and tho' she is now a Widow, these young Ladies seem to know no want of a Father.——But how is it possible for a Person, who, like you, are disinterested in the Affair, to comprehend what it was the unfortunate Son of Count *Riverius* felt at so amazing a Discovery.——Young as he was, he had a Sense of his Condition, sufficient to make him extremely melancholy: and tho' he wanted not any Necessary of Life, for that good Lady (who protected him from that Destiny to which his Mother had decreed him) had took care to leave him under the Tuition of a Person who fulfill'd her Request, in perfecting him in those Accomplishments her Charity had began to bestow on him; yet it was, for some time, the Fate of this unhappy Youth to lose all those who could, or would be serviceable to him: this Gentleman also died, and he was now left in a wide World unfriended, and without any visible Hope of Support——Where could he now apply, but to her who gave him Being; and being bless'd with a Genius far above his Years, he writ to her, intreating her Permission to attend her, in Terms so moving, as would have melted any Heart but hers: But this relentless Mother was so far from answering his Wishes, that, distracted to find the Secret of his Birth was known to him, and believing his Appearance in the World would revive the Discourse of her Fault, she endeavour'd to stifle the Remembrance of that, by committing a much greater.——She agreed privately with the Master of a Ship, for a much larger Sum than would have made her unhappy Son easy in his Circumstances, to decoy him, by some Stratagem, on board, and then convey him to some far distant Shore, she cared not whither, so it were where there would not be a Possibility of his Return. But Heaven would not

ſuffer a Deſign ſo unnatural to proſper. By ſome means this Contrivance was diſcover'd to him for whom 'twas form'd, and he eſcaped that Miſery intended him.——This laſt Proof of her Unkindneſs, convinc'd him of the Improbability there was of receiving any Aſſiſtance from her; and believing himſelf abſolved from any Act of Duty to her, who had thrown off all Nature, and even common Pity for him, he now reſolved to appear himſelf; and ſince by her means, he had been depriv'd of every thing that was his Father's, but the name, would no longer be deter'd from wearing that;——and having carefully inform'd himſelf of the Particulars of the Tranſactions of thoſe Days, and finding that in open Court he had been prov'd the Son of Count *Riverius*, imagin'd that in owning himſelf the Perſon, and being called *Riverius*, he ſhould find ſome who might commiſerate the Misfortune of his Birth, and that more cutting one of a barbarous Mother. Nor did his Hope deceive him, none ſaw him without Compaſſion, and few there were, who had it in their power, that did not contribute ſomething toward the Mitigation of his Woes. *Apollo*, to ſoften the Severity of the other Powers, endued him with the Spirit of Poetry.

Not inconſiderable are the number of Friends which his Genius this way has gain'd him——and had he not been unhappily introduced to the acquaintance of a vile Woman, a Pretender to that Art, he might have deſerv'd many more than he has found; but led by her Inſinuations, and perhaps inſtigated by a belief, that complying with her Humour might be of ſome advantage to his Fortune, he has been ſway'd not only to mean Actions, but ſuch alſo as are unjuſt and wicked.—The Wretch being married to a Gentleman well deſerving a more worthy Wife, is not content he ſhould endure the load of Infamy, which taking to

his honourable Embraces a Woman who brought for her Dower three baſe begotten Children, has preſſed his Reputation down with, continues to increaſe the Burthen, by ſinning with as many as her now almoſt antiquated Charms have power to ſeduce; I grieve to think how often my young Favourite has been betray'd by her Wiles, to further her leud Deſigns on thoſe of his Acquaintance who appeared amiable in her Eyes.——Nor was this Office, ſhameful and ſcandalous as in all Ages it has been eſteem'd, the worſt he has unwarily been drawn into; the Monſter whoſe Soul is wholly compos'd of Hypocriſy, Envy, and Luſt, can ill endure another Woman ſhould be eſteem'd Miſtreſs of thoſe Virtues ſhe has acted with too barefaced an Impudence to pretend to, and is never ſo happy as when by ſome horrid Stratagem ſhe finds the means to traduce and blaſt the Character of the Worthy: To aſſiſt a Diſpoſition therefore ſo near of kin, and ſo pleaſing to the infernal Potentate, a thouſand buſy Fiends are always at her Call to furniſh Miſchief, and new-point Invention; but notwithſtanding her Propenſity to Malice, Diſſimulation, of which ſhe is a perfect Miſtreſs, makes her not inſenſible that the ſureſt way of hurting a Reputation, is to ſpeak of it with an affected Candor——No body in Converſation ſeems to have more Softneſs and Gentleneſs, ſhe boaſts of no good quality ſo much as good-nature, and under that Cover, when ever ſhe does ſpeak a ſevere thing againſt any one, 'tis with the more eaſe believ'd; but it is but ſeldom ſhe attempts it, 'tis enough for her to lay the Scheme of Miſchief, the *executing* it ſhe leaves to others, who if detected, muſt bear the Blame; while ſhe perhaps ſhall be the firſt to *condemn* what ſhe has been the ſole occaſion of. With how much readineſs the eaſily deceiv'd *Riverius* has obliged her in ſpreading thoſe Reports, coin'd in the helliſh

helliſh Mint of her own Brain, I am ſorry to ſay: but as his adhering too much to the Intereſt of ſo deteſtable a Creature, has been the only Crime he has hitherto been guilty of, 'tis to be hoped his good Senſe will in a ſhort time get the better of her Infatuations——It cannot be doubted but that he has loſt many Friends on her account, in particular one there was who bore him a ſingular Reſpect, tho' no otherways capacitated to ſerve him than by good Wiſhes.——This Perſon receiv'd a more than common Injury from him, thro' the Inſtigations of that female Fury; but yet continuing to acknowledge his good Qualities, and pitying his falling into the contrary, took no other Revenge than writing a little Satire, which his having publiſh'd ſome admirable fine things in the praiſe of Friendſhip and Honour, gave a handſome opportunity for—— The Poem conſiſts but of a few Lines, which becauſe the Character of this unfortunate Youth is fully, tho' briefly comprehended in them, I will recite.

To the Ingenious *RIVERIUS*, on his writing in the Praiſe of Friendſhip.

THrong'd with the Plaudits of a Croud of Friends,
'Tis nobler Pleaſure when a Foe *commends:*
When from my injur'd Soul thy moving Lays
Extort Delight, and force unwilling Praiſe,
The World muſt own the Juſtice of the Theme,
And thoſe thy Folly *wrong'd, thy* Wit *eſteem!*
While with ſuch Force thou plead'ſt in Friendſhip's *Cauſe,*
We wonder whence thy Muſe th' Idea *draws;*
Or how ſo well the Theory *thou know'ſt*
Of Virtues, which thy Practice *cannot boaſt.*
In budding Youth too much to Miſchief prone,
In vile Therſites' *Mind might'ſt paint thy own!*

Nor

Nor could a Pandarus *thy Strokes eſcape,*
Who thy late Deeds doſt from his Pattern ſhape.
A common Artiſt may with eaſe deſcribe
Proſpects the Eye doth every hour imbibe:
But to decypher Objects far remov'd,
And abſent Beauties bring to ſight improv'd,
Is the great Maſter-piece of human Will;
And puts to ſhame a more than Titian *Skill.*
When thy looſe Pen on Love and Honour turns,
The raviſh'd Heart with Admiration burns,
My Wrongs are huſh'd, my Indignation dies,
Or lull'd by thy ſweet Notes ſuſpended lies;
Some Angel ſure deſcended to inſpire
Thy late enlightned Breaſt with ſacred Fire;
From the long-reigning Fiends ſet free thy Mind,
Sublim'd each Thought, and every Wiſh refin'd:
O keep th'inſtructive Viſion ſtill in view,
With zealous Care the ſhining Track purſue!
Enjoy the Virtues thou'ſt ſo well expreſs'd;
Nor bleſſing others, be thyſelf unbleſs'd:
Believe in humble Innocence thou'lt know
Delights, which pompous Vice could ne'er beſtow.

He is, notwithſtanding what has been ſaid of him, of ſo excellent a Diſpoſition, that whenever he has been drawn into Miſchiefs of this kind, it has been meerly thro' Inadvertency: his thinking Soul would never give him leave to be guilty of a barbarous or unjuſt Action to any one; and all the Crimes which the Deluſions of this worſe than *Lais* have involv'd him in, have rather been occaſioned by his too great Good-nature to her, than Malice or Ill-will to thoſe who have ſuffered by them. A remarkable Inſtance of his Sweetneſs of Diſpoſition, as well as filial Duty and Regard to a Mother who had not deſerv'd it from him, was, that when through the Solicitations of ſome Friends, who would not be refus'd, ſhe had conſented to beſtow

beſtow a ſmall Sum of Money on him, half of which was paid immediately, and the other order'd ſome time afterwards; he generouſly declined the ſecond Payment, hearing that ſhe having been like many others, unwarily drawn into the Snare of this curſed *Well*, had loſt great part of her Subſtance. The Letter he wrote to her, aſſuring her that whatever his preſent Wants were, or future Miſfortunes might ariſe, he would ſuſtain them with leſs Impatience, than to be the cauſe of any trouble to her, was ſo very tender and moving, that it would have melted any heart, but one ſo obſtinately harden'd as her's.

The *Deity* had perhaps prolong'd his Diſcourſe on this young Gentleman, who, in ſpite of his Failings, ſeem'd to be very much his Favourite, if the appearance of a Perſon of a very auguſt Preſence, juſt then ruſhing thro' the Croud, had not cut him off from any further Remarks on a Hiſtory already related, to enter into a new one; which after he had pauſed a while to give a little truce to the Stranger's Attention, he did in this manner.

The Hiſtory of Count ORAINOS, *and Madam* Del MILLMONDE.

NEVER was a Man more form'd to charm than that young Nobleman; his Converſation has that ſoft perſuaſive Air, that there is ſcarce a poſſibility of knowing him without loving him: *Apollo* has ſhower'd his choiceſt Favours on him, he is juſtly accounted one of the beſt *Poets* of the Age, and has in all the other Sciences ſo excellent an Underſtanding, that thoſe who are eſteem'd moſt skilful in their ſeveral Arts, are glad of improving by thoſe Hints he is well able to give: but not all his Learning or his Wit, could defend

defend him from being made the Property of a deceitful and mercenary Woman: but there is indeed a very good reaſon to be given why the wiſeſt and beſt are moſt eaſily betray'd—That Generoſity and open Candor, which is almoſt inſeparable from good Senſe, renders the Perſon poſſeſs'd of it, at once incapable of a baſe Action himſelf, or of ſuſpecting it in others.———Too frequently, to the unſpeakable prejudice of his Fortune, has the *Count* been made a Prey to the tame, ſmiling Savages, which haunt this *Iſle*; great part of his Eſtate, even in his Minority, he ſquander'd on thoſe Creatures whoſe only dependance is on the Friendſhip of a *Jockey*, a lucky Throw of *Dice*, or Run of *Cards*; and a far greater on *Women*, for Purchaſes yet leſs conſiderable. At length beginning to perceive his Error, he reſolv'd to ſhare Diverſions only with thoſe whoſe Quality he thought would not permit them to do a mean Action; but he was too late convinced that no degrees are proof againſt Diſhonour.———The Wife of the Chevalier *Del Millmonde* had Beauty enough to engage him to a violent Paſſion for her, and her Rank and Figure to ſecure him from all Apprehenſions of paying for the Pleaſures he expected in an Amour with her, in ſo expenſive a manner, as he had done for others.———All the difficulty was, how to gain her; to compaſs which, he omitted nothing of thoſe tender Blandiſhments which Lovers make uſe of; but her Virtue, or the appearance of it, for a long time render'd his Endeavours unſucceſsful, and he was almoſt about to give up the Cauſe, when an unexpected turn of Fortune happen'd to throw her into his Arms, at a time when he was beginning to deſpair he ever ſhould arrive at that Happineſs. Being one day in his Cloſet full of uneaſy and perplex'd Meditations, he was told a Lady mask'd waited in a Hackney-Coach to ſpeak with him; but

that

that ſhe would by no means be perſuaded to alight or ſend her Name, tho' ſhe ſaid her Buſineſs was of the greateſt Conſequence. The Surprize he was in at ſuch a Meſſage, was the more, becauſe he had not of late convers'd with any Women, who probably would come in that manner; but imagining it muſt be either ſome old Acquaintance to entreat a Favour from his Liberality, or a Lady in diſtreſs for a new one, knowing his Character, deſirous of commencing one with him; was conſidering in what manner he ſhould refuſe: when coming to the Coach-ſide, ſhe ſlipt her Mask aſide, juſt to let him ſee who ſhe was; and clapping it on haſtily again with theſe Words, I beg, my Lord, *ſaid ſhe*, you will give me leave to ſpeak to you for a Moment———I am undone without your Advice———order the Coach to drive where you pleaſe, provided it be private.

What were the Tranſports of this Soul-raptur'd Lover, when he perceiv'd it was his adorable *Millmonde*, who was come in this free and obliging manner to viſit him; and how great his Impatience, to know in what manner he could ſerve her; I need not go about to make you ſenſible of: for without bringing you to Confeſſion, agreeable Stranger! I can tell, you have felt enough of thoſe extatick Perturbations, not to want any Deſcription of what on ſuch an occaſion muſt be felt by a Heart in *Love*. The Count had not preſently the power of anſwering her; but throwing himſelf into the Coach, bid the Perſon who drove it go a little diſtance from the Houſe; ſaying, he then would give him directions where they would be carried.——— It was not eaſy for him indeed in the preſent Tumult of his Joy and Wonder, to think on any proper place: and he muſt firſt diſcharge ſome part of his overflowing Raptures, e'er dull Conſideration could have room.———All the time he was endea-

vouring

touring to make her ſenſible of what ſhe was ſecure enough of his Affection to know before, ſhe anſwer'd nothing; but with down-caſt Eyes, and Bluſhes, plainly demonſtrated nothing could afford her more Satisfaction than his continuing to declare himſelf her Lover. The power of Thought at laſt returning, he directed the Coachman to a Houſe which he knew was perfectly at his Devotion, and where in his days of univerſal Gallantry he had frequently met the Fair and Kind.—She ſaid little of any conſequence till they were in a Chamber together; and then looking tenderly on him, Do you not wonder, my Lord, *ſaid ſhe*, at a Behaviour ſo different from what you ever have ſeen in me?—What is it I ought not to apprehend, from the ill opinion my proceeding in this manner may create in you? You have very little to fear, *reply'd he*, from him who was born only to obey you.———I ſhould be more than bleſs'd, if I could as eaſily rid myſelf of the Apprehenſions that this Viſit has leſs of kindneſs in it, than my fond Wiſhes, at the firſt diſcovery it was you, had made me hope.——You Men, *reſum'd the Lady, with a half Smile*, as you are eaſily flatter'd, ſo you are alſo as eaſily dejected———But I give you leave to make what Interpretation you will on this Freedom, ſo you do not conſtrue it ſo much to my diſadvantage, as to think me unworthy of the Favour I come to entreat———Oh Heavens! *cry'd the tranſported Lover*, can you be unkind enough to doubt my Zeal in any thing that may be of ſervice to you———I hoped you had been ſufficiently acquainted with your power, to be aſſured it muſt be more than Life I would refuſe to your Commands.——— Depend on this Aſſurance, I conjure you; and if you would be obliging in your turn, delay not my impatient Expectations already on the wing, and wild to fly where the adorable *Millimonde* ſhall direct.

After

After many other Expreſſions of the ſame nature had paſs'd between them, ſhe told him, that having unfortunately dropp'd a Letter of his, her Huſband had taken it up, and was ſo enraged with Jealouſy, that ſhe ſhould receive any Addreſſes of that nature, that ſhe had good reaſon to dread the Effects; and that in the ſudden Fright, ſhe could think of no other Excuſe than that, tho' directed to her, it was meant to another Lady of her Acquaintance; and that ſhe was no otherways concern'd in the Affair than as a Confidant.— —— And has this Pretence, *interrupted the Count*, gain'd Credit? I am not certain, *cry'd* Millmonde, what Effect it has had, for he flung out of the Houſe immediately, and I took that opportunity of coming to you, to conjure you, if any part of that Tenderneſs you have profeſs'd for me be real, to ſecond what I have ſaid; and to make it appear more like Truth, you muſt this Inſtant write a Note to me, complaining of the Unkindneſs of my Friend, and entreating me to ſpeak to her in your behalf. I will do any thing, *anſwer'd he*, that you think will be conducive to your Service. I know no way ſo proper as this that I have told you, *reſum'd ſhe*; and to take away all Suſpicion of a Contrivance, the Perſon who brings the Letter, muſt do it with an Air of Secrecy, refuſing to deliver it to any hand but my own: this will be ſufficient to alarm my Husband's already outrageous Fury to oblige me to ſhew it him, than which nothing can be more to my advantage. You will eaſily believe the enamour'd Count made no difficulty to comply with a Requeſt which ſeem'd ſo reaſonable; but entreated ſhe would permit him to defer the Writing of it till ſhe had left him, not being able, as he ſaid, to loſe ſo much of her Converſation as the time in forming it would take up. This was too trifling a Favour, and too obliging to herſelf, to be refus'd; but

but preſuming on the Confidence ſhe ſeem'd to repoſe in him, and the Freedom ſhe had taken, he was not of a Conſtitution cool enough to ſtop at that: from one Liberty he proceeded to another; and all things conſpiring to aid his Wiſhes, the Lady yielded at length to every thing he ask'd; but ſtill aſſuming an Air of Modeſty, and aſſuring him, that ſhe eſteem'd her Virtue equal with her Life; and that nothing could have prevail'd on her to follow the Dictates of her Inclination, (which ſhe confeſs'd had long pleaded in his behalf) but the barbarous Jealouſy and Ill-uſage of her Husband.

The Count thought himſelf happy to poſſeſs her on any Terms, and not much troubled his head what Motives they were that induced her to this Conceſſion, little imagining what in reality they were, or how he had been deceived into an Opinion of her, which ſhe was very far from deſerving.———They parted not without a thouſand mutual Proteſtations of eternal Love and Fidelity; and, indeed, 'twas hard to ſay which of theſe two was moſt ſatisfy'd with what had happen'd, though for vaſtly different Reaſons. The Count, whoſe whole Soul was taken up in Admiration of her Charms, thought of nothing but how to render himſelf worthy of the Bleſſing he poſſeſs'd; but *Millmonde* had other Views, which in the Sequel of the Story will ſurprize you.

The Count had engag'd her to meet him again in a ſhort time, and frequent were the Opportunities ſhe gave him of gratifying his Paſſion at the ſame Houſe where firſt he had been happy: but either growing weary of the Amour herſelf, or imagining that, according to the Nature of his Sex, he might in time become ſo, ſhe put in practice that Stratagem which ſhe had often found ſucceſsful on others. One Evening, as they were together entertaining each other with accuſtom'd Endearments, the Door

was

was on a ſudden broke open, and in ruſh'd her Husband, accompanied by ſeveral Fellows who pretended to be Perſons appointed by the Government to inſpect into ſuch Affairs.——'Tis hard to ſay whether the real Concern of *Oraimos* for his belov'd *Millmonde*'s Honour, or her ſeeming Terror, was the greateſt——The *Chevalier* ſwore he would never ſee her Face more, and vented that Indignation, which 'twas probable, on ſo ſhocking a Diſcovery, a Husband muſt be poſſeſs'd of, in Language ſuitable to the occaſion.——The Count offer'd him that Satisfaction, which by a Man of Honour and Spirit would have been demanded; but he refuſed it, telling him he would take other Meaſures——which Words the Count could interpret no otherwiſe, than that he meant to ſue for a Divorce with her, and proceed againſt him by form of Law; and being unwilling it ſhould be made a publick Buſineſs, not only on the Lady's, but his own account, and alſo being preſs'd by her with all the Tears and moving Expreſſions imaginable, he condeſcended to entreat the *Chevalier* that he would hearken to Terms of Accommodation——proteſting in the moſt ſolemn manner, that he never would make any further Attempts on the Virtue of his Wife, (which he likewiſe ſwore was yet unſully'd) if he would again receive her into Favour.——And for his own part, as an Acknowledgement of the Injury he had intended him, he would make him a Conſideration ſuperiour to what he could expect from the deciſion of the Law—reminding him at the ſame time, how much ſuch Affairs, being brought into open Court, redounded to the diſhonour of the innocent Husband, as well as erring Wife——and that if ſhe were prov'd guilty, which was much to be queſtioned, he would be obliged to return her Fortune, or allow a ſeparate Maintenance, which would be much more chargeable than the maintain-

ing her at home.——He urg'd this laſt Article becauſe he believ'd it would be the moſt effectual one, the *Chevalier* being juſtly accounted one of the moſt avaricious Men on Earth. But alas! the deluded Count might well have ſpar'd himſelf the Pains of arguing ſo ſtrenuouſly, the other was as willing to be perſuaded, as he was that he ſhould be ſo; and tho' at firſt he ſeem'd refractory, before they parted he conſented to his Propoſals.—— and *Orainos* giving him a Bill on his Banker for three thouſand Crowns, and ſetting his Hand to a Covenant with the penalty of twice that Sum, if he ever writ or ſpoke to Madam *Del Millmonde* again, he took her with him, leaving the Lover to conſole himſelf as well as he could for the loſs of his Miſtreſs and Money.——His Vexation for the former, 'tis probable, he would not very eaſily have wore off, if ſome days after he had not happened into the Company of a Gentleman, who related a Hiſtory to him of having been ſerv'd juſt in the ſame manner.

The Count could not avoid diſcovering a good deal of Surprize to hear another had happened on an Adventure ſo very like what he had lately met, that had he reveal'd it to any one, or could have believ'd the other Perſons concern'd in it would have diſcloſed, he would have believ'd this Friend had only related the Story on purpoſe to upbraid him, and to prevent his being too much ſhock'd, had taken it on himſelf——But on diſcourſing farther on the Affair, he found that it was not only Fact, but alſo that it was by the Chevalier *Del Millmonde* and his fair Wife they had been both enſnar'd to part with ſuch conſiderable Sums of Money, and that theſe Wretches under the pretence of Gentry had drawn ſeveral Gentlemen into Inconveniences, and had in reality no Eſtate nor Dependance but in ſuch ſhameful Stratagems as theſe.

This Diſcovery cured the Count for ſome time of his amorous Inclinations, nor has hē indeed ever ſince reſum'd them, but where Duty renders them a Glory.———He afterwards married a lovely and accompliſh'd Lady, and has no remains of Chagrin but what ariſe from the Reflection how much he has impoveriſh'd that Eſtate which is to deſcend on the Offspring he has by her, before he became her Husband, thro' the Inſinuations of baſe Women, and ſince by being led into the Deluſions of this *Enchanted Well.*———His Caſe, however, is not ſo deſperate as that of the Gentleman he is now talking to. He is call'd the Chevalier *Davilla*, is of a diſtinguiſh'd Family, and had a plentiful Eſtate, but has ſunk the beſt part of it in this bottomleſs Abyſs, whence there is now no hope of ever recovering it; but that which is the ſevereſt ſtroke of his ill Fate, is, that having two very beautiful Daughters, the moſt lovely of them finding their decaying Fortune could no longer maintain her in the Port ſhe had been bred, has lately proſtituted her Charms to one of the Managers of this horrid Scheme, in hope that his Affection may return, what her Father's unhappy Infatuation has loſt.——And the other of theſe young Ladies is fallen into ſo deep a Melancholy, that it may be call'd almoſt Stupidity.

The Mother of them being of an ambitious haughty Spirit, and withal paſſionately fond of her Children, by her continual Upbraidings, is no ſmall aggravation of her unfortunate Husband's Diſcontent.——He is now ſolliciting the Intereſt of Count *Orainos*, to procure him a place at Court, but cannot expect any great Succeſs, at leaſt as yet, for that Gentleman has many Relations of his own in unhappy Circumſtances, and 'tis his Care as well as Duty firſt to provide for them.——However, like a true Courtier, he promiſes every thing, and the

other has the Conſolation to find the loſs of his Fortune has not loſt him the reſpect with which he was accuſtomed to be treated by him. This, tho' a ſlender Food to ſubſiſt on, is yet more than every one in the like Circumſtances can find: The good, the charitable, the obliging *Milford*, who, while he had it in his power, kept up that Hoſpitality this Iſland was once ſo juſtly famed for, in a degree which made the more narrow-ſoul'd Nobility bluſh, perform'd every Office of benignant Humanity with a chearfulneſs that added to the obligation he confer'd, and in all his Actions prov'd his greateſt Pleaſure was in doing good to others, is now himſelf without a Friend, deſtitute of Support, and in want of even thoſe common Neceſſaries of Life, which the meaneſt and moſt abject born cannot be without.——Thoſe whom his too great Liberality has oblig'd, fly from him as the moſt dangerous of all Duns, and thoſe who never had occaſion for his Aſſiſtance, think 'tis not their buſineſs to regard him; as if to remedy the Diſtreſſes of a Fellow-Creature, eſpecially of a worthy Perſon, were not a Duty incumbent on all who have the means to do it——but this is a Principle ſo long out of faſhion in this ingrateful and tenacious City, that there are ſcarce any who remember it; or if they do, it is but to preach againſt it——Honour, Juſtice, and Good-nature, are baniſh'd from their inexorable Hearts; and Avarice, Hypocriſy, and Luſt, the Demons that inhabit.——See there, two Inſtances of this lamented Truth; they are Siſters, Daughters of the late Chevalier *Byzarr*, endued by Heaven with ſome Beauty, but left by their Father in poſſeſſion of that great Charm to conquer Hearts, a large Eſtate; but Marriage is a ſtate too limited to be agreeable to Inclinations ſuch as theirs, they are for a taſte of all Complections, all Degrees of Men; and tho' they boaſt to

be

be Women of ſuch Frugality, that they never threw away (to uſe their own Expreſſion) a ſingle Shilling on that uſeleſs and pedantick Virtue call'd *Charity*, yet neither of them will ſcruple conſiderable Sums in Donations, where they expect an adequate return of Pleaſure. A Footman who belong'd to one of them, talks loudly of the Generoſity of his Lady; nor is the other leſs extoll'd for her Liberality in preferring a Porter, who chanc'd to bring a Letter, firſt to be her Butler, and afterwards purchaſing him a place in the Revenue—— And indeed it has been obſervable in their Characters, that thoſe Enamorato's who have been choſen from low Life, have much longer retain'd their Favours, than thoſe, who, according to a diſintereſted Perſon's opinion of things, were infinitely more capable of deſerving 'em.

There is alſo another Lady of the ſame Family, who ſeems nearer of kin to them by her Actions, than ſhe is by Blood, being undeſervedly the Wife of a Gentleman of excellent Parts, an unparallel'd Sweetneſs of Diſpoſition, a Rank infinitely ſuperiour to what ſhe could pretend to, and a Face and Perſon without exception; ſhe has thought fit to make a broken Tradeſman of mean Birth, and meaner Education, his Rival in every thing ſhe has the Power of beſtowing: Twice has this Wretch, who has no Charm, (unleſs an unequal'd Impudence be one) been ſet up in his Buſineſs by her Bounty; and having been the third time obliged to go aſide, ſhe continues to ſupport him out of her private Purſe, tho' ſhe is well aſſur'd his Misfortunes ſprung only from his immoderate Fondneſs of the viler ſort of Women; an Article which one would think ſhould render him unpity'd by her, who, if Gratitude were a thing in uſe, or to be expected in ſuch ſort of Engagements, might expect all his Addreſſes of that nature.——But as he is

not the only Man who ſhares her *Bounty*, ſhe has ſo much Conſideration as to pardon his ſharing his Perſon with others.———This is the manner, worthy Stranger, (*purſued the* Deity *in a melancholy Accent*) in which theſe wretched Iſlanders abuſe my Godhead, and prophane my Name; for among all theſe monſtrous Paſſions, there is not one who lays not all the blame of their Miſmanagement on *Love*. My Influence ever was a Stranger to thoſe Breaſts, where Luſt, Avarice, or Ambition reigns; yet to whichſoever of theſe *Demons* a Mortal is indebted for his Misfortunes, 'tis I who am condemned by the miſtaken World, and the few Votaries I have, ill uſed and ſcorn'd on the account of the pretended ones; whereas if there were none unhappy but ſuch as fell a ſacrifice to *Love* alone, there would be few, very few indeed, whoſe Fate would merit Commiſeration. Some Examples, I confeſs, there are, but then 'tis only when the darling Object is guided by one of thoſe deteſtable Deſtroyers of human Happineſs: As for Example, a Pair firſt bleſt by me, and after united by the no leſs ſacred Bonds of *Hymen*, liv'd for more than ten whole Years together in an envied Tranquillity, and mutual Satisfaction; 'till Intereſt and Ambition, join'd to poiſon all the Sweets of Innocence and Love, and render their future Days as wretched, as the paſt had been the contrary. A great and mighty Prince came arm'd with Pomp and Grandeur, and dazling the Eyes of Reaſon in my fair Apoſtate, won her to forſake her real Peace in ſearch of vain and noiſy Triumphs.———She quitted the Bed of her too indulgent Husband, and by Ambition led, look'd down with Scorn on his heart-rending Griefs, and the wondring World's juſt Cenſure.———Am I the cauſe of this? be judge, diſcerning Youth! and clear me from thoſe Aſperſions which foul-mouth'd Fame may waft to Countries where I am ſtill re-

vere'd——

vere'd——But why ſhould I complain of the Injuries I receive from Mortals, when my own Mother, Celeſtial *Venus*, too much adhering to the Suggeſtions of the worſt of Fiends, permits that *Demon* who uſurps my Shape, to deceive her into Tenderneſs?——ſhe teaches the Wanton her alluring Arts, and ſends the Graces to adorn the Looks of thoſe moſt Rebels to my Power.

The God here relaps'd into his former Muſings, not able to endure the Repetition of what was ſo diſpleaſing to him, without Inquietudes ſuch as Mortals feel when treated with Ingratitude by thoſe they moſt eſteem; nor could the Stranger aſſume Confidence enough to attempt diſturbing the Contemplations of a *Deity*, till three Ladies, all young, handſome, gay, and richly habited, diſengaging themſelves from the Throng of People, came ſwiftly by the place where he and his divine Informer ſtood; the ruſh of their Garments as they ſwept along, and the Duſt they made, oblig'd as it were the Obſervation of thoſe they paſs'd. There goes, (*reſum'd the ſoftning Power, lifting up his ſhining Eyes*) in one of thoſe Ladies an Evidence of my abuſed Dominion, and in another how little ſway I have with the Fair—— but let us follow them, I doubt not but they are either on ſome Aſſignation, or gone aſide to talk on ſome Affairs which may let you into their Characters more effectually than a Deſcription given by any other than themſelves. In ſpeaking theſe Words, with ſteps unheard he purſu'd the way they took, and ſaw 'em ſeated on a little Bench which was placed behind the Pillar of *Fortune*, where they could not be ſeen by any of the Aſſembly: the Stranger kept ſome paces at a diſtance, wanting the gift of Inviſibility which the other had aſſumed during his ſtay, till his heavenly Guide pointed out a place for him to ſtand, where he might unſeen hear all was ſaid. 'I know not, *cry'd one of them*,

'*them*, in what manner I ſhall endure, or revenge
'this Affront———if any other than you, had told
'me he could uſe me ſo, I would not have believ'd
'it—— but pray repeat what he ſaid over again,
'for the Rage I was in, has made me loſe great part
'of it. I do aſſure you, dear *Flavia*, *reply'd the*
'*Lady to whom ſhe ſpoke*, I urg'd him in the moſt
'tender manner I was able, told him there was no
'hope of your Recovery, and that you could not
'die in peace without one kind Farewel from
'him——that his Name was perpetually in your
'mouth, and that you would pardon all his paſt
'Unkindneſs if he would give you this laſt teſti-
'mony of Remorſe.———I wept too while I talk'd
'to him, but Prayers and Tears were equally in-
'effectual———he ſeem'd to make a Jeſt of your
'Deſpair, told me he wonder'd you could expect
'a Man, becauſe he had fool'd away a little time
'when he had nothing elſe to do, ſhould make a
'Buſineſs of his Converſation with you——that
'if you had a greater ſtock of Love than you
'knew what to do with, there were young Fellows
'enough in Town, who would be well enough
'pleaſed to take it off your hands——but for his
'part, all his Hours were now employ'd in more
'ſerious Engagements.—Oh the Villain! *interrupt-*
'*ed the other impatiently*, I'll tear out his perfidious
'Soul——I cannot bear it——I'll be revenged, if
'there be Poiſon or Dagger to be had.——Hold,
'hold, *reſumed ſhe that had been employ'd in this*
'*Affair*, one thing I had forgot; Tell her from me,
'*ſaid he*, that I would adviſe her not to expoſe her-
'ſelf or me—theſe ſort of Amours, when publiſh'd,
'ſerve but to make the Perſons concern'd in them
'ridiculous to the reſt of the World. I'll hear no
'more, *cry'd* Flavia: I regard not my own Cha-
'racter, that is already ruin'd by my inconſide-
'rate Paſſion for him; I have too much atteſted

'my

' my own *Folly*, and will now proclaim his *Villany*—
' not one of his falſe Vows will I conceal——his
' Flatteries, his Oaths, his diſſembling Letters, all,
' all will I this moment publiſh, and make him
' known for what he is, a Monſter! In ſpeaking
' theſe Words, ſhe roſe precipitately from her Seat,
' and left the place. She was no ſooner out of
' hearing, than the other two ſhe had left behind
' her ſet up a loud Laugh: Well, *ſays the Lady Ag-*
' *gravator*, this is certainly the beſt Jeſt that ever
' happened——poor vain unthinking Wretch, to
' make choice of me for an Advocate in a Love-
' Affair; the Man muſt have been ſtrangely ſtupid
' indeed, to have return'd to a Diſh he had before
' been cloy'd on, when he ſaw before his Eyes un-
' taſted Fare.——I am amaz'd the ſilly Creature
' could imagine he would like her after having
' been in my Company. Then, *cry'd ſhe who had*
' *not ſpoke before*, he made love to you immediately?
' With all the Paſſion imaginable, *anſwer'd the*
' *other*, told me he never ſaw any thing ſo hand-
' ſome and genteel in his whole Life——that
' every thing about me ſeem'd as it were made on
' purpoſe to charm him——but as for *Flavia*, he
' proteſts he never lik'd her, Fortune happened to
' throw her in his way, at a time when he wanted
' Amuſement, and the Woman was kind, that was
' all, and for my part I am very apt to believe him:
' I never thought her agreeable, beſides ſhe's old;
' ſhe pretends to be but one and twenty, but I'll
' engage ſhe's thirty at leaſt; then ſhe paints abo-
' minably, and wears falſe Hips——and as to
' her Converſation, 'tis tedious, ſhe talks nothing
' but Scandal, and is the worſt-natured Woman in
' the World.——But dear Girl, *continu'd ſhe,*
' *looking on her Watch*, 'tis almoſt five, and you muſt
' know I have promis'd this new Lover to meet
' him at ſix——I muſt leave you, but I'll tell

' you

'you to-morrow the Subject of our Chat, I ſup-
'poſe good part of it will be laughing at *Flavia*——
'Tis rare Diverſion to us both. Then you are not
'afraid of meeting the ſame Fate, *cry'd the other.*
'No, no, *reply'd the tenacious Fair*, not till I have
'the ſame Imperfections.' She was in too much haſte to ſay any more; but ſetting herſelf in order as ſhe went, tript away full of the thoughts of her new Conqueſt, and the Triumph ſhe had gain'd over her too believing Friend.

This little Converſation, *ſaid the Deity*, may give you a taſte of the Diſpoſitions of both Sexes in this Iſland——moſt Women are fond of circumventing each other in their Amours, and moſt Men are more taken with Novelty than any other Charm. *Flavia* has given a thouſand Inſtances of her Paſſion for this ingrateful Lover, yet he prefers a new Face to all the Endearments ſhe can beſtow, and this Lady can eaſily abſolve herſelf for breach of that Truſt repoſed in her, to purchaſe the vain-glory of a heart which perhaps may not be three days at her Devotion. Thus do they ſpend their days in an eternal Round of Hurry and Confuſion.—*Purſuit*, which to a Soul truly inſpired by me, is full of Fears, Perplexities, and Care, is with them the only Pleaſure; and *Enjoyment*, the beginning of a perfect Lover's Happineſs, puts an end to the Felicity of theſe imaginary ones. This is a Humour ſo near univerſal, that the few who are of a contrary one, are laugh'd at as Affecters of a Romantick Singularity, and rarely meet with any other return than Scorn from the Objects of their Conſtancy. Thus am I affronted even by thoſe who plead my Power as the only excuſe they can make for the Foibles they are guilty of.——The *Young* wear my Name only as an Umbrage for their Faults, and the *Old*, deceiv'd by their Inſinuations, deſpiſe and hate me for the ruin they imagine I bring into their Families;

Families; but had the latter of theſe a more juſt opinion of my Influence, they would not ſo often by fore'd Marriages, occaſion to their Children thoſe Misfortunes they ſeem moſt to dread. I have been looking round this numerous Aſſembly to point you out a late Inſtance of this unhappy Truth; but I ſee he is not here, ſomething has prevented his coming, tho' he is not without a conſiderable ſhare in the Fortunes of this *Well* —— But tho' you ſee him not, I will deſcribe him in ſuch a manner, that if hereafter he ſhould meet your Eyes, you cannot fail of knowing him.

The Hiſtory of the Chevalier Beaujeune, *and the Beautiful* Olivia.

HE is the only Son of a diſtinguiſh'd and wealthy Family, a Gentleman of admirable Parts, and perfect in all Accompliſhments befitting a Youth of Quality: As to his Perſon, it is extremely agreeable, and if his Stature will not allow him the Epithet of Graceful, the Excellence of his Shape, and Genteelneſs of his Air, very well make up for that Deficiency.———His Limbs are the fineſt proportioned that can be, his Features are regular, his Eyes and Complexion the moſt lovely in the World; his Manner of Addreſs enchanting, but of a Humour which few can equal, and is infinitely more valuable than all his other Charms. To make his Character compleat, he has always behav'd in ſo exemplary a manner to his Parents, that it is with Juſtice they look on him as the Delight and Glory of their Age; but alas! 'tis his Obedience that has been fatal to him, and by perſevering

ſevering in that Virtue, even in the tendereſt part of Self-denial, he has been oblig'd to the exerciſe of another equally meritorious, but more painful; *Patience* is now his greateſt ſtudy, and in his Circumſtance is one of the ſevereſt Tasks which Humanity can undertake.

The old Chevalier, tho' the beſt of Husbands to a no leſs deſerving Wife, with whom he has liv'd in a continual Series of mutual Happineſs, ſeems to have forgot it was to me he ow'd the Foundation of his Marriage-Bliſs; and induced only by the Proſpect of a great Fortune, oblig'd his Son contrary to his Inclinations to wed *Olivia*.——It muſt be confeſs'd indeed that ſhe is one of the moſt lovely Women on Earth; but all the Affections of his Soul being before engaged, he had no Eyes to ſee her Charms: The Compulſion which his Duty to thoſe he thought it the higheſt Crime to diſobey, laid on him to marry her, made her appear yet leſs agreeable; and tho' he knew her to be a celebrated Toaſt, and that there were few who would not envy him the Poſſeſſion of her, yet he look'd on himſelf as exceedingly unhappy. The Lady not leſs averſe, declar'd to ſome of her Intimates, on her Marriage-day, that were it in her power to chuſe, Death would be more welcome than her intended Bridegroom.——But ſee the Difference of Tempers! *Beaujeune*, tho' in obedience to a Parent's Will he had torn himſelf from a young Lady who he lov'd above his Life, and given his Hand, where he found nothing to engage his Heart, endeavour'd by the moſt obliging Carriage in the world to keep her from ſuſpecting his want of Tenderneſs; while *Olivia*, on the contrary, let the whole World into the Secret of her diſlike, was always traducing him *Abroad*, and ſtudying ways to make him uneaſy at *Home*.——The old Chevalier and his Lady, now too well convinc'd of their Error, wiſh'd in vain

for

for a poſſibility of diſſolving that Knot they had taken ſo much pains to tye.———The Ill-humour of their Daughter-in-law, extended not only to her Husband, but to all thoſe for whom ſhe thought he had an eſteem———ſhe affronted his Siſters, tho' the moſt deſerving young Ladies in the World, and one of them a ſhining Example for thoſe of her Sex to follow, who would be counted either wiſe, or virtuous———uſed his Parents with Ill-manners; in fine, ſhe was civil to none but who would purchaſe her Favour, by railing at a Family which her greateſt Honour was to be ally'd to. Continual Jars made at length their living together intolerable———they parted by Conſent, he muſt have been infatuated to have been diſſatisfied with this Separation, and ſhe ſought it for Reaſons which in a ſhort time after diſcover'd themſelves to her Confuſion. Her Hatred of *Beaujeune* was not greater than her Love of *Marſilius*, a young Officer, who taking the favourable opportunity of her Diſagreement with her Husband, made his Addreſſes to her. Never Woman had taken a greater Pleaſure in cenſuring the Actions of her own Sex, nor was more ſevere on every little Failing; but now the time was come, to prove that the moſt rigid are not always the moſt free from the ſame Faults which they condemn.——Now was the time when ſhe was to be ridicul'd in her turn, and ſuffer for that Self-Sufficiency which had made her triumph in the Misfortunes of others. She was no ſooner acquainted with *Marſilius*, than ſhe became enamour'd of him; he was a Man too much accuſtom'd to Gallantry, not to perceive the Advantage he had gain'd, nór would he take the faint Repulſes ſhe gave, as abſolute Denials.———In ſhort he ask'd, and he obtain'd all that his Paſſion could entreat, or her's beſtow———for a while they revel'd in all the Joys that the Gratification of looſe Deſire

could

could yield———not a Week, ſcarce a Day paſs'd without renewing their amorous Stealths.——The place of their meeting was the Houſe of a female Confidant, who was too well bribed to Secrecy to reveal the Correſpondence; but Perſons of their Figure could not frequent ſuch a place without notice being taken. *Beaujeune* had Intelligence of it, and plac'd Spies to obſerve when they were together, and bring him an account. One day, which happened to be the fatal one, *Marſilius* was told by a Perſon who wiſh'd him well, that to his certain knowledge he was ſuſpected to have an Amour with *Olivia*, and that her Husband was a Man of too much Spirit to ſuffer the Diſhonour unrevenged, if by any means he could arrive at the certainty; therefore adviſed him to be cautious in his Proceedings with that Lady. *Marſilius* thank'd him, and promis'd that he would, nor did he ſay more than he intended to perform: for being that Evening to meet her by Appointment, he writ to her, deſiring ſhe would defer the Happineſs ſhe had made him hope till ſome other time, letting her know the caution had been given him, and the reaſons of it.——But ſhe, loſt in impatient Wiſhes, and deaf to all but the Suggeſtions of her Paſſion, could not ſupport an Interruption of Delight, and ſent him back for Anſwer, that the care of Reputation was alone *her* Buſineſs; and if *ſhe* regarded not what the World ſhould ſay in ſuch a caſe, ſhe thought it would ill become *him* to be aſſiduous about it.

After this, there was nothing left for him to urge, and if he had attempted any further Arguments, he thought it would have been look'd on either as the effect of a too little *Inclination* for her Favours, or too great a *Fear* of what might enſue from the Jealouſy of her Husband———In fine, they met, and the Spies which the injur'd *Beaujeune* had em-

ploy'd,

ploy'd, bringing him immediate Notice, he went to the Rendezvous, and taking proper Perſons with him to be witneſs of the Truth of what he ſhould hereafter report, found the amorous Pair in a Poſture which would admit of no Excuſe: The Detection was evident, and it would have been rather an Aggravation, than an Alleviation of their Guilt, to have attempted a denial of it.——*Marſilius* jump'd from the Bed, naked as he was, and flew into another Room to conceal his Confuſion—The Lady behav'd with more Courage, and with a Countenance which had in it nothing either of Shame or Penitence; Well, Sir, *ſaid ſhe*, you have taken a great deal of pains to certify yourſelf of that which you might eaſily have known long ſince.——I never diſſembled the fix'd Averſion I had for you, and you muſt be a Man of little Penetration, not to diſtinguiſh it was not to the Coldneſs of my Conſtitution you ow'd the Inſenſibility you found in me. This manner of Behaviour ſo unuſually met with in a tranſgreſſing Wife, and ſo little to be expected from a Lady who had been accuſtom'd to boaſt of the ſevereſt Virtue, aſtoniſh'd her Husband to that degree, that he could ſcarce believe himſelf awake, or that his Ears and Eyes had not deceiv'd him: he made not, however, the leaſt Reply to what ſhe had ſaid, prevented from doing it, either by Rage or Grief, or that there were no Words proper to reproach her Crime, and inſolent Vindication of it, but ſuch as he would not make uſe of; therefore turning to the Perſons who had accompanied him thither, and deſiring them to take notice of what they had ſeen and heard, went haſtily out of the Room, leaving her to reflect on what her ungovern'd Paſſion had reduced her to, and the Conſequences which muſt infallibly attend it.

Marſi-

Marſilius remov'd himſelf the next Day, and if *Beaujeune* harboured any Thoughts of calling him to an account for the Injury he had done him, in the manner which is moſt common, the leaſt allowable both by the Laws of Heaven and Earth; he found himſelf without the means, and he was obliged to take another and more publick Method of proceeding.———What an unhappy Change has this Lady's Miſmanagement created in her Affairs!——lately ſhe was the Pride and Glory of her own Family, and (but for a few Failings in her Temper, which 'twas hoped Time and Conſideration would make her repent) the Deſire of her Husband's.——Her Beauty render'd her an Object of Love to all that ſaw her, and the Reputation of her great Virtue, of the Eſteem of all who heard her Name. ——What is ſhe now! ———is ſhe not by ſo much more contemptible, as ſhe was formerly more revere'd!——the Voice of Praiſe, is now turn'd to Reproach and Infamy—the Eye of Admiration is for ever clos'd, and the keen Looks of Scorn and Deteſtation meet her where'er ſhe goes——Diſdain *Abroad*, Remorſe at *Home*, haunt her perpetually——how truly wretched *is* ſhe, how perfectly happy might ſhe *have* been.———Thus is it, (*continued the God, ſighing as he ſpoke*) that moſt People miſtake the way to Bliſs, and follow that which leads to Wretchedneſs and endleſs Woe——Had *Olivia* been of the Temper of the Dutcheſs *De Marbieu*, or were her Lord of the Diſpoſition of *Beaujeune*, how compleatly felicitous would be the State of both? But to make you comprehend my Meaning in this *Contraſt*, I will give you ſome Particulars of this unhappy Pair, whoſe Greatneſs ſerves only to make their Misfortunes more conſpicuous.

The Hiſtory of the Duke and Dutcheſs de MARBIEN.

THE Duke *de Marbien*, when he was very young, imagin'd himſelf violently in love; that is, had a vile Paſſion for the poſſeſſion of the Daughter of a Chevalier, who had it not in his power to render her any other way worthy the Addreſſes of a Man of his Quality, than by an extraordinary Education; neither had her Perſon any of thoſe killing Beauties, which, at firſt ſight, ſubdue the Hearts of Men———her greateſt Charm lies in her Mind, and that moſt noble Part, Heaven has endow'd with Graces which are not to be exceeded by any of her Sex, nor indeed equall'd but by a very few.— She has an unaffected Modeſty, which the moſt malignant Tongue of baſe Detraction never yet had power to ſully—a Prudence far above the promiſe of her years; and to temper, as it were, the Auſterity of the ſeverer Virtues, a Sweetneſs of Humour, an obliging Affability of Behaviour, which endears her Converſation to all who are happy enough to enjoy it; all, I ſay, but him, who moſt ſhe wiſhes to engage.——Such as ſhe is, however, the Duke was once ſo much enamour'd of her, that he declar'd to all the world, and at that time ſpoke his true Sentiments, That if he did not obtain her, he ſhould be the moſt miſerable Man on Earth. At firſt indeed, he ſollicited her but for a Miſtreſs, but her Behaviour ſoon convinc'd him of his Error, and made him ſee ſhe knew the value of her Virtue better: his Addreſſes were then converted into the moſt honourable ones, and it was a long time, that even on thoſe Terms ſhe would conſent to hear him.—He had then a Father living,

who was not only one of the moſt avaricious, but moſt cunning Men of the Age; ſhe doubted not but his Indignation, that his Son ſhould marry without a Fortune, would prompt him to take all the Meaſures his inventive Policy could form, to render her unhappy; and had too much Penetration not to ſee, that the Son had not a ſtability of Nature ſufficient to defend his Paſſion from thoſe Artifices the other would practiſe to ſubvert it.—She was not indeed without feeling the moſt tender Regard for him—the prodigious vehemence of Love, which he profeſs'd, inſpir'd her with a deſire of making him a grateful return, if any proſpect had appear'd of doing it without rendring herſelf unhappy by yielding to her Wiſhes; but ſhe was too wiſe to make any one the Confidant of her Inclinations, and from him who had created them, moſt carefully conceal'd them. 'Tis to be believ'd, not all the Efforts of his aſſiduous Paſſion, nor all the ſoftning Pleas of her own ſecret Wiſhes, would have oblig'd her to marry him, if her Father had not, prompted by Ambition, forc'd her to be miſerably Great.—The Nuptials were celebrated with the utmoſt ſecrecy, for fear of an Interruption from the Parents of the Duke; but from the firſt night of her becoming a Wife, ſhe may date the Æra of her Misfortunes. The morning was but in its dawn, when the Endearments of this new wedded Pair received a dreadful Diſturbance.—The Duke's Father having Intelligence of what was done, accompany'd by a great number of Gentlemen, broke into the Chamber where they lay; and after loading them both with Reproaches, forc'd the trembling Bridegroom to quit his Scene of Bliſs, and go with them.—All manner of Stratagems were made uſe of to annul the Marriage, but in vain; and the Chevalier had this Satisfaction for the ruin of his Child's Repoſe, to think that, in ſpite of all their En-

Endeavours to the contrary, he was the Father of a Dutcheſs: But the Soul-torturing Anguiſh of that unfortunate Lady is not to be expreſs'd, and ſhould I, I, who was witneſs of her ſecret Pangs, her agonizing Complaints, heard by no Ears but mine, aim at a Deſcription, it would but wrong the unutterable Woe ſhe labour'd under——But think, generous Stranger! think what it muſt be to loſe at once all that the Soul holds dear——to know one's ſelf clear, even in Thought, of Sin, yet to be upbraided as the moſt guilty Criminal; to have the name of Wife, yet be depriv'd of all can make that Title pleaſing.——Form, if it be poſſible, an Idea of ſuch a State, and judge what ſhe endur'd.——She ſaw her Husband no more in many Months, he was carried down to a Country Seat, where he was debarr'd even from the privilege of Writing; and to eſtrange his Affections, the artful old Politician had placed in the Houſe ſeveral of the moſt beautiful Courtezans the Iſland afforded.—At firſt he was like one diſtracted, rav'd inceſſantly on his dear Bride, and exclaim'd againſt the cruelty and injuſtice of his Father; but abſence, and the allurements of thoſe Wantons, ſoon made him forget her, and he became pleas'd with thoſe riotous Delights he was permitted to indulge in.——It was not, till he cou'd hear her ſpoke of with all the Contempt imaginable, and not defend her, that he was permitted to return to Town; and by that time, Grief had made ſo great a change in her, who I have already told you was never Miſtreſs of any extraordinary Charms, that ſhe was ſcarce to be known. He made her a Viſit, but how different, Oh great *Jupiter!* how vaſtly diſtant from what it had been, was his Behaviour now! thoſe Extaſies at meeting—thoſe Pangs at parting—thoſe melting, dying Tenderneſſes which had been accuſtom'd to convince her that he lov'd, were now no more.—He

excus'd his Silence indeed, and told her, that nothing cou'd give him ſo much Affliction, as the fears he ſhould not be able to live with her in the manner he could wiſh, till the Death of his Father ſhould leave him ſole Maſter of his Actions; but whenever that happen'd, he would compleat his own and her felicity, and in the mean time conjur'd her to be eaſy.—But in what a manner did he ſay all this!——his Words, his Air, his Geſtures, ſeem'd all forc'd and ſtudy'd; too well, alas, ſhe ſaw, that my enlivening Fire had left his Breaſt, and nothing now but cold Indifference reign'd.——She was ſeveral times about to reproach him with ſo viſible an Alteration, but he put it out of her power by ſome conſtrain'd Endearment, whenever he found by her looks, that ſhe deſign'd any ſuch thing.——The little time he ſtay'd with her, which did not exceed an hour, he kept talking ſo faſt himſelf, that he gave her not the liberty to utter much; and the hurry of her Spirits, between joy and hope, fear and ſurprize, join'd with his Intentions, depriv'd her of preſence of Mind to ſpeak and act as otherwiſe ſhe would have done.—She fretted after he was gone, that ſhe had ſaid no more, but conſole'd herſelf with the thoughts of what ſhe would ſay when next ſhe ſaw him, which he had told her ſhould be in a few days.—With Emotions ſuitable to the Circumſtances ſhe was in, did ſhe expect him days, weeks, months, but found his Promiſes and her Hopes were vain.—The natural Mildneſs of her Diſpoſition made her endure this treatment with more Patience than moſt Women would have done; and tho' none could love with greater Ardency, wiſh with more Paſſion, nor feel the unutterable Tortures which ſpring from Tenderneſs abus'd with a nicer Senſibility, yet ſhe choſe rather to ſupport 'em all, than make any Complaints which ſhould be to the prejudice of his Reputation, who had ſo cruelly

cruelly inflicted 'em.——But the *Chevalier* was of a different Humour; he reſolv'd, tho' againſt her Will, to procure a Remedy for ſome part of the Misfortune ſhe ſuſtain'd——He knew there was a Method to be taken to enable her to live like the Wife of a Duke, and to that end, ſent Perſons proper to be employ'd in ſuch Caſes, to give him notice, That if he did not make a fitting Proviſion for her, the Law to which ſhe ſhould have recourſe, would oblige him to do it Such a Remonſtrance both by the Father and Son had been long expected, and having before conſulted what anſwer to make, aſſured thoſe who were charged with the Commiſſion, that every thing ſhould be done becoming the Honour of the Duke, and that the Lady ſhould be ſatisfy'd in all reaſonable Demands, but inſiſted on having ten days time before any Proſecution ſhould be enter'd: this was aſſented to, but they had other Views, which, deſigning as he was himſelf, the *Chevalier* ſaw not into.—Before the expiration of the time, the Duke ſent privately to entreat to ſpeak with his Wife; he had contriv'd it ſo, as to be certain of the *Chevalier*'s being abroad when his Meſſenger ſhould arrive with a Billet, the Contents whereof were theſe.

To the Dutcheſs *de Marbien.*

THO' I know there are a thouſand Appearances which may juſtly make you ſuſpect my want of that Tenderneſs I ought to have; yet I do not quite deſpair, but that a day will come, when you ſhall allow my Paſſion to be rather increas'd than diminiſh'd by the Obſtacles it has met with.——You know, my deareſt Angel, that I ran the riſque of every thing to make you my Wife, and ſure I have not had long enough the Bleſſing of calling you ſo, to be weary of it already.——No, by the immortal Gods, you are dearer to me than my Soul, and were it

poſſible for you to gueſs the Torments I endure in an enforc'd Abſence, and conſtrain'd Neglect, I am certain your ſoft, your gentle Nature, would more pity than condemn me.——I could not live, were it not for the Hope of paſſing a thouſand days of Joy with you, in recompence for thoſe I linger out in fruitleſs Languiſhments without you: but why do I waſte that precious time in writing to you, which may be much better employ'd in your dear, your wiſh'd for Society. I have an opportunity of ſeeing you unknown to my watchful Father, I beg therefore you will come with the Meſſenger, who will conduct you where I am———I die to ſee you, and to convince you, if poſſible, how much I am

Your moſt paſſionately Tender,
and ever Faithful Husband,
MARBIEN.

In a Poſtſcript, *continu'd the Deity*, there were theſe Words.

Fearing the News ſhould by ſome means reach my angry Father's Ears, I durſt not venture to the Chevalier's, *therefore entreat nothing may prevent my Happineſs this opportunity — Heaven only knows when I ſhall gain another. Once more, till I ſee you, adieu.*

Tho' there are few Women of more Penetration than this unhappy Lady, yet ſhe ſaw not into the Snare laid for her—Surprize and Joy had blinded her. — She went, tranſported with the recover'd Kindneſs of her dear Lord—theſe few and ill-diſſembled Lines of Tenderneſs, were ſufficient to chaſe from her Boſom all the Deſpair and gloomy Cares that had ſo long inhabited it.——She was now all Rapture——even Doubt was now no more—ſo eaſy is it to deceive a Mind unpractis'd in Deceit, and ſo liable is Humanity to credit what they wiſh—nor did ſhe in his preſence entertain the leaſt ſuſpicion of his Truth——Her own exceſſive Rapture took away

away the power of diſcerning if his were feign'd or real.——After a thouſand ſeemingly tender Proteſtations, and renew'd Vows of never changing Love, which his Father (too perfectly skill'd in the Art of Diſſimulation) had inſtructed him to make, he at laſt told her, that not being able to command any part of the Eſtate till his Father's Death, he would ſettle all upon her which was allow'd for his own Subſiſtence: 'Tis indeed, *ſaid he*, but a trifle, but it is better than nothing, and is indeed my All—were it ten thouſand times as much, I ſhould with pleaſure reſign it to you—but the implacable Temper of my cruel Father makes him reſolve to ſtand a ſuit of Law with yours, and I much fear his Intereſt at Court will weigh down the Juſtice of your Cauſe———Beſides, *continu'd he*, ſhould you proceed againſt him by thoſe means which are threatned, it will add to his Inveteracy, and, perhaps, make him cut us both off; but in accepting this ſmall moiety, which is in my own power to give you, he will diſcover not only the greatneſs of my Paſſion, but alſo the Generoſity of your Temper, and be convinc'd, which yet he never was, that it was not on any mercenary ſcore you conſented to be mine. He clos'd his Inſinuations with Preſſures ſo tender, and ſo engaging to her who lov'd, that if ſhe heſitated at all before ſhe comply'd, it was only to return thoſe deluſive Careſſes ſhe receiv'd from him, with the ſincereſt and moſt ardent that a modeſt Bride could give.—In fine, ſhe readily acquieſced to every thing he ſaid, and ſhe had no ſooner pronounc'd the Grant, than giving a Stamp with his Foot there came into the Room a Lawyer, and a couple of Perſons for Witneſſes, who had been plac'd by him in a readineſs, to draw up the Writings. She could not help being a little alarm'd to find he had dealt with ſo much Artifice, but having given her conſent, would not recede from it. The Settle-

ment being made, there was no farther occaſion for Diſſimulation: The Duke immediately bethought him of ſome urgent Buſineſs, which he had till then forgot, begg'd her pardon, and took his leave.—

The *Chevalier*, at her return home, was almoſt diſtracted, to find ſhe had ſuffer'd herſelf to be ſo much impos'd on; and to her other Anxieties, had that of being perpetually reproach'd by the Family, for her too great Fondneſs and Eaſineſs of Belief.—They led her ſo ill a Life, that ſhe was oblig'd to leave their Houſe.—She took private Lodgings in a retir'd Corner of the World, and contented herſelf to live (now ſhe was the Wife of a Duke) in a more obſcure and frugal manner, than ſhe had done while only the Daughter of a private Gentleman: But the inward Diſquiets of her troubled Mind are not to be expreſs'd; and what render'd her Agitations more perplexing than the worſt of certain Evils could have done, was the racking Suſpence her Thoughts were continually involv'd in; her Affection for her Husband would not permit her to judge of him with that Severity his Actions merited, and yet ſhe could not, when ſhe conſulted her Judgment, believe he meant her fair.—She writ him ſeveral Letters of Complaint; which, becauſe ſhe doubted an Interception, were not directed to his Father's; and the Stratagems ſhe was oblig'd to contrive, to have them deliver'd into his own hands, were not only very expenſive, but alſo difficult to be accompliſh'd.—She had ſometimes Anſwers which ſeem'd ſo obliging from him, however, as made her not repent the trouble ſhe had taken.

At length the Criſis of her Fate arriv'd —— the Duke's Sincerity and Conſtancy was now on the proof.—His Father yielded to Heaven a Life which had been the moſt remarkable, both for Good and Ill, of any Stateſman of his Time.——There was

now

now no longer a Pretence for living a-part; and, the Funeral over, ſhe did not doubt but he would give her that Teſtimony of his Eſteem.—But, how did all her golden Expectations vaniſh!—How, on a ſudden, did all her high-rais'd Hopes ſink down for ever, and leave to Miſery and Deſpair all her ſucceeding Days!———When ſhe was indulging Contemplation on the Happineſs ſhe imagin'd herſelf about to enjoy——when every Knock ſhe heard at the Gate, ſhe fancy'd was her dear Lord coming to fetch her from her obſcure Retreat, and place her in his Arms and Palace——when every Pulſe beat high with warm recruited Spirits ——then!—then arriv'd the killing Diſappointment!——Being told a ſtrange Gentleman deſir'd to ſpeak with her, ſhe made no queſtion but he came from the Duke, becauſe ſhe admitted no Viſiters, but ſuch as were known to the Houſe; and, ordering he ſhould be admitted, was ſaluted by a grave Perſon, but one in whoſe reſerv'd and gloomy Countenance ſhe read part of her Doom.——She receiv'd from his Hands a Letter, which, by the Superſcription knowing it came from her Husband, ſhe open'd with a mixture of Joy and Fear, and found in it theſe Lines.

To the Dutcheſs *De MARBIEN.*

NEXT to the never having done an Injury, the beſt thing we can do, is, to repent of having been guilty of one. I am too ſenſible how infinitely I have ſinned againſt the Obedience I ow'd the beſt of Fathers in my Marriage with you, ever to make my Crime become my Pleaſure.———As I cannot deny but you are my lawful Wife, I hope it will be a ſufficient Puniſhment, that I have it not in my power to make choice of one whoſe Birth might be more agreeable.———I could wiſh there were a Poſſibility of Happineſs with you; but when I conſider the prodigious Diſparity between us, it cannot be.——I would

would have you, therefore, be as eaſy as you can in this Separation; and to make you ſo, as far as is conſiſtent with my Quality, or Peace of Mind, I ſhall add conſiderably to your Allowance; and if I do not raiſe it to an Income which may ſupport you as the Dutcheſs de Marbien, *it ſhall, however, be more than the Daughter of a* Chevalier *could expect.——This is all I can do for you, and deſire you will not diſturb the juſt Grief I am in for the loſs of ſo excellent a Parent, by any of thoſe fond Complaints you have hitherto been ſo full of.——Tenderneſs, either ill-time'd, or undeſir'd, is always unwelcome; and that the continuance of yours ought to be ſo to me, is the Opinion of the World, as well as of him, who has no other Misfortune, but what his Unadviſedneſs has drawn on him, in becoming*

Your Husband,

MARBIEN.

Had an inſtant Flaſh of Lightning darted upon her, it could not have blaſted her more than the ſight of this.——It ſeem'd ſo groſly rude, as well as barbarous and unjuſt, that ſcarce could ſhe believe 'twas in the power of Man to act with ſuch Brutality; much more him who ſhe had always look'd on as the moſt polite, and beſt-natur'd of his Sex.——She read it again, and again, unwilling ſtill to truſt her Eyes, till he who brought it, told her, in a very abrupt manner, that ſhe ought not to be ſurpriz'd at the Contents of that Letter——that ſhe could not but be ſenſible how much the Duke had demean'd himſelf by marrying her——and that ſhe muſt expect the daily Remonſtrances he had from his Friends, for the Imprudence he had been guilty of, would, in time, open his Eyes to ſee his Misfortune, and oblige him to throw off a fooliſh Paſſion, which had been ſo much to the diſadvantage

of

of his Reputation among People of true Senſe.—— Here, not all her Stock of Patience could enable her to hear him run on in this manner, without Interruption. —— How, *cry'd ſhe*, would it be to his Diſreputation, to love the Woman he has made his Wife? a Woman who, both before and ſince her Marriage, may challenge the whole World to tax her with an Action that could taint her Fame?—— 'Tis vile!——'tis monſtrous this Aſſertion! and below the Dignity of a Man of Senſe or Honour to make uſe of!——I woo'd not him; and if I was of a Birth inferiour, as I confeſs I am, why did he ſo ſtrenuouſly preſs to raiſe me?——I had been content in humble Meanneſs——nor had a Wiſh to know the envy'd Torments of the Great.—— O! wou'd, (*continu'd ſhe, burſting into Tears*) wou'd the Day which join'd our Hands had laid me in the Grave, I had been happ er far.——What am I a Gainer by theſe Nuptials, but knowledge of Diſquiet?——A happy——happy *Maid* I was—am now a wretched *Wife*.——

The Agony with which ſhe utter'd theſe Words, would have mov'd any Heart leſs ſavage than his to whom they were directed. But he had Intereſts of his own, which took from him all that little Compaſſion he receiv'd from Nature, and was not one of thoſe who are capable of being influenc'd by Honour or Juſtice: and tho' ſhe condeſcended to entreat him even on her Knees, to move her Lord in her behalf, he quitted her without any Intentions of performing her Requeſt.

The diſtreſs'd Dutcheſs, afterward, made ſeveral fruitleſs Attempts to come to the Speech of her Lord. He had order'd his Servants to deny her admittance to him; and ſhe could never hear any thing from him for a long time, but by the Hands of the Perſon who had brought her that diſtracting Letter.—— At laſt, finding all her Endeavours

for

for a Reconciliation were in vain, ſhe ſuffer'd her Friends (for ſhe was now grown incapable of managing any thing herſelf) to procure the ſigning of that Addition to her Settlement which he had promis'd her.——She then return'd to her Father's Houſe, and was brought into ſo deplorable a Condition with continual Grief, that they employ'd all their Cares to comfort her.

But Paſſions the moſt violent, are ſeldom, if ever, immortal: Time, and the Impoſſibility there appear'd that ever ſhe ſhould know a better State, made that ſhe was in fit more eaſy on her.——She grew more ſedate, and at length gave hopes to thoſe about her, that ſhe would once more regain her former Tranquillity. But while ſhe had been ſtruggling with Afflictions, which none but thoſe who *feel* can *comprehend*, the unthinking Duke was roving round the World in ſearch of Pleaſures. The Meſſenger which had brought her that cruel Letter, and had ſtill continu'd to go to her while there was occaſion for an Ambaſſador, was the chief Promoter of his Revels, and Partaker in them; not that he was of a diſpoſition ſo ſenſible of Pleaſure, but an indigent Fortune, with a mercenary Soul, made him find Advantages in the Riots of this young Nobleman, which he would never have reap'd from his good Senſe, and cool Conſideration.

After ſome Years of one continu'd Extravagance, the Duke, either thro' the natural Inconſtancy of his Temper, or the Reflection how much he had been drawn in by his unworthy Companion to embezel his Eſtate, made him grow weary of it.——He began to think there were Comforts in Retirement; and falling into the Converſation of the ſober Part of Mankind, more than he had done, was perſuaded by them to take home his Dutcheſs.——He ſent for her juſt at the time that ſhe was begin-

ning

ning to live eaſy without him: but that unhappy Lady is doom'd to everlaſting Inquietudes; her Duty told her ſhe muſt obey the Pleaſure of her Husband. He brought her to his Houſe, but Love had no part in his Reſolution.——He liv'd with her indeed, but ſhe is with him as a Houſe-keeper, as a Nurſe; ſhe manages his Affairs——attends him when indiſpos'd, and is the perpetual Subject to vent his Spleen on, when diſſatisfy'd.——Her Life is one continu'd Scene of Affliction; and tho' ſhe bears it without complaining, ſhe could not be able to ſupport her Sufferings with Life, if the omnipotent *Jupiter* did not lengthen her Chain of Days, on purpoſe for an example to thoſe Wives who think themſelves unhappy, and fly out into Extravagancies for trifling Wrongs, when balanc'd againſt her's.

Thus, *purſu'd the Deity*, you ſee the Difference between Men: theſe two Stories are of unfortunate Matches, and yet the Perſons the direct Oppoſites of each other. The accompliſh'd *Beaujeune* uſed with the greateſt *Civility* the *worſt* humour'd of her Sex, whom he married but by *Compulſion*; the Duke *de Marbien*, with the utmoſt *Barbarity* one of the very *beſt*, whom his *own Inclination* and Sollicitations alone had made his Wife.

But having related the Misfortunes which theſe two Families have brought on themſelves, I cannot paſs over in ſilence thoſe of a *third*; which, if poſſible, exceed the others, and will give you an Example of Mutability, ſuch as perhaps you have not often heard of.

The Hiſtory of the Chevalier Blantier, Olimpia, *and the unfortunate* Silenia.

BLANTIER was left, by his careful Father, in poſſeſſion of ſuch immenſe Riches, that, tho' he was deſcended from no more than a Race of Citizens, he had a good pretence to match among the Nobility; and it was his Mother's Hope, as well as her Ambition, that he would do ſo.——— But the fair *Olimpia*, a Nymph of his own degree, but far inferiour in Wealth, appear'd to him to have Charms far beyond any he could find at Court.—— She is indeed very handſome, and before ſhe grew fat, was perfectly well ſhaped, and genteel, has a good deal of Gaity in her Humour, and a great Share of Wit———At firſt he addreſs'd her but in private, and was not quite reſolv'd whether he ſhould proſecute his Pretenſions ſo far as Marriage, or not; but the Affair ſoon took air, and his Mother, to her very great Vexation, was inform'd of it.———I will not prolong the little Account I have to make you, by any Repetitions of the Remonſtrances ſhe made him: I ſhall only tell you, that, beſide the Diſappointment, ſhe conſider'd ſuch a Marriage would be to the high Expectations ſhe had form'd to herſelf; ſhe had alſo an extreme Averſion to the Father and Mother of *Olimpia*, and was withal, one of the worſt-temper'd Women in the World.

You may therefore judge with what Inveteracy ſhe ſet herſelf to croſs his Inclinations there.——— There was nothing ſhe could invent of ill, but ſhe reported it of her; and join'd to her Commands, Inſinuations ſo artful and well prepar'd, that in a

ſhort

ſhort time ſhe brought him off, not only from viſiting her at all, but alſo to carry his Addreſſes elſewhere.

Had ſhe liv'd, 'tis probable ſhe might have ſeen him marry'd according to her wiſh: but how ridiculouſly induſtrious are Mortals, who *waſte* the precious Time they might *enjoy*, in racking Cares and Schemes, which, 'tis a thouſand to one if they live to ſee accompliſh'd!—And how vain is it to think to diſappoint the Decrees of Fate!—When ſhe had moſt buſineſs, as ſhe thought, for Life, Death put a period to her Stratagems, and robb'd her buſy, buſtling Spirit of the power of farther Action: Yet preſerving her Reſolution to the laſt, even when the convulſive Pangs, which parted Soul and Body, ſhook her unyielding Heart with the greateſt Violence, ſhe order'd her Son to draw near the Bed: and taking hold of one of his Hands, and eagerly preſſing it between her's, after having prepar'd him for what ſhe had to ſay, by reminding him of the Duty that was owing to a Parent, and that their Commands ought no leſs punctually to be obey'd after their Death, than when alive——and bringing to his memory ſome tender Inſtances of the Indulgence with which ſhe had treated him———I fear, *ſaid ſhe*, that, when I am no more, you will return to *Olimpia*, and that unworthy Woman will at laſt triumph over all the Care I have taken to prevent your Ruin. He aſſured her, That he never would think of her, and begg'd her to be ſatisfy'd: but that was impoſſible to make her; and ſhe told him, ſhe could not die till he had taken an Oath never to marry her.——This he ſcrupled not to do, and imprecated ten thouſand Curſes on himſelf and Poſterity, if he broke it.

Now I am eaſy, *reſum'd ſhe*; I could not reſign my Soul till you had given me this Satisfaction——may the Vow you have taken be regiſter'd in Hea-

ven

ven, and while you keep it, may all the Gods conſpire to make you bleſs'd :——But if you ſwerve from it, or endeavour by any Equivocation to evade it, may you be more curſt than Fiends can wiſh you———eternal Diſappointments be your Lot on Earth, and all the Horrors of the Damn'd hereafter.

Theſe Words were her laſt ; ſhe died, and was lamented as Parents generally are by their Children, thought on with extravagant Grief at firſt, but in a ſhort time forgot to be no more remembred.——In how little a while ſhe was by her Son *Blantier*, you may gueſs, when I ſhall tell you, that ſhe had not been laid in the Earth full three Moons, before deſpiſing or not reflecting on the Vow ſhe had extorted, he married *Olimpia* with a Pomp and Magnificence, which prov'd how happy he thought himſelf in being her Husband.—They lived for ſome time together indeed, in a manner which could call the Conduct of neither of them in queſtion ; and one would think, that if either was ordain'd to fail in Duty to the other, it muſt have been *Olimpia*, for it ſeems ſcarce credible that he, who to make her his, had broke thro' a dying Parent's Requeſt, had ſacrific'd his Intereſt, and dared all the Puniſhments which wait on Perjury, ſhould not love to a more than ordinary degree.—For a time I muſt acknowledge he did love, at leaſt had all the Symptoms of my Influence ; but Nature never form'd a Man of ſo inconſtant and wavering a Diſpoſition.—*Olimpia* marry'd——*Olimpia* enjoy'd, there remain'd nothing for him to deſire ; and in the fair *Silenia*, her Siſter, he imagin'd there was a hoard of Charms with which he never ſhould be cloy'd.——*Silenia*, who was not the thouſandth part ſo lovely as her Siſter, and whom, till he had obtain'd the other, he never ſent one ſingle Sigh for, was now the Goddeſs of his Affections ; and the impoſſibility there ſeem'd

of

of gratifying his Paſſion, made it blaze more fierce——he burn'd, he languiſh'd, he almoſt dy'd with the conſuming Violence of Wiſhes in Revulſion, (for long it was before he durſt to ſpeak his Anguiſh) and poor *Olimpia* found, without being able to gueſs at the reaſon, an Alteration in his Behaviour, which gave her Diſquiets pretty near thoſe he felt: ſhe took the liberty of complaining to him ſometimes of a Coldneſs which ſhe hoped ſhe had not merited; but whenever he found her beginning on that Theme, he flung from her, and would return no Anſwer. At length perceiving he expreſs'd an extraordinary Affection and Regard to her Siſter, ſhe entreated her to talk to him about it; for tho' ſhe lov'd him not with that Paſſion which he had profeſs'd for her, yet being a Woman of Virtue and Good-nature, ſhe could not well endure to ſee the Man who was become her Huſband under any Anxieties he ſhould refuſe to make her Partner in; ſhe thought it her Duty ſo far to pry into his Troubles, as to enable her, if poſſible, to conſole them, or endeavour to remedy them if in her power. *Silenia* willingly undertook the Office, having a kind of Tenderneſs for her lovely Brother, which even I, the God of ſoft Deſire, ſcarce know how to account for——it was more warm than that of Kindred, yet free from any Wiſh to have him other——She thought her Siſter infinitely happy in having ſuch a Huſband, yet thought of it without Envy——ſhe felt a ſecret Pleaſure whenever he took the freedom of kiſſing or embracing her, yet ſuffered no Uneaſineſs whenever ſhe ſaw him do it to others—ſhe had none of thoſe pleaſing tingling Thrillings, which in the dawn of my Influence play round the throbbing Heart, and make it bound with Rapture——Nor had ſhe any of the Inquietudes which attend Deſire——ſhe knew nor Hope, nor

Fear, nor Jealouſy——what ſhe was poſſeſs'd of, could properly be term'd no more than a tender Friendſhip, but then it was ſuch a Friendſhip which the Charms of his Perſon and Converſation more inſpir'd than the Nearneſs of his Alliance.——— In fine, it was a Prepoſſeſſion which rendred it extremely dangerous for her to ſee or hear him; but as ſhe was wholly innocent and ignorant of what ſhe felt, ſhe could not be expected to be on her guard.——The delight ſhe took in diſcourſing with him, made her prodigiouſly ſatisfied that *Olimpia* had made choice of her in this Affair: and being told by her, that he was in a Summer-Houſe at the farther end of the Garden, ſhe tript haſtily to him with a Pleaſure in her Mind, which no Expreſſion can deſcribe.——She found him reclin'd on a *Safoye*; he was in a thoughtful melancholy Poſture, and ſaw her not, 'till ſhe was come very near him; and giving him, with an innocent Freedom, a little childiſh Pat on the Shoulder, cry'd, What ails you, my dear Brother?——why do you leave us? As I have ſufficiently explained to you of what nature were his Deſires, you need not be told what kind of Agitations he felt at this Salutation: he ſtarted up; and returning her Kindneſs with a ſtrenuous Embrace, made her ſit down by him, holding her faſt with one hand, and with the other ſupporting his Head, which he lean'd on it, the better to have the opportunity of gazing on her Face, and catching that Breath ſhe was employing in the Buſineſs ſhe came about.—— But when ſhe entreated him to tell her the occaſion of his late Chagrin, and from what Source his late love of Solitude and Contemplation had aroſe, it was not in his power to reſtrain letting looſe all the tempeſtuous Emotions of his Soul.

He could not, tho' Death had been the Conſequence, prevent his Paſſion from diſcovering itſelf:

And

And is it you, *he cry'd*, my too lovely Siſter, who enquire the Cauſe of my Diſorders? Can you, who are the Cauſe yourſelf, be ignorant of it?——Me! *interrupted ſhe, (with an unaffected Innocence)* alas! what have I done? I never even in thought offended you.——Yes, *reſumed he, (and while he ſpoke his Eyes ſhot Glances, and his Limbs trembled with ſuch Convulſive Agonies, as might have inform'd her what it was he meant, had not her Youth and Unexperience kept her ſtill in wonder)* yes, this lovely Mouth, theſe Eyes, *continued he*, this Shape, this Air, all this Heaven of Beauty, has offended me beyond Forgiveneſs,——and I muſt be revenged, my ſweet *Silenia*, I muſt upon your Charms, or die in the Attempt.

With theſe Words he claſp'd her at once to his Breaſt; and joining cloſe to her's his burning Lips, prevented her from making any Reply to what he had ſaid, if ſhe had been Miſtreſs of the Power: But his Behaviour ſo unexpected, ſo ſtrange, ſo different from all ſhe had ever been accuſtomed to, either from him, or any other Perſon, rendred her incapable of Speech; and when he had given her Mouth the liberty of opening, by removing to her Boſom his furious Kiſſes, ſhe had no Voice to utter more than, Alas! what is it you mean, my Brother?——Oh! call me not, *ſaid he*, by that deteſted Name——that Bar to my Deſires, too long has rack'd me with the Tortures of the Damn'd; but I will now ſurmount it, and give my ſelf to *Silenia* by a Tye more near than that of Relative.

He ſtaid not for Conſent, but taking the advantage of her Surprize, perpetrated his horrid Wiſhes, and compleated her Undoing. Being bred in too great an Ignorance of the World, is often equally fatal with a too great Knowledge; for if the latter lays a young Maid more open to criminal Deſires,

the former renders her incapable of defending herſelf againſt 'em, ſhe is betray'd and loſt before ſhe knows ſhe is in danger: Poor *Silenia*, at leaſt, prov'd this Truth, ruin'd by her unwary Innocence!——The cruel Rapture over, Horror, and Grief, and Shame, made her as incapable of Speech as Aſtoniſhment had done before——A ſtream of Tears were all the Reproaches ſhe could utter, and thoſe fell down her Cheeks in ſuch abundance, that the cruel occaſion of them fearing he ſhould be betray'd by her Sorrows, omitted no Argument which might conſole her: The Tenderneſs ſhe ever had for him, and which this Action had not eras'd, made her willing to liſten to every thing he could ſay in his Vindication; and where the Heart takes part, the weakeſt Allegations appear forcible.——She began to think, becauſe he told her ſo, that it would be unjuſt to hate him for that which nothing but Exceſs of Love had forc'd him to commit; and ſuffered herſelf to be convinc'd by him, That the Action they had done was not a Crime in reality, but only repreſented as ſuch to the World for the advantage of the Prieſthood——that all the Shame lay in the diſcovery——and that if ſhe would be as careful in concealing what had happen'd as he would be, they might paſs their time in an eternal round of Pleaſure.——The greateſt difficulty lay in the account her Siſter would expect her to give of their Converſation. At laſt it was reſolv'd, that ſhe ſhould ſay he had told her, his late Uneaſineſs had ſprung from ſome diſpute he had lately had with his Brother concerning ſome part of the Eſtate, which, by their Father, had been left between them.——This ſeemed the leaſt liable to detection, becauſe that Gentleman was a little before that time gone ſome Miles into the Country, and *Blantier* very well knew, at his return, would eaſily be perſuaded to confirm what he had ſaid, if any queſtions ſhould be ask'd.

Thus

Thus all Parties for a while were eaſy ; *Olimpia*, not in the leaſt ſuſpecting the Truth of what her Siſter told her, was ſatisfy'd that her Husband's Chagrin proceeded rather from any Cauſe than a miſunderſtanding of her Behaviour, as her Fears had at firſt ſuggeſted — He was perfectly happy in the gratification of his unlawful Wiſhes, and the freedom of indulging them as often as opportunity would permit.——*Silenia* contented herſelf with the thoughts of being belov'd by the Man who appear'd to her the moſt charming of his Sex, and all remorſe being overcome by his Reaſons, had no ſtinging Reflections on the Injury ſhe did her Siſter, or her own Undoing, but perſevered in her Crime without the leaſt conſideration that ſhe was guilty of any.

But divine *Juſtice* would not permit the poor *Olimpia*'s Wrongs always to go unpuniſh'd, nor would the chaſte *Diana* pardon a Maid who had ſo eaſily been brought to violate her Honour; the hour came on apace which was to plunge the guilty Pair in Misfortunes equal to their Crime, or thoſe Tranſports to which they gave a looſe.

Their Amour had not been of any long continuance, before *Silenia* found herſelf with Child ; ſhe was not more alarm'd at it than was *Blantier*—he dreaded with reaſon the Conſequence ſuch a diſcovery would produce, and reflected more deeply than ſhe, wholly taken up with her Paſſion, had the power of doing.———He therefore thought it convenient to remove her, before any notice could be taken of thoſe diſorders incident to Women in her Condition ; but as they all liv'd together with her Father and Mother, there was no ſuch thing as a plauſible Excuſe to be made for her leaving them : it was therefore concluded, that ſhe ſhould go away by ſtealth, and that he ſhould hire a Houſe for her in the moſt diſtant part of the Town, where changing

her Name, ſhe might live unfound by thoſe ſhe belong'd to, or unſuſpected by thoſe ſhe ſhould be among.

The Houſe they all liv'd in, was about three Miles diſtant from town, and *Silenia* being the Darling of both her Parents, was never ſuffered to go out without one of them, her Siſter, or Brother, or ſome of the Servants with her, ſo that it ſeem'd one of the greateſt Difficulties in nature how ſhe ſhould make her eſcape: at laſt *Blantier* contriv'd the means in this manner—There was a Woman who had been often ſerviceable to him on the account of ſome former Amours, and having good Experience of her Fidelity to him, ventured to truſt her with this.—It was by her advice he hired a Chariot and Six, which ſhe was to go in, and at an appointed hour wait with it in a little Lane near the Houſe. He was privately to acquaint *Silenia* with it, and the time and place, and to ſtay at home himſelf the whole Evening, to prevent any ſuſpicion of his having a hand in her flight, and to obſerve how the Family took it, and by what method they would endeavour to recover her.—All ſucceeded according to their Wiſhes—*Silenia* watchful of the hour her dear Undoer had told her, ſhe would find the Chariot—dreſt only in her Night-gown and Slippers under the pretence of ſtanding at the Gate for the Air, when ſhe ſaw no body near, flew from all which ought to have been valuable to her.—The punctual Confidant was ready to attend her, and away they drove with all poſſible ſpeed to Town.

She had not been an hour departed, before ſhe was miſs'd—the Gardens, the Fields, all the neighbouring Houſes were ſearch'd for her, but no Intelligence could be heard. Old *Meriton*, (for ſo was her Father call'd) and his Wife, rav'd like Perſons wholly void of Reaſon or Conſolation——*Olimpia* was under a very great concern, and young *Meriton* her

her Brother ſeem'd ſtupify'd with Surprize and Grief. *Blantier* affected an Affliction equal to any of them, and ask'd a thouſand incoherent Queſtions, as, *How was it poſſible ſhe ſhould be gone?—and who could it be that had ſeduc'd her to ſuch an Elopement?*— But there were none there capable of ſatisfying his Curioſity, if he really had been prompted by that to interrogate in this manner.——Old *Meriton* at laſt bethought him of breaking open her Cabinet, to ſearch if there were any Letters that might give ſome light into the Affair; but there were none, only in tumbling the things that were in it over, a little piece of Paper fell out, which *Olimpia* taking up, found it to be her Siſter's writing, and contain'd theſe Lines:

If Love's a Deity uncontroll'd and free,
As all who have experienc'd it agree;
How is't a Crime when Power ſupreme compels,
If the fond Heart from Reaſon's Laws rebels?
That arbitrary Paſſion laughs at Sin,
And bears down all the Bars of Blood and Kin!

She read this over ſeveral times, and knowing her Siſter not to be very poetically inclin'd, was certain that ſhe wrote them in ſome very extraordinary Agitation of Mind—ſhe doubted not but ſhe was in Love where Reaſon had not warranted her Paſſion; but the Words *Blood* and *Kin* gave her ſome Alarms, which ſhe knew not well how to interpret, nor declar'd till a long time after: ſhe put up the Paper carefully, however, and could not get it out of her head, but that ſhe ſhould, ſome time or other, diſcover the Meaning more clearly than ſhe wiſh'd to do.

The Search for *Sileuia*, by her careful Family, was extended to as many places as they cou'd have a Hope, tho' never ſo diſtant a one, of hearing of

her, and continu'd for many Weeks; but no Intelligence arriving, the Affliction of her lamenting Parents is not to be conceiv'd: but *Olimpia* to the Grief for the Misfortune of a Sister she had lov'd so well, had other Disquiets, which were, if possible, more terrible to endure.——The Verses she had found in *Silenia*'s Cabinet, the many Tenderneſſes she had seen between her Husband and that unhappy Maid, and the little opportunity she ever had of converſing with any other Man, came all at once into her Mind, and she trembled with the apprehenſion, that she should, one day, find her Suggeſtions had been but too juſtly grounded.

Yet how dreadful ſoever the *Certainty* may be, *Suſpence* is what no Mortal can ſuſtain when there's a poſſibility of being reſolv'd; and being one day full of jealous Emotions, it came into her thoughts to make a little tryal of *Blantier*; and as they were talking of *Silenia*, and he, according to his cuſtom, bitterly condemning the Man who had betray'd her from her Honour and her Friends — He deſerves, indeed, all the Reproaches we can load him with, *ſaid ſhe*, and the more, becauſe it is moſt certainly one, from whom we cou'd not expect ſuch treatment——one, I fear, too near ally'd to be ſuſpected. She look'd earneſtly in his Face while she was ſpeaking, and perceiv'd a viſible Alteration in it; but taking no notice of it to him, I can ſhow you, *reſum'd ſhe*, a little piece of writing of her's, which allows ſufficient room for my conjecture——— How! *cry'd he, with a faultering and confus'd Accent*, Has she left in writing any Teſtimony of her Folly? Yes, *reply'd* Olimpia, *(as much confounded to find by his diſorder ſo much reaſon to believe the truth of her Suſpicions, as he had been at her Aſſertion)* she has left ſomething which is methinks too plain.——With theſe Words she pull'd the Paper out of her Pocket, and gave it to him.—'Tis impoſſible to repreſent in

what

what manner he look'd, when reaching his hand, which trembled as he took it; but all that can be conceiv'd of Horror, of Shame, of Guilt, was too conſpicuouſly delineated for his unhappy Wife not to perceive it.——He doubted not but the Secret was diſcover'd, and that in this fatal Scroll he ſhould read his own Name, and was ready to fall on his Knees, confeſs the Crime he had been guilty of, and implore her Forgiveneſs and Secrecy; when caſting his Eyes on it, to ſee in what manner ſhe had betray'd herſelf and him, and finding nothing of what he expected there, he immediately recover'd his Aſſurance, and inſtead of acknowledging he was the Perſon had occaſion'd its being writ, ask'd *Olimpia*, what ſhe meant by imagining this could unravel any part of the Myſtery? But ſhe who had obſerv'd all the Changes had been in him from the firſt of her mentioning it, was, by this time, work'd up to a pitch of Rage too high to admit reſtraint or diſſimulation, and plainly let him know her Thoughts.——Fear of detection being over, he now aſſerted his Innocence, ſeem'd to reſent her ſuſpecting him of an Act ſo vile, and wiſh'd ten thouſand Curſes on himſelf if guilty.——All he could ſay, however, was ineffectual to perſuade her to believe him, and he flung out of the Room, as he ſaid, to prevent his Paſſion from riſing to any exceſs; but in truth, to conceal the diſorder this Diſcourſe had rais'd in him.——Tho' *Olimpia* had no longer the power to conceal her Doubts from him, ſhe had been ever moſt careful not to give a hint of what ſhe thought to her troubled Parents; but her Diſcretion now was render'd fruitleſs: her Mother hapning to paſs by the Room they were in, and hearing 'em pretty loud, had the Curioſity to liſten, and heard diſtinctly all the latter part of what had been ſpoke between 'em of this Affair.—*Blantier* had no ſooner left the Chamber, than ſhe

enter'd

enter'd it, and demanded of *Olimpia* what had been the ſubject of their Converſation; but that Lady thinking it utterly improper to let her know, both becauſe ſhe thought it would be a conſiderable addition to the Grief ſhe was already in, and that ſhe was too well acquainted with the Duty of a Wife to divulge the Faults of her Husband, as artfully as ſhe could evaded what ſhe ask'd:—But the other, who had but for form ſake deſired her to repeat that which ſhe knew before, acquainted her with what ſhe had done, and that ſhe could not help joining in her fears, that it was indeed by no other than her Brother-in-law, the indiſcreet *Silenia* had been betray'd.—They had a long and melancholy Conſultation what was beſt to be done to make a perfect diſcovery, and at length it was agreed, that a truſty Servant ſhould be employ'd to watch him whereſoever he went; not doubting but by that means, they ſhould find out where ſhe was plac'd, in caſe he were the Perſon for whoſe ſake ſhe had made this Elopement.—Accordingly one who they could depend on was made choice of, and the very next day *Blantier* going abroad, the Fellow enter'd on his Commiſſion: but the artful Tranſgreſſor was now upon his guard; his Wife's Behaviour, and the ſuſpicion the Verſes had created in her, was ſufficient to make him think he ſhould be obſerv'd: he therefore after his coming to Town, chang'd Coaches ſo often, called at ſo many places, and frequently took the advantage of going thro' Houſes which had Paſſages in them to other Streets, that it would not have been in the power of all the Eyes of *Argus* to have diſcover'd the end of his progreſs; and the unavailing Spy was oblig'd to return as ignorant of what he was to learn, as when he ſet out.

The next day he did the ſame, and the next to that, and ſo on for many ſucceeding ones, till, tir'd with the fruitleſs Expectation, they reſolved to deſiſt

ſiſt ſending him; yet perſevering in the Opinion they had conceiv'd, that *Blantier* was really the Man to whom they owed this Misfortune, and the more confirm'd in it, by the Caution he took, they reſolved to proceed with him by other Meaſures; and one Evening, when there was no body in the Room but himſelf and them, the old Gentleman and his Wife told him, without any Evaſion, that they were certain he was the Perſon who had brought this Diſhonour on their Family; but if he would reſtore their Child to them, and by his future Kindneſs to *Olimpia*, make what reparation was in his power for the Injury he had done her, they would forgive what was paſt.——They perſiſted in their Accuſation, he in his Denials, with equal Violence; and the Conteſt grew at laſt ſo high, that it ended in a Quarrel——the next day he remov'd from their Houſe, taking *Olimpia* with him; ſo that that afflicted Lady, to her other Cauſes of Diſquiet, had the addition of being ſeparated from the moſt endearing Parents, and obliging Brother in the World: the latter of whom in a ſhort time afterwards fell ſick of a Diſtemper, for which Phyſick had no Cure. This young Gentleman, being of a moſt ſoft and gentle Diſpoſition, was ſtruck to the Soul at this unhappy Diſunion of the Family, who were all equally dear to him.—— One Siſter ruin'd and diſhonour'd, as it was probable, by him who was the Husband of the other; and ſhe alſo torn from the Embraces of her Friends, by him to whom Duty exacted this Obedience—— both his Parents in an Agony of Grief, which wanted but little of bringing them to their Graves. —All this, reflected on too deeply, threw him into a Conſumption, of which in leſs than two Moons he expir'd.

Silenia was all this time as happy as the continu'd Fondneſs of the Man ſhe love'd could make her,

and

and being very young, and of a Temper not much addicted to Conſideration, felt very little regret, at the Sufferings which ſhe could not but be ſenſible her Family endur'd.——*Blantier*, indeed, always conceal'd the worſt part of it from her, fearing to throw her into a Diſcontent, which to a Woman in her Condition might have been fatal; deſigning as ſoon as ſhe was eas'd of her Burden, to make ſome plauſible pretence for her returning home, not only becauſe he found it an Expence more than his Eſtate, large as it is, could well enable him to ſupport; but alſo that he found it would be very much for his own Eaſe otherwiſe: for this paſſionately enamour'd Lady expected him to be every day with her, without conſidering how impoſſible it was he ſhould be ſo, without creating ſuſpicion at home. And indeed it was his being ſo often abroad, where no body could find out, that had made the Family at home ſo poſitive he was with her: But ſhe either not conſider'd this, or not regarded it, and was diſtracted when ſhe ſaw him not, tho' I have already told you with what Caution he was oblig'd to proceed, when he did viſit her.—— All theſe Reaſons join'd to another, without which the reſt would have been of no effect, his Paſſion ſatiated, made him reſolve to quit her, tho' he carefully conceal'd his Intentions till after ſhe was deliver'd; which, when ſhe had been about twenty days, and ſhe, as 'twas believ'd, entirely out of danger, he came to her, and having a Countenance of exceeding Melancholy, ſhe ask'd the Cauſe: Young *Meriton*, *ſaid he*, your Brother, is dead. Dead! *cry'd ſhe*, (*prodigiouſly alarm'd, for living in that obſcure manner, ſhe heard little of the News of the World; and he, as I have already taken notice, conceal'd all that he thought might give her any Uneaſineſs*) of what Diſtemper? *purſu'd ſhe*. A broken Heart, *reply'd he*; they ſay the Grief he took at your Departure

ture has been his Death.—— There was no need now for him to let her know what he deſign'd concerning her Return, of which this Account was but the Preparative: *Reflection* ever till this moment a Stranger to her Mind, now ruſh'd upon her in the moſt dreadful Form !———She now thought as ſhe ought to have done long before——ſhe ſaw the Crime ſhe had been guilty of with open Eyes, and acknowledg'd the Puniſhment to be juſt.———Oh my unhappy Brother ! *did ſhe cry*; has my Diſhonour been ſo fatal to thee ?—What, Oh what muſt not I, the curſed Cauſe, expect ?—— Perhaps my Father too, and wretched Mother, will fall like Victims to *Silenia*'s Shame.——With theſe words ſhe fell fainting on the Bed, where ſhe was ſitting, and tho' the Care that was taken of her ſoon brought her to herſelf, it was but to renew thoſe Agonies, which threw her into Convulſions too fierce, too violent, for her not yet recruited Strength to ſtruggle with, ſhe expir'd within the ſpace of twenty-four Hours.——*Blantier* ſeem'd like one diſtracted when the News was brought him (for he was not preſent at her laſt moments) but her Death brought him too many Conveniencies not to render him conſolable.——He now thought himſelf ſecure from all Detection that he was the Perſon who had ruin'd her; and tho' he was ſorry the Cataſtrophe had proved ſo fatal, yet he would never have enjoy'd much Eaſe of Mind, had it happen'd otherwiſe.—He gave orders for her Funeral to be celebrated with a Magnificence ſuitable to the firſt Tenderneſs he had for her, nothing being omitted befitting a Woman of Quality but *Eſcutcheons*; and thoſe were wholly improper, becauſe there was more than a poſſibility the *Herſe* might be ſeen by ſome who might be acquainted with the *Arms*.

But as much as he hugg'd himſelf in an aſſur'd Security, the Secret he had been ſo fortunate to

preſerve

preſerve in her Life-time, was after her Death reveal'd at full, and by a way which ſhould, methinks, deter offending Mortals from perſevering in their Crimes, when what is moſt conceal'd from human Sight is to the Eye of Heaven explored, and by the moſt unthought-of means oftentimes diſcover'd.———Divine *Aſtrea* would not permit the mournful Parents of this undone Departed to remain for ever in an uncertainty ſo perplexing; but, to the holy Prieſt, who, unknowing who ſhe was, had miniſtred the funeral Rites, appear'd in her own heavenly Form, and told him all the Myſtery, commanding him to viſit that afflicted Family, and let them know the Crime and Puniſhment of their unhappy Child.———Full of the Goddeſs, the venerable Father repair'd immediately to the Houſe of *Meriton*, and diſcloſed the Sacred Mandate——— the wretched Pair knew well his Character, and doubted not the Truth of what he utter'd; but to convince the unbelieving World, they accompany'd him to Town, and being directed by him to the Tomb where the unfortunate *Silenia* was laid, had the Stone remov'd, and the cold lifeleſs Corſe expos'd to view——Tho' vaſtly chang'd from what ſhe was, who ever had ſeen her in her Life, might eaſily have known her now; and beſides, ſhe happen'd to have a Ring on at her Death, which being too ſmall, could not be eaſily taken off, and was bury'd: this was a Jewel too well known to have belong'd to the Family, and ſerv'd as a Demonſtration to thoſe who at firſt ſeem'd to make a doubt if it were ſhe.——It would be needleſs to repeat to you the Cries and Lamentations of theſe unhappy Parents at finding their Child; but finding her for ever loſt to them and to the World, you may believe their Grief was proportion'd to the Cauſe: but reſolving to revenge thoſe Injuries which had brought her to ſo untimely an End, as far as was in

their

their power, after having by diligent Enquiry trac'd out the Truth of every thing, they commenc'd a Suit of Law with *Blantier*, which was near being the Ruin of his Fortune, as it was of his Character with all Men of Honour, Virtue, or common Morality.——The little Infant, that Product of hi sand the unfortunate *Silenia*'s Paſſion, old *Meriton* took home, *Blantier* being compell'd to give it a Portion large enough to compenſate for its unhappy Birth.—But I muſt not forget to mention the Behaviour of *Olimpia* in this Affair, who ſhow'd an Example of conjugal Duty, which can never be too much admir'd.—Her Husband convicted of the Guilt, ſhe was commanded by her Parents, on the pain of their eternal Diſpleaſure, to forſake the Bed and Houſe of a Man who had ſo groſly wrong'd her, and diſhonour'd her Family; but ſhe endeavour'd firſt, by mild Anſwers, to diſſuade them from inſiſting on her doing an Action ſo unbecoming the Title ſhe had now taken on her, and finding they were ſtill reſolute, choſe rather to diſobey them, (a thing ſhe had never done before) than fail in that, which her Marriage-Vow had made her Husband's Due, and which no ill Uſage can juſtly afford a Pretence for cancelling; tho' how terrible it was to her gentle Nature to incur the Curſe of thoſe, whoſe Bleſſing ſhe was born to hope, can only be conceiv'd by a Soul equally tender, equally virtuous.———But what return has ſhe for this forgiving Goodneſs?———*Blantier* having ended his Law-Suit, ſoon forgot *Silenia*——the natural Inconſtancy and Mutability of his Temper, made him not capable of even thinking for any long time on the Misfortunes his Amour with her had brought on him.———A new Object happen'd in his way, he was charm'd with her, Deſire taught him Eloquence, and Eloquence inſpir'd her with Gratitude—with her he now paſſes the greateſt part of his

his Days and Nights, and *Olimpia*, ſtill maintaining her firſt Maxim, That nothing ought to provoke a Wife againſt her Husband, is a Pattern of Patience, which there are but few will imitate.

I applaud her heroick Virtue, *ſaid the* Stranger, and think there is infinitely more Greatneſs of Soul in ſuffering well, than in reſenting Injuries, tho' in ever ſo juſtifiable a manner: Had *Olimpia* quitted her tranſgreſſing Husband, ſhe could not have been condemn'd, his Perjury and Inconſtancy ſeem'd to deſerve no leſs; but in continuing with him, her Superiority of Genius enabling her to look down rather with Contempt than Anger on the Injuries done her, ſeems, methinks, to demand a Statue of Gold to be ſet up in memory of ſuch tranſcendent Goodneſs.

And yet, *reply'd the* God, there are People vile enough to put an ill Conſtruction on this exalted Virtue; ſhe is frequently repreſented as a Woman that has her Deſigns in what ſhe does—that being addicted to Pleaſures herſelf, the beſt way to have her own conceal'd, is to take no notice of her Husband's——that doubtleſs there were Faults on her ſide, or a Man who married her only thro' Inclination, would not ſo ſuddenly have withdrawn it—and a thouſand ſuch like *Innuendo's*, to leſſen the Brightneſs of a Character which would eclipſe their own. *Envy*, and her curſed Offſpring *Detraction*, have here ſo many Votaries, that few can 'ſcape their prevalence—they bear down all before them ———not even the nobleſt Sons of Fame, back'd with a thouſand Glories, and their Heads adorn'd with Wreaths form'd by the hand of the immortal *Pallas*, have Defence againſt the Venom of thoſe encourag'd *Fiends*——aloft they ſoar, and with *Titanian* Boldneſs combat *Heaven* in the Perſons of its Favourites.———Too much of this ſad Truth you will diſcover, when I anon ſhall lead you to thoſe proud

proud Palaces, whoſe gilded Spires ſeem'd to o'erlook the World———*There* ſhall you ſee the buſy Courtier kneeling for Preferment, and while he ſues to obtain his Suit, mingle with his Interceſſions ſome vile Invective againſt the Man, his *Patron* looks on as a Foe, tho' perhaps only ſo to his Vices, and has more real Worth, tho' leſs Power, than the great ſhining Nothing he addreſſes.———*There* ſhall you ſee a General cover'd with honourable Wounds, and loaden with his Spoils after a long Campaign, returning home, and (while on his Chariot-Wheels Millions of Wretches, whom his Valour has preſerv'd, hang clinging to the Spokes, and almoſt deifying their Deliverer) ſome ſtand in Corners grinning as he paſſes, and laughing loud at the deluded Multitude; then turn aſide, and ſay he has fought well, indeed, but better had it been for his Country, if he had ne'er been born: and then run on, enumerating Vices, which perhaps he is infinitely more free from than his baſe Accuſers.———*There*, what will raiſe your Wonder more, you'll ſee the Father envy the Son, and ſeek to blaſt his riſing Glories—you'll behold a Mother half mad with Rage, becauſe her Daughter matches to a Title above her own, and claims Precedence of her.——You'll ſee a Stateſman, full of Ambition and a Thirſt of Grandeur, refuſe a proffer'd Coronet, leſt his Coequal in Authority ſhould alſo be alike diſtinguiſh'd.——You'll ſee a celebrated Beauty deform thoſe Graces ſhe receiv'd from Nature, to introduce a Mode, which takes from others all their power of charming.———So ſtrangely does *Envy* influence the Soul, that thoſe poſſeſs'd of it, with pleaſure quit their own Deſigns and Views, to ruin thoſe of others——but I will not poſtpone your Admiration, you will diſcover Purpoſes, which, unſeen, would not gain credit.———In the mean time, let us return to this Aſſembly, and if there be any Perſons

in it worthy of your Obſervation, beſides thoſe I have already pointed out, I ſhall acquaint you with their Characters.

The *Stranger* proſtrated himſelf on the Ground in thankful Adoration, and had continued in that Poſture much longer, if the benignant Power had not ſuddenly rais'd him, and commanded him to caſt his Eyes on a Gentleman of a very graceful Appearance, but in whoſe Face all the Characters of Deſpair and Grief were imprinted in ſuch lively Colours, that whoever look'd on it, might read his Mind labour'd under ſome irremediable Woe. That, *ſaid the Divine Beſtower of the ſupremeſt Bliſs*, is the Count *Caſſeville*; he married, without conſulting me, a young Widow, whoſe vaſt Jointure he expected would ſupport him in a faſhion ſuitable to his Birth, (having loſt great part of his Eſtate in this enchanted Well;) but mark the Conſequence of Matches, where Intereſt is the only Inducement! ſhe conſented to be his Wife, only as a Shelter for her to purſue her amorous Engagements with another with more Security.———On this young Favourite ſhe laviſhes all that Wealth which had induc'd the Count to marry her; and in the room of advancing himſelf by her means, he is forc'd to retrench even thoſe neceſſary Expences, without which a Man of Quality makes but a very indifferent figure in the World: for without ſuffering him to receive any Support from her Income, ſhe obliges him to pay out of his, for even her wearing Clothes and Jewels. The Misfortune, indeed, is juſtly fallen on him; for being before contracted to a young Lady of more Beauty than Fortune, he barbarouſly quitted her for this Widow, tho' he knew the loſs of his Affection would render her the moſt miſerable Woman in the World — ſhe is now in a Melancholy, which is pretty near Frenzy.——He pities her too late, and has this addition to his unhappy

unhappy State, to think that he deſerves no better. Quite different is the Circumſtance of yon gay, well-dreſs'd Spark; he is married to a Woman of much the ſame Conſtitution as that of the Count's Lady, but ſhe is ſo far from diminiſhing the little Fortune of her Husband, that being beloved by a Perſon who is a Favourite at Court, has made a very conſiderable Poſt for him, the Purchaſe of her Favours.——But hold!—I ſee two Gentlemen, who by their Geſtures ſeem to be greatly incens'd with each other; the one is the Marquiſs *de Bon-Cœur*, the other the Chevalier *le Brune*—they quit the Crowd, and take their way toward the Fields—let us follow and obſerve them———I know the occaſion of their Quarrel, and it may be worth your pains to be a witneſs of the Iſſue.———They are both Men of good Senſe and Spirit, and the provocation given by the Marquiſs, is a juſtifiable pretence for the other to call him to account.

The *God* here caſt about the *Stranger* a Vapour, which rendred him inviſible to mortal Eyes, and in a moment, by the incomprehenſible Power of Divine Tranſition, they were on the Aſcent of a little Hill, whence they could eaſily diſcern all that paſs'd below.——Immediately the Antagoniſts appear'd, and having choſe the Vale for the Deciſion of their Conteſt, were near enough for the attentive Youth to hear every word of their Diſcourſe; the Marquiſs was the firſt that ſpoke: In compliance with your Requeſt, *le Brune*, *ſaid he*, I have accompany'd you thus far; but as we have been Friends, would willingly know for what reaſon you throw off that Name, before we proceed to Extremities, which may be fatal to one or both of us. If there were a poſſibility, *cry'd the* Chevalier *fiercely*, to add to the Injury you have already done me, it would be trifling with my juſt Revenge, in counterfeiting an Ignorance of the Cauſe.—Have you not, in the moſt

baſe, ungenerous manner, forfeited all the Reſpect my Soul once paid you?—Have you not wrong'd me in the moſt tender part?———and by violating the Honour of my Siſter, thrown an eternal Stain on a Family, which if leſs enobled than your own, is yet as brave, as worthy, and more ancient. 'Tis you alone, *reply'd the Marquiſs coolly*, who ſtain your Houſe's Honour, and are the Ruin of your Siſter's Fame, by this inconſiderate Paſſion — Her Virtue never has by me been ſully'd—and I believe her pure as Innocence itſelf———nor did I ever hear her but by you accus'd.——— What need of Accuſation, when Conviction's plain? *interrupted* le Brune; ſhe has herſelf confeſs'd the Folly of her eaſy Nature, and your undoing Arts?———Herſelf confeſs'd it! *cry'd the Marquiſs, ſtrangely alarm'd.*——— Yes, *purſued the other*; a Letter of yours, directed to her, fell by accident into my hand—I knew the Writing to be yours, and a little ſurpriz'd at the Privacy with which the Meſſenger would have deliver'd it, and not being able to imagine what Affair could induce you to ſend to her in that manner; I broke it open, and found———what I could have wiſh'd never to have known———Rage and Grief were near depriving me of my Senſes—o'erwhelm'd with both, I flew to her Chamber, and partly by Menaces, partly by Perſuaſions, at laſt wrung all the ſhameful Secret from her. The Marquiſs, who had been far from imagining the other knew he had ſo much reaſon for what he had done, ſtood ſpeechleſs for ſome moments; then coming out of his Study, with a deep Sigh, Well, *le Brune, ſaid he*, it would be vain for me to perſiſt in a Denial of what my ill Fortune and Imprudence has made ſo plain a Diſcovery of.———I own I have been to blame———but which of us is always Maſter of his Wiſhes?———If Love be an Excuſe for what I've done, I love your adorable Siſter with a Paſſion

which

which would not have permitted me to have lived if not gratified, and ſtill burns in my Breaſt ſo ſtrongly, that I ſcarce repent the heights to which it has tranſported me———All I can do, is to wiſh your Siſter had appear'd leſs charming to my Eyes, or that it were in my power to repair the Injury I have done her, by making her my Wife; but you know I am married, the indiſſoluble Knot was tied before I ſaw her Eyes, and therefore can make no return but with——None, *interrupted the Chevalier growing more enrag'd*, but with your Blood——that's the Amends her injur'd Honour asks, and mine will take.———Yet hold! *reſumed the Marquiſs, with a melancholy Air*; you are ſenſible, *le Brune*, that I dare fight, and cannot think I hold this Parley, becauſe I fear your Sword—No, I am well aſſur'd you know me better——— but ſhould I fall by you, or you by me, your Siſter would be ſo far from reaping any advantage by the Conqueſt, which ſoever gains it, that 'tis probable the Triumph would be only her eternal Hate.——Sure I am, ſhe would deteſt the Man by whom her Brother fell; nor do I think it Vanity to ſay, I am certain ſhe would but ill endure the Murderer of him whom ſhe has vow'd ſhe lov'd.————Her Reputation, which is now unblaſted, that which you call a Crime being known but by us two, might then, perhaps, by her Deſpair and Grief, be blaz'd abroad———Beſides, *le Brune*, if poſſible, give Truce to Rage, and call Reflection home——Then tell me, if in your Life's whole Courſe, you ne'er were guilty of that very Fault, you now think ſo unpardonable in me.——Tell me, was you ne'er ſo much ſubdued by the Almighty Power of Love, as to forgo all other Conſiderations———would thoſe Soul-torturing Pangs——thoſe agonizing Racks of Nature, which Deſire creates, refuſe that Eaſe the darling Object could afford, only becauſe ſhe was the Wife, the

Daughter, or the Sister of a Friend?——Oh no, and you have never known what 'tis to love, if you deny this Truth. These words had such an effect on the late furious *le Brune*, that he sheathed his Sword, which he had out all the time of this Discourse, and at the same time disarm'd his Eyes of all that Rancour they had worn: Too much, *cry'd he*, my Soul avows the Justice of this Assertion, to aim at a Contradiction——Yes, too well, my Lord! I know the Force of that Tyrannick Passion, to wonder at the Effects of it in you.——Pardon the sudden Heat with which I have been inflamed, and I forgive my Sister's Ruin.——Call it not so, *said the Marquiss*, by Heaven her Reputation shall be ever safe; and if the Gods e'er make me in a Condition, and she continues single, as she has vow'd to do, the Priest shall authorize our future Joys. I doubt not the Performance of this Promise, *reply'd the* Chevalier, I know you have *Honour*, and you say you have *Love*, and either of these is a sufficient Motive to induce you to repair your Passion's Fault.— To compensate for that I have been guilty of to you, I will let you into an Adventure, which will make you cease to wonder that I so soon relinquish'd all that Fire of Rage, which, at the first Discovery of this Misfortune, was kindled in my Soul——the Place where we are, is private—— I am now full of the Remembrance, and I think I cannot take a fitter Opportunity to relate it.——— The Marquiss told him, he could not oblige him more, and having thank'd him, the new-made Friends sat down together at the foot of that Hill, on which the attentive Stranger and his heavenly Guide had listen'd to the former part of their Conversation, and with an equal Curiosity waited for the Remainder.

The Hiſtory of the Chevalier le Brune, Cleander, *and the fair* Euphelia.

YOU know, my Lord, *ſaid he*, that I ſpent ſome time in viewing the Curioſities of foreign Courts; as I was on my Return, I made my way thro' *Utopia*, a Land famous for remarkable Adventures, and certainly that which happen'd to me there, is not the leaſt worthy Obſervation.——Travelling along the Road, accompany'd only by one Servant, I was ſet upon by a Gang of the *Banditti*, they were five in number, well arm'd, and admirably mounted, ſo that you may believe I could not expect to defend myſelf for any long time againſt ſuch odds: I attempted it however, and kept them in play, hoping the Approach of ſome Paſſengers might relieve me: I ſaw my Man kill'd before my Face, and had my own Horſe diſabled in ſuch a manner, that I was oblig'd to diſmount; I leap'd off as nimbly as I could, ſtill keeping the Villains at the diſtance of my Sword's Point: after which, I got my Back againſt a Tree, and in that poſture laid two of them dead, and very much wounded another———There were now but two of them capable of prejudicing me, and I began to think I ſhould have the better, when my Sword unluckily broke——they were juſt about to plunge both theirs in my now defenceleſs Breaſt, when the ſudden Tread of Horſes oblig'd them to turn——Thoſe whom Heaven ſent for my Deliverance, were a Gentleman and two Servants, who ſeeing at a good diſtance the latter part of my Diſtreſs, came galloping to the Place where we were, and thinking

it no Diſhonour to take the advantage he had of thoſe, who by their Habits and Behaviour he knew to be Ruffians, ſet upon 'em ſo vigorouſly, that they were glad to be oblig'd to the Swiftneſs of their Horſes for their Safety.—It was not till after I thought myſelf out of danger, that I found I was not ſo; I had receiv'd many Wounds, tho' the Hurry of my Spirits had prevented my feeling the Smart of them: but they now began to pain me ſo vehemently, that together with my Faintneſs, occaſion'd by the Loſs of a great quantity of Blood, made me little able to return thoſe Thanks to my Perſerver, which the Action he had done demanded from me.——He did not, however, ſeem to expect much from me at that time, and perceiving my Condition, entreated I would accompany him to his Houſe, which was not above a Mile diſtant from thence, and aſſur'd me nothing in his power ſhould be wanting for the Cure of my Wounds, and Recovery of my Strength. The Offer was too obliging, and, as the Caſe ſtood, too neceſſary for me, to be refus'd: I endeavour'd to mount that Horſe my Man had rid on, but was not able; the obliging Stranger therefore order'd one of his Servants to get up behind me, and hold me round the Body till we got to the end of our little Journey—and, indeed, had it been farther, I ſhould have had no more occaſion for his Civilities—for by that time we had reach'd the Houſe, I fell in all appearance dead, and lay ſome time as ſuch—as I afterwards found, he took the ſame Care of me, as if I had been a Brother, or, if poſſible, ſomething that had bore a dearer Tye to his Affections—He ſent immediately for a Surgeon, and order'd his Wife that the ſame Diligence in every thing ſhould be uſed about me, as tho' it were himſelf had wanted it———And indeed, had I been in my own Houſe, with my neareſt Friends and Kindred about me, I could not have been regarded with a more ſincere,

or

or ardent Tenderneſs.——I came not to myſelf in ſpite of all their Endeavours till the Surgeon had ſearch'd my Wounds and dreſs'd them; and when I had Senſe enough to know what was done about me, I wanted Voice to thank him for his Favours.—It was ſeveral Hours before I recover'd my Speech, but I ſaw ſo great a Joy in the Face of my Deliverer, when the Surgeon told him, I was in no other danger of Death than what was caus'd by my exceſſive Weakneſs, that as often as I have reflected on it ſince, it has been ſurprizing to me: but certainly the whole World never produc'd a Gentleman of more Good-nature, Honour, and Generoſity, than *Cleander*, for that was his Name.———There paſs'd not a day, ſcarce an hour, in which he did not come himſelf into my Chamber to ſee how I was attended—he was not one of thoſe, who think they do a great deal if they give Orders for a good Action, he would ſee every thing done himſelf, and the Servants acquainted with the Sincerity of their Maſter, imitated his Zeal, and ſeem'd to endeavour to outvye each other in Complaiſance and Care. I give you this particular account of the uncommon Humanity and Friendſhip which, while a Stranger, I found from *Cleander*, that I may make you ſenſible how very much I ow'd him, and how vaſtly different from what I ought, the cruelty of my Stars oblig'd me to deal with him.

When I began to be well enough to ſit up, he would needs have Dinner ſerv'd in my Chamber, believing Company would be a Diverſion to me, and contribute ſomething toward my recovering—but alas! how fatal—how dreadful was the effect of this laſt teſtimony of his Goodneſs?—By frequent opportunities of diſcovering the Perfections of his too charming Wife, the adorable *Euphelia*, I loſt that Liberty I ſo long had boaſted, and grew the moſt enamour'd, and moſt ungrateful of Mankind—

I ſtruggled indeed with the all-conquering Dart, but Love and Death are equally reſiſtleſs——no *Reaſons* are of force to repel the *one*, no *Phyſick* can withſtand the *other*——in vain my Obligations to *Cleander* pleaded——in vain her Virtue, and their mutual Fondneſs, check'd my aſpiring Hope.—I ſaw no Proſpect but Deſpair, yet was compell'd to tread the Road which led to it—I deſign'd not, indeed, at firſt, to have diſcover'd what I felt, and form'd a reſolution to die in Silence rather than be guilty of attempting ſo monſtrous an Injury to the Man to whom I ow'd my very Life. This was, or I deceiv'd myſelf, the reaſon why for ſome Days, nay Weeks, I ſtifled the ſecret Wiſhes of my Soul; but I have had ſufficient Cauſe ſince, to believe it was rather the Impoſſibility there ſeem'd of ſucceeding in my aim if diſclos'd, than a Principle of true Honour which reſtrain'd me; and that there is no ſuch thing in nature, as a Lover who can reſtrain the Impatience of Deſire, when Hope receives Encouragement from the Object of his Paſſion.

To have follow'd the Dictates of my Honour, as ſoon as I had been able to travel, I ſhould have remov'd from a place ſo dangerous for me to continue in, and I did make ſome faint Efforts to take my leave; but the Goodneſs of *Cleander* would not ſuffer me to leave his Houſe till I was perfectly recover'd.—He preſs'd me ſtrenuouſly, and I, too willing to be perſuaded, ſuffer'd myſelf to be overcome——nay, when my ſtrength was ſo perfectly reſtor'd, that nothing but the remembrance remain'd that I ever had been hurt, the ill Genius of this unhappy Gentleman made him take ſo great a liking to my Converſation, that he could not hear me ſpeak of leaving him without expreſſing a vaſt deal of uneaſineſs, and at laſt, being continually ſollicited to it by him, and her who was not born to be deny'd any thing by me, the fatally fair *Euphelia*,

phelia, I obey'd the Inſtigation of my own burning Wiſhes, and gave my Promiſe to ſtay till the Spring of the Year (it being then the depth of Winter) ſhould facilitate my Paſſage over ſome Icy Mountains, which I was obliged to croſs before I could take ſhipping for this Iſland.

You'll ſay, my Lord, that theſe continued Obligations ſhould have made me chuſe to do a violence on my own Life, if Death alone cou'd have prevented my doing an Action which ſhould render me unworthy of living; and indeed I know not but that had been the Remedy to which I ſhould have had recourſe, had not an unexpected Revolution happened in my Affairs—A Turn ſo unforeſeen! unhoped! and, in my Hours of juſt Reflection, almoſt unwiſh'd! arriv'd, as put me paſt the power of liſtening to the Calls of Honour, Friendſhip, Virtue, Gratitude, or ought but Love, triumphant, overbearing Love!

An Accident hapned to call *Cleander* ſome Miles diſtant from his own Houſe—he was oblig'd to ſtay about a Week, his lovely Wife and I were left at home with no other Company than the Servants; who never entering uncall'd, I had all the Opportunity I could have wiſh'd, had my Deſigns been vicious, to have attempted the perpetration of them; yet ſtill I bore the Torture unreveal'd—perſiſted in my Reſolution of being juſt to Honour and *Cleander* in the deſpite of Love:———But with what Pangs—what convulſive agonizing Racks, I need not go about to repreſent to you, who, you ſay, have felt the ſame, and was but by them enforc'd to wrong a Friend who lov'd you.———This difference there was indeed between thoſe Conflicts which Honour rais'd in both; you burn'd in an unlawful Flame, but for the *Siſter* of a Man to whom Good-nature only made you to have ſome regard; *I* for the *Wife* of him, to whom I was bound by all the Tyes which ought to link Humanity.——When com-

compar'd with *Mine*, *Yours* was a petty Crime; nor was I inſenſible how monſtrous it was to ſin againſt him, even in Thought: But I will not lengthen my Narration by any Remarks which would be but impertinent to one, who has it in his power ſo eaſily to form a Judgment of the Sufferings I endur'd; ſo I ſhall only ſay, that I ſtill flatter myſelf, Virtue had gain'd the day, and wild Deſire ne'er found a Voice to ſpeak its horrid meaning, had it alike been ſilent in *Euphelia*. But that deſtructive Charmer ſympathizing in my Wiſhes, and unable to imitate my Reſolution, had long ſince read, unknown to me, my Paſſion in my Eyes, and expecting when I would declare it, had conſulted within herſelf in what manner ſhe ſhould reply—— At firſt ſhe reſolv'd to treat me with that diſdain an offer of that nature would have merited, but ſoon threw aſide that Severity, and long'd for nothing more than that I ſhould declare myſelf her Lover.— Finding I ſtill was dumb, the Pain it gave her made her know ſhe was herſelf a Lover, and what ſhe thought ſhe had deſired only as the effect of Woman's Vanity, ſhe now found proceeded from a quite different Cauſe.—She wiſh'd I ſhould addreſs her, not to have the pleaſure of *refuſing*, but of *granting* my Requeſt; and perceiving I made no better uſe of ſo favourable an Opportunity as her Huſband's abſence, took a time to upbraid me for it, when ſhe thought I muſt be of a Conſtitution very different from my Sex, if I endeavour'd not to make ample reparation for the Fault I had been guilty of.——I relate this part of my Hiſtory, my Lord, in a gay manner, becauſe the Expreſſions I make uſe of, being moſt of them her own, it may ſerve to let you into the Humour of this Lady, which was far from being anſwerable to the ſeeming ſolidity of her Wit, or modeſty and innocence of her Behaviour.—But as I was telling you, *Cleander* had

had been gone three Days, when on the third Night being in Bed, full of thoſe perplex'd Cogitations which were my ordinary Companions, I heard my Curtains on a ſudden undraw, and by the light of a Candle which was burning on the Table, ſaw it was *Euphelia* who had open'd them. Judge my ſurprize at ſuch a Viſit, it put me ſo far from the power of making that uſe, which, as ſhe afterward confeſs'd, ſhe expected from me, that it render'd me even incapable of Speech; which ſhe obſerving, What *Le Brune*, *ſaid ſhe*, are you ſo little accuſtomed to the Converſation of Ladies, that you are at a loſs to entertain them? Theſe words, utter'd with a ſort of Air which I know not how to deſcribe, and ſo different from that Reſerve which I had ſeen her always wear, if poſſible, heighten'd my Aſtoniſhment; but getting over it as well as I could, An Honour, *reply'd I*, ſo extraordinary as that which the adorable *Euphelia* now confers on me, may well excuſe my want of Words to thank her, ſince there are none in Language to reach the Senſe I have of it.——I would have you, *ſaid ſhe*, take this Viſit as the effect of the ſublimeſt Friendſhip——I have obſerv'd a growing Sadneſs on you, and I would have you believe ſo well of me, as that I may be a truſted Perſon—the ſevereſt Woes find eaſe in real Pity, and that mine is ſo, you will eaſily be convinc'd, if you make me the Confidant of your Misfortunes.——I muſt have been more *Dull* than ſome are *Vain*, not to have ſeen both into the meaning of her coming, and her preſſing me to explain my Sentiments, and yet I know not how I was by ſome inward Agitations prevented from letting her ſee I underſtood them; and ſhe was oblig'd to urge me farther yet.——I fancy, *purſu'd ſhe*, you are in Love——tell me if you have not left behind you in any of the Courts you have travell'd through, ſome favourite Charmer whoſe abſence gives you Pain?

My

My Amazement a little leſſen'd, and Extaſy taking place, I now had Courage enough to anſwer her in this manner——No, Madam, *cry'd I*, the Heart of *Le Brune* might have defy'd the force of Love, had Charms no more reſiſtleſs than all I have ſeen in Palaces, not invaded it;—free as the chearful Birds that wanton in the Air, I came into this Country, and with the ſame liberty ſhould I have left it, if *Euphelia*, divine *Euphelia* ne'er had bleſs'd my Eyes. While I was ſpeaking theſe Words, ſhe gave me a Look ſo paſſionately tender, ſo raviſhingly ſoft, that had I been poſſeſs'd of all thoſe Sentiments of Honour and Gratitude for her Husband, which had debarr'd me from attempting a reward of my Paſſion, and which, in that ſudden ſurprize at her Behaviour, I really was not; they would all have vaniſh'd, and my whole Soul would have diſſolv'd in Love and Fondneſs. She made me no other Anſwer than a gentle Sigh, nor did I wait for one from her Tongue, her Eyes had ſufficiently declar'd all I cou'd wiſh; and ſnatching her to my Breaſt, without any farther Ceremony, explor'd each Beauty of the unreſiſting Fair, and rioted to the height of Extaſy in thoſe luxurious Joys, which ne'er till then, durſt I indulge Deſire ſo far as even to hope.——— Oh how is it poſſible for me to make you ſenſible of the Tranſports of this dear guilty Moment—the unlook'd for Bleſſing left me ſcarce Senſe to taſte it, I was all madneſs——the amazing Joy gave Thought no room—and had we ſeparated after the firſt Embrace, I ſhould not, when alone, have believ'd it real, but that I had been deceiv'd by ſome Infatuation, and cheated by the fury of my Zeal into Enthuſiaſm;—but the kind, melting Author of my Raptures, indulg'd 'em ſtill, and ſuffering me to reap repeated Pleaſures, made me at laſt to own 'em perfect, and that I had indeed *Euphelia* in my Arms—that very *Euphelia* I ſo long had languiſh'd for, yet never

never hoped, nor aim'd to enjoy.—The Wildneſs of our Bliſs ſo far abated as to allow breath for Speech, ſhe told me, that from the firſt Moment I had been brought into the Houſe, ſhe had regarded me with an unvanquiſhable Affection,—that I had her Virgin *Heart*; for tho' a Wife, ſhe never knew what it was to love before———that Duty to her Parents had been the only motive which had induc'd her to give her Hand to *Cleander*, and by a thouſand ſuch like Arguments endeavour'd to excuſe what ſhe had done for me.

She ſtaid with me the whole Night, and you may believe, amidſt thoſe tumultuous Emotions which her Preſence gave, I had but little time for Reflection; but when the Dawn of Day oblig'd her, tho' unwillingly, to take her leave, and Conſideration had reſum'd its Power, with how ſevere a *Bitter* were the Remembrance of the *Sweets* I had enjoy'd, accompany'd!——the Idea of *Cleander's* Merits, my Obligations to him came freſh into my Mind, and I could not help thinking myſelf the moſt guilty Wretch on Earth.———Theſe Cogitations detaining me in my Bed much longer than I was accuſtom'd, *Euphelia* ſent a Servant to know if I were not well.———I could not hear her Name without a Mixture of Delight and Horror; but as we are all willing to indulge ourſelves in the former, when we have an Opportunity of doing it, I endeavour'd as much as I could to get over the other, by reconciling my Conſcience, as well as I was able, with that Opinion I had often heard maintain'd, That Paſſions being involuntary, the Conſequences of them were rather to be pity'd than condemn'd——And the more to enable me to ſtifle a Remorſe, which at the ſame time that it afflicted me, gave no manner of reparation to the Perſon I had injur'd, I made what ſpeed I could in dreſſing me, and haſted to her Sight, whoſe exceſſive Charms

were

were my only Vindication; I found her in her Drawing-Room, adorn'd with all her Graces, to which were added a certain Air of Languiſhment, an Enchanting, Soul-diſſolving Softneſs, which render'd her, I thought, more lovely than ever I had ſeen her——her unequal'd Tenderneſs, her thouſand inexpreſſible Endearments, made me again forget my Guilt, renew my Crime, and yield myſelf the Slave of Pleaſure! Racking! Inſupportable! Senſe-deſtroying Pleaſure!——Never did any two indulge Deſire to a greater pitch of Extaſy than we; but ſo different was my Paſſion from that with which moſt Men are animated, that Poſſeſſion rather added to its Vigour, than any way abated it.——Thus mutually loving——thus mutually bleſs'd in uninterrupted Raptures, how dreadful were the Thoughts that the expected Approach of *Cleander* would put an end to 'em—when he muſt ſeize my Treaſure in his Arms——claſp her before my Face; nor ſhe dare to reſiſt, or ſeem unwilling to accept his Ardours!——What Torture, what an unutterable Idea of Horror, did this Reflection preſent to both!——I could not bear it, and my Charmer even died at the Apprehenſion—The Day in which he was to come, being arriv'd, full of diſtracted Thoughts, and wild Impatience, ſhe ask'd me if I truly loved her; which I having proteſted with all the Imprecations I could invent, Well then, *ſaid ſhe*, what I have to propoſe will not ſeem diſpleaſing to you——I have too nice a ſenſe of what I owe to Honour, and to Love, to be the Property of adulterated Joys——Having been *Your's*, I can no more conſent to be *Cleander's*——but will this moment, if you'll agree to be the Partner of my Flight, be gone for ever from his Sight and Bed.——I was already gone too far in Ingratitude to ſtop at this, and accepted the Offer of taking her away with a Joy proportionable to the extreme Paſſion I had for her.

her.——This being concluded on, no time was to be loſt; ſhe went to her Chamber to pack up her Jewels, and what Ready-Money ſhe had; I to the Stable, to order my Horſe ſhould be made ready—Both being agitated by the ſame Deſire, neither waited for the other; and having told the Servants that we deſign'd to meet *Cleander* on his way, we left the Houſe, as we thought, unſuſpected by any body in it.

Euphelia was perfectly acquainted with the Road her Husband was to come, and you may be certain took a different one.——Our Deſign was not to leave *Utopia* immediately, not doubting but the Elopement of a Woman ſo conſiderable as *Euphelia* would make noiſe enough in the Country to occaſion all the Ports being ſearch'd, and perhaps an Embargo on the ſhipping for ſome time——to diſappoint which, we laid the Plot to go no farther than the next Town, (believing, as 'tis common in ſuch Caſes, the neareſt Home would be the leaſt liable to Suſpicion) and changing our Names, paſs for Husband and Wife, till the Seaſon of the Year ſhould be more favourable for Travelling. We paſs'd thro' that very Wood, near which I had been in ſuch danger, when the Valour of *Cleander* preſerv'd me: and the Sight of it reminding me of the ungenerous Return I was now making him, gave a ſudden Shock to all that was honourable in me: I grew ſo exceeding thoughtful, that my fair Companion took notice of the Change, and ask'd the Cauſe of it; I made no ſcruple of confeſſing the Truth; but ſhe, who had the Art of ſoothing beyond all her ſoftning Sex, would not permit me long to continue in theſe perplexing Cogitations—— ſhe would needs alight, and have me do ſo too, and accompany her in a little Walk in that Wood.——'Twas in vain I repreſented to her the Danger of delaying our Journey ſo near her own Houſe, or that of being ſet

upon by Ruffians in the manner I had been; her Fondneſs, or rather the fatal Influence of her Stars, would ſuffer her to take no denial, and I could not, without appearing guilty of a Coldneſs, which would have ſeem'd but an ill Return for her paſſionately ardent Affection, have offer'd any farther Arguments againſt what ſhe ſeem'd ſo bent on.——I, therefore, attempted no more in contradiction to her Humour, but tying my Horſe to a Tree, led her into that ſhady Covert, which, in ſpite of Winter, ſtill maintain'd its green, and which at a diſtance ſhe had been ſo much taken with.———We ſat down in that part of it, which was moſt fenced from Wind and Cold, and the dear Inviter uſed her utmoſt Endeavours to make me forget every thing but Love.——She could not move in vain a Heart ſo diſpoſed to obey her, Rapture ſoon took up the place of Melancholy, and every anxious Thought again was huſh'd; nor ſhould we, perhaps, of a long time have remembred we were not to take up our Abode in that Place, had not an Interruption which we leaſt expected, happen'd to remind us of the inconſiderate Folly, which Exceſs of Fondneſs had led us to commit.

As ſecure as we imagin'd ourſelves from Suſpicion, *Euphelia*'s Excuſe of going to meet her Huſband gave great occaſion for it.———Had we, indeed, been going on ſuch an Errand, ſhe would certainly not have gone without Attendants; but ſuch an Infatuation ſure was never known, nor had I the power of adviſing better, till it was too late.—An old Servant, who had lived long in the Family, and fancy'd he diſcover'd ſome Glances more than ordinarily kind between us, gueſs'd at part of the Truth of the Journey we were pretending to take, and, unknown to any of his Fellows, watch'd at a diſtance which Road we went; and finding it directly oppoſite to that which he knew *Cleander* was to come,

come, made no doubt but that his Maſter was abus'd —he therefore returned not home, but croſſing the Fields with all poſſible ſpeed, ſtruck into that where he might meet his Maſter.——He did, and inform'd him of all he imagin'd, and all he had diſcover'd.——The injured Husband, confounded and amazed at what he heard, could ſcarce give credit to what he thought an utter Impoſſibility, (ſo kind an Opinion had he of both myſelf and her) but being by his faithful Servant preſs'd to ſatisfy himſelf, by the ſame way he had arriv'd to bring him that Intelligence, he ſuffer'd himſelf to be conducted by him to the Wood we were in; my Horſe he ſaw and knew, and eaſily found where we were ſitting.——The wild Amaze, the Grief, and mingled Rage which ſat on the Brow of this unhappy Gentleman, could be equal'd by nothing but the juſt Shame and Confuſion on ours; tho' *Euphelia* retain'd not Senſe long to endure it — the Shock was too violent for her Weakneſs to ſuſtain, and giving a great Shriek, ſhe fell in a Swoon at his Feet.—— I, who had not been much inferiour to her in Guilt, ſuffer'd almoſt as much, and tho' my Eyes were open, my Tongue had loſt its Uſe; I had no Words to excuſe or vindicate a Crime, at once ſo baſe and plain, till he, after having caſt a furious Look at me, turning to his Servant, ſaid, Take up that Woman, and convey her home, but watch that at her returning Senſe, Shame makes her commit no Violence on herſelf.——You may, perhaps, my Lord! expect that I could not ſee the Fellow do as he was order'd, without an Endeavour to hinder him; but I proteſt to you, that the Sight of *Cleander* made a very Coward of me, and it was as much as I could do, to regain Preſence enough of Mind to ſay to him, as the Servant was taking her up, and mounting his Horſe, with her in his Arms———If what you have ſeen be a Crime paſt Pardon, leave the

offending Beauty with him who has moſt reaſon to take care of her.———I need not your Inſtructions, Sir, *reply'd he*, and ſhall act both with her and you as beſt becomes my Honour: tho' I know not, by the little you have made uſe of to me, if I ſhould not be excus'd to deal otherwiſe; yet one of the Things which are out of my power, is to return a vile Action in its kind———therefore deſire you will prepare to anſwer me as a Man of Spirit ſhould, before the coming of my Servants, who will immediately be alarm'd, gives me the odds againſt you.—In ſpeaking this, he drew his Sword, and making a full Paſs at me, obliged me to put myſelf in a Poſture of Defence; but nothing being more terrible to me than the Thoughts of fighting with a Man to whom I was ſo highly obligated, and had ſo greatly injur'd, I ſtood but on my guard, and endeavour'd, by all the Arguments I could in ſuch a Caſe, and at ſuch a Time, make uſe of, to perſuade him to take any other Revenge, than forcing me to lift my Arm againſt him, who had preſerv'd me: but the juſt Rage he was poſſeſs'd of, was rather increaſed than abated by my Remonſtrances, and aiming only at my Life, and mad that I anſwer'd not the Thruſts he made, flew directly on me, and thinking to reach my Heart, receiv'd my fatal Weapon in his own, before I had time, or thought to drop the Point—he ran ſo full upon it, and with ſuch Force, that when he fell, above an Inch appear'd out of his Back.———He died that moment, and to go about to repreſent the Horror I was in, would be to give you an Idea of it infinitely ſhort of what I felt—I rav'd—I tore my very Fleſh—and mourning over the Body, ſeem'd to have forgot what was owing to my own Safety, till the Approach of *Cleander*'s Servants reminded me of it, who I ſaw at a diſtance running in a little Troop; they were on foot, believing, I ſuppoſe, the

the Danger their Maſter might be in, would not allow time for getting on their Horſes—The Sight of 'em, and the Reflection that all the Puniſhments that could be inflicted on me, would not have the Power to re-animate that Body, whoſe Soul I had diſlodg'd, made me jump on mine with all poſſible Dexterity, and make the beſt of my way thro' the moſt unfrequented part of the Deſert—I ſtop'd not till I was at leaſt fifteen or ſixteen Miles from the Place, and then but to change my Horſe, who not being accuſtom'd to ſuch Journeys, began to flag.—By Night I reach'd a little Village pretty near the Sea-ſide, where I deſign'd to go the next Day, and, if poſſible, embark for homewards——but this Reſolution vaniſh'd on my Pillow, *Euphelia* return'd with all her Charms to my enamour'd View—I fancy'd that lovely Creature might have ſome need of my Aſſiſtance or Advice, and could not perſiſt in an Intention to abandon her to the Fury of her Huſband's Relations, and Inſults of an unpitying World, without a Comforter; and not all the Remorſe which I felt for the Wrongs and Death of *Cleander*, yet flagrant, could ſtifle the Memory of what I ow'd her Love.——I procur'd a *Hermit's* Habit, cut off my Hair, and diſguiſing myſelf with a falſe Beard and Wrinkles, travelled on foot back to the fatal Place; I contriv'd to be lodg'd at a little Cottage, which ſtood very near the Houſe, and without the trouble of asking any ſuſpicious Queſtions, was inform'd of every thing I was covetous of knowing———I ſaw the Body of the unfortunate *Cleander* carry'd to be interred in the Tomb of his Anceſtors, which was not above two Furlongs from his Houſe——I heard his Widow had been examin'd concerning his Death, and that ſhe had clear'd her ſelf with an Aſſurance and Self-Intereſtedneſs which I could never have believed, if not too fully convinc'd of it———for being accus'd of a criminal

Correſpondence with the Perſon by whoſe hand he fell, ſhe took the moſt ſolemn Oath, that I was the greateſt Villain in nature; that deluding her abroad, under the pretence of going to meet her Husband, I had carry'd her a different Way, and attempted to raviſh her in the Wilderneſs: and, to confirm the Truth of what ſhe had ſworn, offer'd a Reward to any one who ſhould apprehend and bring me to Juſtice, large enough to excite a great many to an Endeavour to obtain it——I heard the very People, with whom I was, daily expreſs how gladly they ſhould undertake the Search, if they could entertain the leaſt hope of diſcovering where I was conceal'd——there was no Perſon, whom her Inſinuations had won to believe what ſhe ſaid, that did not deteſt my Name———unnumber'd Curſes met my Ears wherever I went, and even thoſe moſt inclin'd to Mercy, ſaid I deſerv'd the worſt of Deaths. — Such a Character, tho' in a Place where I was utterly a Stranger, and had no deſign of continuing in, was inſupportably ſhocking; but the Conſideration how much *Euphelia* had contributed to give it me, made it more dreadful yet——Tho' I could not blame all ſhe alledg'd in defence of her own Innocence, yet the ſetting a Price upon my Life, convinced me, that ſhe not only ſeem'd to wiſh me dead, but in reality did ſo, or at leaſt thought the Puniſhment the Law would have inflicted on me, if taken, a trivial Misfortune to that of being ſuſpected to have been falſe to her Huſband's Bed—How vaſtly different was this to the Paſſion ſhe had pretended?—how prodigiouſly had ſhe deceiv'd me twice, firſt in the Opinion of her *Virtue*, and afterwards of her *Love?*———I now gave over all thoughts of ſhewing myſelf to her, not being able to truſt the Proteſtations ſhe had made, ſo far as to aſſure myſelf ſhe would not carry her Affectation of Innocence and Fidelity to *Cleander*

der ſo far, as really to expoſe me to the Judges. Therefore, tho' I would have given my Eyes almoſt to have had the liberty of upbraiding her, I found it more prudent to deny myſelf that Satisfaction: and in the ſame Diſguiſe that I had left it, return'd to the Sea-Port Town, and ſoon met with a favourable Opportunity of leaving a Kingdom, which had I never enter'd, my Mind had been free from thoſe Inquietudes the Death of *Cleander*, and my Ingratitude to him, make perpetually to haunt me.

Thus, my Lord, have I let you into the ſecret Hiſtory of my Misfortunes, that you may ſee the Juſtice of all-ruling Fate, which has puniſh'd the injury I did *Cleander*, by that you have done my *Siſter*; and it is the remembrance how unfit a Perſon I am to uſe my Sword in revenge of affronted Honour, ſince it has been ſo fatal when drawn in the Defence of a *wrong* Cauſe, that has made me give over the intention of taking that Satisfaction of you, for a *juſtifiable* one, which elſe it would have been mean-ſpirited to have neglected.

Le Brune here finiſhed his Diſcourſe, and after the Marquiſs had made ſome few Remarks on it, they broke up Converſation, and walk'd forwards toward the *Enchanted Well*, which, tho' it was now near Evening, was as much throng'd as ever. The God of tender Inclinations ſeem'd bury'd in Contemplation at the Story which this *Chevalier* had been relating.——He ſpoke not for ſome time, and the Stranger finding in it ſomething extremely ſurprizing, took the boldneſs to ſay, the Misfortune of *Le Brune* has given me much concern, and an adequate deſire of knowing what happen'd after his departure, to the fair inconſtant *Euphelia*; and as I am ſenſible nothing of this kind can happen unknown to thy Divine Omniſcience, intreat that the ſame condeſcending Goodneſs which has made me a ſha-

rer in ſo many Wonders, will alſo inform me by what Power ſhe was influenc'd to act in the manner ſhe did, ſince I cannot think it was thy Inſpiration which led her either to the Bed of the *Chevalier*, or the return of *Virtue* in her Breaſt, which made her ſeem ſo regardleſs of his Safety after. You judge moſt truly, *reply'd the Deity*, there is an humble Fear, and aweful Reſpect, to the Perſon belov'd, which induces the real Lover to act with Modeſty and Caution, thereby to render him, or herſelf, deſerving the Eſteem of the admir'd Object; my Influence never yet led the bold Ruffian to *raviſh* what he wiſh'd to enjoy, nor gave the Woman confidence to *own*, unask'd, the ſecret Fire which burn'd within her Breaſt;—'twas I indeed who actuated the Faculties of *Le Brune*, the Symptoms of my Deity were apparent in the humble Adoration he paid her, not daring, till authoriz'd by herſelf, to utter what he wiſh'd, or give Deſire a name: but 'twas that hateful *Fiend*, who is ſo often miſtaken for me, who fill'd her Soul with ſuch ungovernable Fires, and made her after as careleſs what became of the Man ſhe had profeſs'd to love, as before ſhe was of her Reputation.——She ſoon became involv'd in an Engagement with another, and regarding no more than a *preſent* Satisfaction, neither thought with any tenderneſs on the *paſt*, or gave herſelf the trouble of conſulting what ſort of Proſpect preſented for the future. The Perſon ſhe made choice of, had not the Generoſity of *Le Brune*——he boaſted of the Favours he receiv'd, and ſhe was the moſt expos'd and wretched Woman in the World. 'Tis pity, *ſaid the Stranger*, that the *Chevalier* is not by ſome means appriz'd of it; to know her Inconſtancy had drawn on her the Puniſhment it merited, would doubtleſs be no ſmall Conſolation for the Injuſtice ſhe did him. It would doubtleſs, *reply'd the ſoftning Power*, afford him a vaſt deal of Satisfaction, but you muſt

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conſider, that he himſelf was guilty of the higheſt Injuſtice, and the divine *Aſtrea*, to whoſe Counſels the whole Hierarchy of Gods ſubmit, cannot conſent he ſhould have any mitigation of that eternal Chagrin his Remorſe for the injury he did *Cleander*, muſt perpetually involve him in——and to ſhow you how exact that heavenly Dictatreſs is in paying Wrongs in kind, I will give you a little ſhort Hiſtory of a Gentleman, who, but for one Infidelity in Love, had been the moſt eminent Example of Virtue and ſtrict Honour, that for many Ages Humanity has boaſted.

The Hiſtory of the Count Montreville, Martaſinda, *and Madam* De Fautmille.

NEVER was mortal Man endued with greater Perfections both of Mind and Body than the accompliſh'd Count *Montreville*: He has a Perſon which the niceſt Eye can find no Blemiſh in, and an Underſtanding ſo extenſive, that it is ſcarce poſſible to talk to him on any Topick, or in any Language to which he is a Stranger; yet is he never abſolute in enforcing any Argument: and, tho' perfectly convinc'd of the truth of his Aſſertions, endeavours rather to perſuade than impoſe what he would have believ'd. But indeed he is rarely put to the tryal how far he can endure contradiction, becauſe he has that prevailing manner of uttering what he means, that were he to defend even Falſehoods, it would be in ſuch a manner as would put Truth itſelf out of countenance and unable to reply.——More lovely, and more wiſe than Words can ſpeak, or even Thought conceive, did he, for a long race of Years, triumphant ſcorn my Power, admired by all, himſelf admiring none; till at the laſt,

laſt, my watchful Darts found one revenging moment, and pierc'd him to the Soul.——*Martafinda!* the brighteſt Maid *Utopia* could ever boaſt, forſook her native Shore, to gain new Conqueſts here! a thouſand noble Youths confeſs'd her Power of charming, and night and day offer'd inceſſant Oriſons to me; Never was I more fervently implor'd than on the account of this tranſcendent Beauty, nor ever did I with more reluctance deny Requeſts ſo humble and ſincere—but Fate aſſiſting the ill Genius of this unhappy Charmer, compel'd me to be unjuſt and cruel to the moſt faithful of my Votaries, and give the Prize to the all-conquering *Montreville*—But he, ungrateful for the Bounty, no ſooner found my Inſpiration in her Eyes, heard it in her trembling Accents, and grew aſſur'd I had diſſolv'd each bar which might oppoſe his Wiſh, than he abjur'd my Influence, baniſh'd me his Breaſt, and, in my room, receiv'd that hateful *Demon*—— that Foe profeſt to Innocence and Virtue, who by the undiſtinguiſhing World is call'd *Love*, but by *Montreville* could not be miſtaken for me.—While I maintain'd my Empire o'er his Soul, he thought of *Martafinda* as the ſupremeſt Joy that Heaven cou'd give, and never aim'd at more than to poſſeſs her by thoſe Ways which Honour might approve—— her Intereſt then, her Fame, her Happineſs more than his own he wiſh'd——but now, how vaſt the Change! the Gratification of his wild Deſire, tho' by her Ruin, was his only Hope.——Ungovernable Heats, Impatiencies, Deceits, ſupply'd the place of humble Awe, and a diſintereſted Tenderneſs.—— He like'd, 'tis true, with an extravagancy of Paſſion, —wiſh'd with an unbounded Fervency for the Enjoyment of her lovely Perſon——but 'twas a ſort of liking whoſe View was ſelfiſh, and had no other regard to the admir'd Object, than as ſhe was form'd to afford Satisfaction to his preſent Hu-

Humour. Conſcious of the Change, and of the Fiend he had entertain'd, he had however, knowing her perfect Modeſty, the Artifice to hide it from her; and it was under my Umbrage, and in my Name, that he ſtill continu'd to improve that fatal Kindneſs I had rooted in her Breaſt——melted by his deluſive Softneſs, at laſt it grew to that unhappy height, of being unable to refuſe him any thing he ſhould ask.——— The charming Traitor ſoon diſcover'd and ſeiz'd the lucky Moment to undo her, and ſunk in a Lethargy of ſenſe-enſlaving Pleaſures, ſhe loſt all Memory of what ſhe ow'd to Virtue or to Reputation; while he, of both regardleſs, waited not Opportunity, nor conſulted Secrecy, but gave a looſe to Paſſion, indulging wild Deſire at Times and Places, which plainly demonſtrated her publick Shame was of leſs conſequence to him, than the diſappointment of one intended luxurious hour.—There were few Perſons who had any acquaintance with either of them, that were inſenſible in what manner they paſt their time together; and thoſe who had no other knowledge of them than by report, had alſo, with the Character of their Perfections, this of their Failings too.——The Count was generally condemn'd, but *Martaſinda*, by her own Sex, moſt prodigiouſly ſo.———Thoſe who had envy'd, were glad of the Occaſion to rail againſt a Rival, too potent for their feebler Charms to vie with; and thoſe who really admir'd her, were angry that a Woman who had been eſteem'd in all other things ſo perfect, ſhould be guilty of a falſe ſtep, which might give the Men reaſon to ſuſpect, that thoſe of an inferiour Claſs of Underſtanding, would be leſs able to reſiſt a Temptation, which ſhe, with all her Stock of Wit, had not the power to do. The Intrigue for ſome time engroſs'd the Diſcourſe of the whole Town, and indeed was of much longer duration than the thing itſelf;

itſelf; the talkative part of Mankind certainly find a pleaſure in cenſuring the Actions of others, which nothing elſe can equal; and had thoſe Reflections made on the amorous Correſpondence between theſe two ceas'd with the Cauſe, it had after appear'd no more than as a Dream.——The Paſſion with which *Montreville* had been agitated, had too much vehemence to be laſting, it aim'd but at Enjoyment, and in Enjoyment ended; and *Martaſinda* with all her Charms, was, after a few Nights, in his eſteem, but as another Woman:——he continu'd indeed to viſit her, but ſo different was his Behaviour to her from what it was accuſtom'd, that ſhe could not avoid ſeeing and lamenting the Error ſhe had been guilty of, which ſhe now found had rendered her too cheap ever to reſume her former Value.—She reſented it as Women commonly do in ſuch Caſes, wept, entreated, threatned, rail'd, by turns, but ſued and raged in vain.——She was now paſt the power of giving, or denying;——ſhe had laviſh'd away all her power of creating Hope or Fear, and muſt ſubmit to that Fate ſhe had often heard, and now experienc'd, was the inſeparable Conſequence of a too fond belief of the Lover's Proteſtations, or vainer Dependance on Self-deſert.—She was forſaken ſo ſuddenly, that as I have already ſaid, ſhe was the moſt unhappy in the want of his Affections, at that time the World ſaid he moſt indulg'd them. But when at laſt the Secret was reveal'd, when by his entirely abſenting himſelf from her, and her apparent Deſpair, it was blaz'd abroad, that he lov'd her now no more; with what a Conſternation was all who heard it ſtruck!—what ſtrange Conjectures were not form'd upon it!——How liable were they both to Calumnies which neither of them merited.—Some laid the blame on *Martaſinda*, others on the Count; but the ſevereſt Cenſures fell on *Martaſinda*—every body knew he

he had addreſs'd her on honourable Terms, that ſhe was a Fortune little inferiour to what he might expect; but that if ſhe had been more ſo, her Wit and Beauty very well made up for that deficiency—it was therefore generally believed that he had diſcovered ſome Slip in the dark which ſhe had made, or he would either not have changed the deſign of his Sollicitations, nor ſhe accepted of any from him beneath thoſe Terms on which he had at firſt declared himſelf her Lover.

Thus was this unhappy Lady undone, and for a great while had not ſo much as the Conſolation of being pitied——what ſhe endur'd, or in what manner ſhe ſupported the Miſeries ſhe labour'd under, would take up more of the Evening than I can well ſpare, having deſign'd it for the diſcloſing to you Affairs more ſurprizing than any you have yet heard; I will therefore only tell you, that her Sufferings were more than ſhe had Philoſophy to ſuſtain: and walking one day full of deſpairing and diſturb'd Reflections by the Sea-ſide, in a ſudden Agony of Thought, ſhe threw herſelf amidſt the Waves, and there alone found eaſe for hopeleſs Love, and Ruin ill repaid. *Montreville* had a Stock of Good-nature, which never but on this Lady's account had been forfeited, and to hear of ſo unexpected and ſo dreadful a Cataſtrophe, made him ready to do a Violence on his own Life; and in ſo terrible a manner was he afflicted, that to have exchanged Conditions with her, was a woe infinitely ſhort of what he felt—he ſaw, or he fancy'd that he ſaw her ever before his Eyes.——— He neither could ſit, walk, nor lie alone, and he became ſo altered in a ſhort time, that he was ſcarcely to be known.—— His fine and delicate Complexion wore now a death-like Paleneſs———his ſparkling Eyes were ſunk and hollow, and all their ſhining Radience extinct——his once plump dimpled Cheeks were now

fallen

fallen in, and lank, and had deep furrows ſuch as Age engraves.——His ever folded Arms, and drooping Head, ſeem'd with a weight of Care too heavy for his Body, and bowed it down towards the Earth.——Nor was his Converſation any more the ſame— that gay, and ſprightly Wit, ——that eternal Vivacity which uſed to accompany his Diſcourſe, was now changed to a heavy Dulneſs.——If he ſpoke at all, it was rather more diſpleaſing than his Silence; for as before he took care to render every thing he ſaid obliging, he now ſeem'd fond of creating only Chagrin.——In fine, there was nothing remained of the accompliſh'd, admir'd *Montreville*, but the Name.

Yet all this ſevere *Aſtrea* did not think a ſufficient Puniſhment for the wrong he had done to *Martafinda*; and whatever he ſuffered, unleſs he ſuffered by that very Crime he had been guilty of himſelf, was too little an Expiation for Juſtice to allow as ſuch.——He had a Mother whom from his Infancy he had lov'd with a Tenderneſs above the common Level of filial Affection——ſhe was not yet old, he being not more than twenty-eight Years of Age when this Misfortune happen'd, and ſhe not exceeding fourteen when he was born; the advantage of good Features and an excellent Complexion, made her appear younger than indeed ſhe was.——A Gentleman of a diſtinguiſh'd Rank had addreſs'd her, ſhe liſtened to him with Pleaſure——it was ſaid they were married——they liv'd together as Husband and Wife, and nobody queſtion'd their being ſuch, nor call'd her by any Name but that of Madam *De Fautmille*, which was that of her ſuppoſed Husband—one Houſe, one Bed contained them for the ſpace of two Years; at the end of which, taking an occaſion to quarrel, he flew from her, declar'd he had only join'd with her in impoſing on the World; that the Ceremony

of

of the Church had never paſs'd between them, nor ſhould any Conſideration oblige him to permit it.——The Lady, who had ever been accounted the moſt virtuous and reſerv'd of her Sex, could not ſupport the ſhame which this Declaration, too juſt to be diſprov'd, had drawn upon her; and in a raging Fit of Paſſion, after having attempted every thing to bring him back, finding all her Endeavours vain, flew up to her Chamber, and before any of her Servants had the leaſt gueſs at her Intentions, taking off her Girdle, and faſtening it about her Neck, ſtrangled herſelf.———The Odium her Death, and the Cauſe of it, threw on the Family, joined to the Grief for loſing a Mother in that manner, whom he ſo tenderly loved, encreaſed his former Diſtraction for the Misfortune of *Martaſinda*; and both together were very near driving him to an Imitation of what they did; and being prevented only by being continually watched, he lives in a Condition to which the worſt of Deaths would be preferable.

Thus, worthy Youth (*continued the Deity*) you ſee how the Injuries he had done *Martaſinda* were retorted on himſelf in the Perſon who was neareſt and deareſt to him——and there are few Men, who, like him, have been guilty of betraying the Innocent, who do not ſome time or other feel the Woes they inflict.—Nor is it in this alone, all other Crimes bring on their Puniſhment, and if thro' the Partiality of Intereſt or Favour, they eſcape that which is by Law decreed for them, they meet it in a ſeverer manner from the hand of Heaven—Triumph they may a while, but Vengeance, long deferred, falls with the greater weight, and he who thinks himſelf moſt ſafe, is often neareſt to Deſtruction.

The *Stranger* was about to make ſome Reply, when on a ſudden, from a near Vale, there aroſe a

Miſt

Miſt ſo thick, it darken'd all the Air——even the bright Glories which darted from the God of Love, were for a while obſcur'd, and the more dazling Beams of *Phœbus* robb'd of all their Force; a pale faint Shine, like that of *Cynthia's* Creſcent, was all they had to boaſt——wondring, and terrified, the trembling Mortal ſtood; fain would he have ask'd the meaning of this Prodigy——fain have implored Protection of his heavenly Guide; but Aſtoniſhment deprived him of the Power, nor had he aught of Speech or Motion left, till the benignant God thus chear'd his drooping Soul——Fear not, my favourite Charge, *ſaid he*, nothing has power to hurt thee——with bold and curious Eyes gaze on! ——Behold! and ſee the Wonders of this Day—this memorable Day, which in the Book of Fate I ſaw mark'd down, but am not well aſſured of the Event; for *Jupiter* from the inferior Powers ſcreens all Foreknowledge of Futurity, and 'tis but by Conjecture we inſpire our Prophets. As he was ſpeaking, the Fog gathering itſelf together, condens'd, and hung in Air; a huge and floating Cloud, then growing more extended, ſeem'd by degrees to ſhape a human Form, but of a Size ſo monſtrous and unproportion'd, as made the affrighted Stranger ſtand in need of all that Courage the Deity had inſpired, to enable him to bear the ſight of looking on it——But the dread Image laſted but for a moment; from a ſtupendous Rock, whoſe ſnowy Top ſeem'd crown'd with Stars, a venerable Form, the *Genius* of the Iſle, deſcended ſlow, and on a golden Anchor glided majeſtick thro' the brightning Air; his right Arm by the Divine *Aſtrea* was ſupported, clad in white Robes of pure Ætherial Light: *Reaſon*, the ſacred Guide of aw'd Humanity, ſuſtain'd his Left: at their Approach the hideous Phantom flew, and in a diſtant Chaſm, beyond the ken of mortal Sight, conceal'd his horrid Shape.

Shape. 'Tis done! *cry'd the bright Queen of everlasting Juſtice*; 'tis done! Purſue the glorious Aim you have began——revenge your helpleſs Son's long injur'd Cauſe, and puniſh theſe idolatrous Worſhippers of *Intereſt* and *Fortune!*——In ſpeaking theſe words, ſhe gave a Sword into his hand, which when he had receiv'd with becoming Adoration——Take alſo this, *ſaid* Reaſon, *preſenting him with a Wand*; this will diſſolve the Inchantment of yon deteſted *Well*, and ſhow the infatuated Crowd, to what they have ſacrificed their All. To theſe Favours, they added ſome Words too myſterious for human Comprehenſion; then, ſwift as Thought, or the wing'd Lightnings at great *Jupiter*'s Command, they mingled with the Air, ſoar'd to the Skies, and bleſs'd no more the Eye. The aweful *Genius* now left alone, deſcry'd the God of Love, and proſtrating himſelf low as the Earth, addreſs'd the ſmiling Power; O Deity, *ſaid he*, juſtly adored thro' every Nation of the peopled World! behold the Preſents I have receiv'd from Heaven, and be not thou leſs indulgent than the other Powers; but when the Commands of *Juſtice* and of *Reaſon* are fulfilled, in puniſhing thoſe daring Contemners of the immortal Gods, vouchſafe to reaſſume thy Throne among us——Unbleſs'd, and unrefin'd by thy enlivening Influence, Stupidity and uncorrected Dullneſs would rule o'er the Land——the tuneful Muſes fly the uncultivated Waſte,——all Arts, all Sciences be loſt——*Apollo*'s Lays, or ſweetly-ſounding Harp, would fail to charm where thou art not.——'Tis thou alone who inſpireſt Suſceptibility——the Mind of Man, rough and obdurate, is by thee made gentle, kind, and commiſerating——'Tis thou who art the Bond of all Society——the Life of Converſation——the Improver of Nature——the Reformer of Manners——and the great Source of human

man Happineſs.———Had thy degenerate Race, *reply'd the Deity*, believ'd thus juſtly of me, they had not baniſh'd from their ungrateful Breaſts my Inſpiration, nor would thoſe few who ſtill continue to obey my Laws, become the Objects of Contempt and Ridicule.———The Name of *Cupid* is deſpis'd, and *Luſt* and *Avarice*, thoſe undoing Harpys, honour'd and rever'd——by *one*, the innocent and unwary Virgin is ſeduced; by the *other*, the experienced Matron is betray'd to a forgetfulneſs of her firſt Vows, and yields herſelf a Prey to mercenary Slavery.——Even Nature is depreſs'd by theſe two Fiends, and has no more the power to operate.——Where ſordid Intereſt points the means of Gain, or Paſſion actuates the tempeſtuous Will, Sons againſt Fathers riſe——Fathers renounce the Babes they lately bleſt;—Brother with Brother vies with inveterate Strife.——The Power of Blood and Kin, all Alliances, all Ties of Relative, or Obligations loſe their force———their Deſires *ſelf-centred*, aim only at *ſelf-ſervice*———let 'em then enjoy it, 'till *Fate* and *Jupiter* ſhall, by the glare of ſome unlook'd-for Woes, force them at once to ſee their Crime and Puniſhment. O Doom too too ſevere! *reſum'd the hoary Genius*; true is the Suggeſtion of Humanity, that *Love*, of all the Gods, once injur'd, is with moſt difficulty perſuaded to forgiveneſs——yet was this Iſle once thy chief Reſidence———thy darling Spot of Earth——nor thy fair Mother, all-charming *Venus*, took more delight in the bleſt *Cyprian* Shades, than thou haſt done in theſe refreſhing Groves——And can'ſt thou then, thou who art call'd all Gentleneſs, hate what thou ſo much haſt favour'd? Too preſuming are theſe Upbraidings, *interrupted the Bliſs-diſpenſing Power, with a Voice and Eyes of as much auſterity as ſuch a Face could aſſume*; rather condemn thyſelf, who idly thus haſt hid thy

ſluggard

ſluggard Form, nor once appear'd to animate thy drooping Race ſome Ages paſt——What is become of all the mighty Names which uſed to make this Iſland Queen of Nations?—Where is the Courage, which ſhould awe their Foes?——Where the Wiſdom, which ſhould invigorate their Counſels?——
———Where's the Hoſpitality, the open Bounty, the Charity, which made you once ſo famous? —'tis loſt——'tis gone——and what is worſe, thoſe very Virtues are perverted into Uſes the moſt deteſtable to Heaven.——All the Remains of Valour are Tavern-Broils;—your only Proofs of Wiſdom are Artifice, and baſely circumventing each other;—and your Liberality known but in Brothels, the Benefit of common Proſtitutes and Panders.——Have not thy rebellious Sons contemn'd, blaſphem'd, dethron'd each ſacred Power, and on our Altars ſacrificed to Idols? and are we to *intreat* that Adoration our Bounties ſhould *command?*

The God here ceas'd and from his ſparkling Eyes ſhot Beams of angry Fire.——The trembling *Genius* once more upon his Knees implor'd forgiveneſs, nor durſt to riſe till a relenting Look confeſs'd his Pardon; then with ſubmiſſive Air—I own, all-conquering Power, *ſaid he*, the Folly of thoſe Words my raſh ungovern'd Zeal inſpir'd———juſtly, indeed, doſt thou accuſe a People who have alas too much rebell'd againſt Happineſs and Thee.——Their Crimes are heinous——numberleſs, exceeding all Report; — but well thou know'ſt the Fault is not in me———A potent Dæmon by adverſe Fate upheld, has driven me from my native Home—exil'd—forlorn—unſought—and ſcarce remembred by my thankleſs Offspring; long have I conceal'd my Shame in gloomy Caverns, ſculk'd into Dens deep as the Center of the groaning Earth, or on ſome barren unfrequented Rock, complain'd to the

Immortal Gods to change my Doom:—Unpity'd, unanſwer'd, till this happy hour, I pierc'd the Heavens with fruitleſs Lamentations; but *Jupiter*, at the Interceſſion of *Neptune*, at length commiſerated my Woes, and ſent to my aſſiſtance divine *Aſtrea*, who, with *Reaſon*, ever my conſtant Friend, juſt now you ſaw depart:——by them ſupported, my cruel Foe flew my revengeful Preſence, and has no more the power to influence the miſtaken World.—Soon ſhall I reſume my Force; and Avarice, Hypocriſy, Luſt, and every other Fiend, ſhall ceaſe to actuate the Mind of Man;——back to their native Hell they ſhall be chac'd, and Virtue once again poſſeſs her Throne.——But give me leave (*continu'd he, after a little Pauſe*) with all Humility to remind thy Godhead, that tho' too many of theſe infatuated Iſlanders have obey'd the inſtigations of a Myriad of permitted Fiends, I yet have Sons whoſe noble Minds have never been miſ-led——who firm to Honour, and to Truth, no Change of Times or Circumſtances could alter; in every ſtate of Life the ſame, and always Brave, and always Honeſt——for inſtance, let me name the great *Argeno*, that matchleſs *Hero*, and that faithful *Lover*——Have not his unequal'd Deeds reach'd e'en the utmoſt *Thule*?——*Minerva*'s Wiſdom, with all the Spirit of the God of Battle, attend him to the Field——inevitable Deaths fly from his unerring Hand;——fir'd by his Example, the chearful Soldiery march ſecure of Conqueſt, nor fear the unnumber'd Millions of their Foes.——Glorioufly dreadful in the *War* he ſhines, but in ſoft *Peace*, how ſweet, how gentle is his Air! would one not ſwear that he was form'd for *Love* alone——when he to *Altezeera* talks,——that *Altezeera* whom no diſparity of Birth or Fortune could make ſeem leſs worthy in his Eyes——whom no length of time, nor abſence could eraſe——

whom

whom no Malice could traduce, does not the Soul of Harmony dwell upon his Accenns?——is not his Voice, whenever he addreſſes her, ſo languiſhingly tender——ſo kind, and ſo beſeeching, as tho' he ſtill ſollicited a Bleſſing which Auſpicious *Hymen* has long ſince authoriz'd him to enjoy?———Do not his Words, his Looks, his Actions all denote thy Power, and teſtify the ardent, the conſtant Lover?

From the firſt mention of *Argeno*'s Name, the all-charming Features of the God of Love, ſo lately ruffled with unuſual Rage, reſum'd their natural Calm and heavenly Sweetneſs; and when he perceiv'd the *Genius* had done ſpeaking,—*Argeno* is indeed, *ſaid he*, the faithful Votary of every Virtue, and my peculiar Worſhipper.——At the bleſt moment of his Conception, a general Council of the Gods was held, and every one contributed to make the favourite Embryo as near divine as Humanity can be.—At his Birth the indulgent Heavens put on uncommon Glories, and buſy *Fame*, who knew to what he was predeſtin'd, practis'd a thouſand long-neglected Airs, clear'd her hoarſe Voice, and tun'd it into Sweetneſs, to chant his Wonders with the better Grace thro' every Region of the ſpacious World.

Nor are (*reſum'd the Genius*) the Merits of *Clomenes* leſs ſhining, tho' with a different Luſtre than thoſe the celebrated *Argeno* boaſts. That greatly noble *Patriot*, whoſe only Care, whoſe only Aim, is how to ſerve his Country, ſhows he deſpiſes all thoſe ſordid Views by which his Contemporaries are ſway'd, looks down on Titles, and chuſes to be great in Worth alone.——The truly Meritorious ne'er ſued to him in vain, nor did the Undeſerving, tho' ne'er ſo near ally'd by Blood, meet advantage by his Favour.—The humble Virtuous need but to be known, to be exalted high as his Intereſt

can raise them, but the proud Vicious meet his utmost Scorn.—With him no Recommendations but intrinsick Goodness and known Abilities are of force——no secret Bribes, no Flatteries, no Insinuations, ever mov'd him to a forgetfulness of what he owes to Heaven, or to his Country.———Nor is his *Capacity* inferior to his *Zeal*—with a Penetration almost infallible, he sees Events long e'er they happen——looks into the Source of things, and turns, with admirable but virtuous Policy, intended Evils on the heads which form'd them———Dear to *Minerva* and *Astrea*, their Aid he constantly invokes, and reaps the Benefit of his pious Orizons—Then, for his strict Obedience to thy Laws, Joy-giving *Cupid!* well thou know'st his Faith, so often tempted, and yet never false to his first Vows, his sacred *Hymeneal* Contract.

I own (*reply'd the Deity*) his Truth, and have rewarded it, by interceding with the Queen of Heaven, Marriage-loving *Juno*, to influence the fair *Zelinda*'s Breast with all those Virtues which render Conjugal Affection pleasing; and from my Mother *Venus*, I obtain'd this Grant, that she should be ever young, and ever lovely.

Thou also wilt acknowledge (*added the persuasive Genius*) that the intrepid *Clitophon*, and *Nelsus*, are worthy to be titled *Heroes*——the former descended of Ancestors more enobled by their Deeds than Titles——the latter bred up to Arts and Sciences, and perfect in all the Accomplishments which adorn a *Court* or *Study*; yet in the *Field* behaves as tho' enur'd to Arms, and only vers'd in War———'Tis hard to say, whether *Clitophon* in a *Civil* Employment, or *Nelsus* in a *Military* one, shines most conspicuous; or in which of these *Emilius*, the justly distinguish'd *Emilius*, has most deserv'd Applause, compleat in both——in *War* and *Council* equally serviceable to

his

his Country———all-charming, all-neceſſary to his Friends, dreadfully terrible to his Sovereign's Foes.—*Communus*, rich in the Mind's nobleſt Virtues, ſeeks the Diſtreſs'd, relieves their Wants with open-hearted Bounty, nor waits to be intreated to do good———The Sick, the Poor, the Captive, the Miſerable of all Conditions, feel his tendereſt Care—with dewy Comforts he revives their parch'd-up Souls, and robs Calamity of all its hurtful Force.—Kind, liberal, hoſpitable to all, his Quality ſerves but to render the more dazling Glories of his unequal'd Mind conſpicuous, and is the leaſt part of what commands Eſteem.———Then for his Wiſdom, his Affability, his condeſcending Goodneſs——

You may ſpare the Repetition (*interrupted the ſweetly-ſmiling God*) it is not even in *Apollo*'s Lays to chant *Communus*' Praiſe as it deſerves——there is no Virtue, no Grace, no Charm, he is not maſter of—Equally dear both to the Gods and Men, all Tongues are full of his Applauſe.———His Actions are accompany'd with ſuch Sweetneſs— ſuch a reſiſtleſs Pleaſure flows from all he does, that even Envy's ſelf is dumb, and wants a Voice to blaſt Perfection ſo divine———His mighty Influence may be known by his Succeſs in this *Enchanted Well*, not like the Wretches, who, prompted by the ruling Demons of this Iſle, throw in their All, he ſacrific'd a Triſle at the Shrine of *Fortune*, and, unconcern'd what the Event ſhould be, or how repaid, while they, with anxious Eyes, beheld their Hopes ſink with their Offerings into the bottomleſs Abyſs; his Agents brought him News of floating Heaps of Gold waiting for his Acceptance: So wonderfully were his ſuperior Virtues diſtinguiſh'd by the all-ſeeing *Jupiter*, that he revers'd even Fate, and this deſtructive *Well* (permitted but for the Puniſhment of thoſe infatuated by it) added to the Power he was

before poſſeſs'd of, of ſaving and protecting others, who had neither *Vices* ſufficient to render them of ſervice to *Lucitario*'s Party, nor Strength enough of *Virtue* to merit ſo peculiar a Teſtimony of the Care of *Heaven*, as to be unprejudic'd by the Folly of engaging in it. Hence it was, that many imagin'd the blind Goddeſs had now the Uſe of Eyes, and knowing *Communus* the moſt *worthy*, tho' leaſt *aſſiduous* of her Worſhippers, had given the Prize where beſt it would be employ'd.

Communus is, indeed, *reſumed the venerable Genius*, an eminent Proof my Inſpiration has not utterly forſook the Land, nor are his Deeds, with thoſe of the others I have mention'd, the only modern Inſtances of Virtue——even the ſoft Sex affords many Examples of excelling Goodneſs—witneſs the late incomparable *Mira*, that bright Miracle of Chaſtity, Fortitude, Magnanimity, Truth and Tenderneſs; who can ſufficiently extol the Greatneſs of her Mind, who, when her noble Conſort, Count *Deleau*, having been unhappily ſeduc'd to join his Intereſt with a Party obnoxious to the Decemvirate, was under Sentence of Death, ſhe threw off her Sex's Fears———appear'd all the Heroine! and rather counſel'd him to follow, than diſſuaded him from the Dictates of his Honour, in refuſing a proffer'd Pardon, on condition of betraying the Perſons, by whoſe Inſinuations he had been miſ-led.—When the Orders came to hurry him to Execution, ſhe took her leave of him with an unparallel'd Courage, and tho' ſhe had long loved him with the utmoſt extravagance of tender Paſſion; had been ſo lately married, that the Name of Bride was ſcarce worn off; tho' he had return'd her Affection with the greateſt Ardency, tho' nothing was equal to the Fondneſs he had for her, but that with which he was regarded by her——tho' their Sentiments, their Humours,

mours, their Opinions, were ſo much alike, that they ſeem'd to be animated but by one Soul, and were mutually uneaſy even at a moment's Abſence from each other; yet did ſhe reſign him, never to behold him more, but a bleeding headleſs Corſe, with Temper, with Patience; uttering nothing before him, which ſhould take from the Reſolution he had form'd, or render him unfit for the great Task at hand, reſerving all her Tears, and her Diſtraction, till Pity ſhould be uſeleſs to relieve her Woes——But when ſhe had took her long, her everlaſting Leave——when he indeed was gone, no more to bleſs her Eyes, her Behaviour ſoon convinc'd the Standers-by, it was not to the Indifference ſhe had for him, ſhe ow'd that ſeeming Inſenſibility of his Fate——now ſhe gave a looſe to all the pent-up Paſſions of her ſtruggling Soul——her Love and her Deſpair were now ſufficiently evinc'd. ——Never was any Grief like hers, the Reſtraint ſhe had put upon herſelf, while in his Preſence, made it break out with greater Fury after——nor were her firſt Emotions leſs conſolable, than thoſe which accompany'd her to her Grave——The little time ſhe lived, ſhe look'd on all who came to comfort her as idle Triflers, and incapable of judging of her irremediable Misfortunes.——Oh talk not to me, *would ſhe ſay*, they never knew the Count *Deleau*, who can believe I can admit of Eaſe, when he is gone!——And then again, burſting afreſh into a Torrent of Tears, add, Can *Mira* live without *Deleau*?——Oh no—our Souls were too firmly united ever to ſeparate, and when his was driven from the lovely Body, mine left its Manſion too—in effect, I died when he did; and all that animates this wretched Frame, is but the Spirit of tranſcending Woe.——In this manner did ſhe anſwer to all who endeavour'd to calm the Tempeſt of her Grief

Infinite is the number of Examples, *continu'd the Genius*, which I could bring to teſtify this Iſle is not ſo far debaſed beneath what it has been, but that it ſtill may claim thy Patronage and Care——— but that the Work is needleſs, ſince nothing is conceal'd from thy omniſcient Sight; that Dæmon who aſſumes thy Shape and Voice, and borrows from thee ſo much in all beſide, that thoſe who feel his Influence know not their Error, till by Experience convinced, cannot copy thee in this, and my miſtaken Sons worſhip an Eyeleſs *Cupid*.———Beſides 'twould too long, much too long delay the deſtin'd Puniſhment of yon vile Blaſphemers of the immortal Gods.———The Will of Heaven obey'd, I will return, and once more ſupplicate Remiſſion for thoſe Offences, which my too guilty Race has been enſnar'd to act.

This ſaid, high on a ſhining Cloud he tower'd away——the Sword of Juſtice not yet unſheathed, required not preſent uſe, and was girded on his Side; but the ſacred Token of Almighty Reaſon, his right Hand, with firm and ſteady graſp, held out extended; and as he rode thro' the refulgent Air, ſeem'd from its beamy Point to ſcatter Suns, and bring redoubled Day. The Titulary Prieſts from far beheld the dreadful Radience, and trembled at approaching Fate; but few of them being permitted preſence enough of Mind to offer at an Eſcape, they gather'd haſtily together in Cluſters, as tho' Conſultation would avail; but before they had well time for either, the Ruin they apprehended fell upon them. Swift the commiſſioned *Genius* reach'd, with his Fraud-diſcloſing Wand, the Shrine of Fortune———then that of *Pecunia*.———Down fell the wooden *Deities*, with all their Trophies——Inſcriptions——Altars——Offerings, on the Heads which form'd them, the Rabble's

Rabble's Sport and Prey, who ſcrambled for the gaudy Baubles that adorn'd them. Then, deſcending lower, he touch'd, with the ſame forceful Gift, the ſecret Springs by which this great Machine was ſet in motion—ſtrait to their native Springs the unguilty Waters flew, and ſhowed to the amaz'd Spectators Eyes, not Gold and Gems, not Ambergreaſe and Coral, but naked Mud, and long-drench'd reedy Ooze.——A general Howl of Terror, Anguiſh, and Aſtoniſhment, ſuch as we may imagine will be heard from the affrighted World at the diſſolution of Nature, ran thro' his confus'd Aſſembly——ſome of whom had laviſh'd their All in this fatal Abyſs, and had no dependance, no hope of Support, or even Suſtenance for themſelves and miſerable Families, but from the Returns theſe pageant Prieſts had made them believe would ſhortly give them back their own with tenfold Uſury——What was now the Eſtate of theſe unhappy Wretches!———How truly dreadful their Condition!———Long beguil'd with pleaſing Dreams of coming Happineſs, Proſperity, Plenty, to be waked at once to ſuch a Certainty of Penury, Diſgrace, and all the Miſeries which make conſummate Ruin——To have no hope, no expectation left, and to know that they had loſt all this by an Infatuation, a wilful Blindneſs, which took away even the Conſolation of Pity for their Woes, and rendered them condemnable even by themſelves; was, if poſſible, an Aggravation of them: With Guilt and Shame oppreſt, with Fear and Wonder ſtupified, they ſtood as riveted in Earth, and ſeem'd ſomany Monuments of Miſery, known but by their horror-darting Eyes to have any Remains of Life.———Fain would they have pray'd, but to whom ſhould they addreſs their Oriſons?——The Heavenly Powers they had deſpis'd, contemn'd, blaſphem'd;

blaſphem'd; Deſpair *there* check'd their too late riſing Piety: and for the *Idols* they had worſhip'd, they now ſaw how little capable they were of hearing or relieving them. But thoſe thus penitently diſpos'd, were but the ſmalleſt part of that prodigious Number of People who had throng'd to the *Enchanted Well*.———Thoſe of 'em who were not ſo far undone, but that they knew how to live in the faſhion they had been accuſtom'd to do, if no Returns were made, as they were leſs diſturbed at the downfall of it, they were alſo leſs touch'd with remorſe at the Offence they had been guilty of to the *real* Gods, in their Adoration of *imaginary* ones.———So certain is it, that Want is the Mother of Devotion: the young gay *Coquette*, tho' ſhe loſt great part of her Pertneſs, ſtill flirted her Fan, and perhaps *affected* more than *felt* a real Terror.———The well-dreſs'd powder'd *Beau*, ſhaking back his Ruffle, and gently rapping with his ring'd Fingers his Snuff-Box-Lid, cry'd, *Gad*, tis wondrous ſtrange! But 'tis highly probable, had he been ask'd, would have been extremely at a loſs how to have reply'd to any Queſtion of what had happened: for theſe kind of Animals, of both Sexes, are certainly of a Species by themſelves, Nature ſent 'em into the World animated only by a little Spirit of her own——they have no Souls, are incapable of diſcerning any thing farther than the Senſes direct them———Thought, Penetration, Reflection, are what they know nothing of——they are a ſort of *Butterflies*; pretty, little, unhurtful, inſipid Inſects, who when they have play'd away their Seaſon here, are tranſlated into ſome other World to buz about, incapable of meriting either Heaven or Hell. But the Politician, who from a ſupplicating *Courtier*, hoped to be made a *Count*; a Count, a *Marquiſs*; a Marquiſs, a *Duke*; and in the

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Expectance of future Grandeur, had submitted to traffick as an humble Cit; how did this total Disappointment shock the Ambition of his thinking Soul! Yet, hardned in his Crimes, he not repented those he had committed, but was already beginning to rack his inventive Brain by what new Stratagem he should arrive at those Honours he was so covetous of wearing, tho' unworthily. The *Miser* too, who, tho' he had still enough, would sooner have sold himself to everlasting Perdition, than have parted with one of those dear Pieces he esteemed of more Value than all Heaven, was ready to lay violent hands on his own Life, for this overthrow of his Hopes; and was prevented from it, only by the remembrance, that the Store he had at home might, when he was no more to guard it, be lavish'd in Expences by his less covetous Heir. He was too full of Regret for what he had lost, and Care how to preserve what he had sav'd, to have the least corner of his Soul taken up with Contrition for those Sins which had brought him into the Misfortune he lamented———All were, indeed, disorder'd, all confus'd, a wild Distortion sat on every Face; but it was not that kind of Discomposure which the *Genius* had hoped to find: and looking on 'em with a Countenance in which 'tis hard to say if Grief or Anger had the greatest place; but the latter gaining the Preheminence, as he more perceived their Inflexibility, with awful Frowns and stern majestick Air, he thus address'd them:

'O Race unworthy of your noble Lineage! did 'your brave Ancestors live to see this Day, their 'Souls, their very Souls would shrink as mine, 'who animated theirs, does now, at your Dis'grace——— your Fall from all that's truly Noble, 'Great, or Good——Degenerate Wretches! how 'have you lost that Sense of Honour you were once

so

Grief, which in a ſhort time threw her into a lingring Diſeaſe, of which ſhe expir'd; never ſince the Loſs of her dear Lord having allow'd any Intermiſſion of her Sighs and Groans, till ſhe was told ſhe could not ſurvive him; but then long abſent Chearfulneſs again ſeem'd to renew its place in her Countenance——ſhe ſmiled, and waiting the Approach of that only Phyſician, who could give her Pains redreſs, receiv'd him with a Welcome, which demonſtrated how much ſhe deſir'd to remove from a World, which, wanting *Deleau*, had nothing in it but what was odious to her.

Here was a Conſtancy which I confeſs, indeed, there are too few Examples of; yet ſure thy Godhead will approve and praiſe it: nor canſt thou but acknowledge the fair and virtuous *Amabella*, tho' compell'd to the Embraces of the Man ſhe hated, and torn from one ſhe loved with the greateſt Fervency of fond Affection; does ſhe not ſet a ſhining Pattern for her Sex to imitate?———To be juſt to Duty, ſhe abandons all that's dear, treats him with Scorn, with ſeeming Deteſtation, and to her unloved, unloving Lord, omits no modeſt Teſtimony of Conjugal Affection, to make him know his Happineſs; while he, inſenſible of all her Charms, of all her Goodneſs, maintains a Woman he took from a Brothel, in infinitely more Pomp than his too deſerving Wife.———Yet does ſhe ſtill remain unmoved from her firſt Principle, That no ill Uſage from a Husband, can be a Sanction for that of the Wife.

Saphira too, that blooming Beauty, for whom, before the Misfortunes of her Family, the nobleſt Youths have vainly languiſh'd, condemn'd to Age and Wrinkles, Deformity and Ill-Nature, preſerves her Honour and her Fame, with a Reſolution which was not to be expected, or ſcarce hoped, from her tender

tender Years: We are, indeed, to ſuppoſe ſhe is in great meaſure indebted, for that admirable Oeconomy in her Conduct, to the wiſe Inſtructions, and conſtant Admonitions of her excellent Mother, the never too much extoll'd *Cornelia*——that wondrous Woman, who beheld without Concern the greateſt part of thoſe vaſt Poſſeſſions, which ſhe once was Miſtreſs of, confiſcated thro' the imprudent Management of her Husband, who behav'd not ſo exactly as he ought to have done in a publick Affair—ſupported the Death of a beloved Son, whoſe great Heart could not ſurvive the Ruin of his Fortune, with a Magnanimity ſcarce to be credited by thoſe who knew the Tenderneſs of her Nature———and ſaw her darling Daughter thrown into the Arms of a Perſon, rather capable of creating Horror than Love, meerly becauſe he had an Eſtate, and ſhe had loſt one.———All theſe Afflictions, tho' each great and heavy, Patience, and Strength of Mind, enabled her to bear, without venting any extravagant Exclamations of the Severity of her Fate; but when the News was brought that her Husband had ended his Days in a foreign Clime, where he had been obliged to ſhelter, the Shock was more than all her Fortitude could ſuſtain.——Her Affection was ſo ſincere and conſtant, that all the Misfortunes ſhe had ſuffer'd thro' his unhappy Proceedings, had not the power to alienate—ſhe continu'd for many Days in a Condition, which gave thoſe about her ſufficient reaſon to believe ſhe would not long ſurvive him; but Fate preſerv'd her even in this, the moſt terrible Calamity (in her Imagination) that had ever befallen her———She lives, but lives only for the Comfort of others, herſelf being incapable of receiving any.

Infinite

' ſo fame'd for? a Prey to Avarice the worſt of Vi-
' ces, becauſe the gratification of it leads you into
' a thouſand others———Hypocriſy, Deceit, Per-
' jury, Murder, Treaſon, Luſt, Witchcraft; for
' gain you'll forgo your very Gods, betray your
' Prince and Country, proſtitute your own Wives
' and Daughters, plunge a Dagger into the Breaſt of
' her that bore you, or him you have begot;—nay,
' even give up that Gold, which to purchaſe, you
' have, perhaps, been guilty of the moſt deteſted
' Crimes, and ran the greateſt dangers; even that you
' will give up, led by a hope to have it doubly paid
' ———and juſtly are you ſerv'd! O may you ſtill
' meet the ſame Fate, and Diſappointments ever be
' the Conſequents of Attempts which Honour has
' no ſhare in.—If you have any Senſe of Shame, or
' juſt Remorſe be not extinguiſh'd in you, fly this
' deteſted Scene of Villany and Fraud, and in your
' Cloſets implore forgiveneſs of the offended Gods.
' ———Go ye Reproaches to your Name and
' Country!—hence! nor ſhow your abject Heads,
' till Time, and Prayers, and Penitence, in part
' ſhall expiate your Crimes!'

These Words, coming from the Mouth of a Being whoſe Influence, tho' few receiv'd, all were proud to acknowledge, had the power of ſhocking Hearts, who before had been harden'd to every thing;—none had the Courage to reply, but every one making what haſte he could to be gone, thoſe heaps of People, which had compos'd this late numerous Aſſembly, was, in a moment, melted away; and at the end of his Speech, the *Genius* found himſelf alone, but did not long continue ſo. The well-pleas'd God of ſoft Deſires, who while theſe things had been tranſacting, inform'd the Stranger of the meaning of ſome of thoſe Paſſages which he had ſeen, but were too myſtical for human Underſtanding

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ing to fathom——by the ſame incomprehenſible Means that he had convey'd him to the Hill, now return'd him to that place which he had left ſo crouded, but now found no more than a wild and dreary Waſte.

With words befitting the Deity of Love, he congratulated the good *Genius* on his Triumph over his long potent Adverſary. I hope, *reply'd the venerable Being*, thy Godhead is in part appeas'd by what I have done; the Demon moſt obnoxious to thy Power is Avarice, and him I have ſufficiently ſcourged in the Perſons of his Votaries.——The tender Nymphs, and faithful Swains, whoſe Injuries have cried to thee for Vengeance, now will receive ample Compenſation;—ſordid Intereſt, and Love of Gold, no more ſhall triumph oe'r their Charms,——Beauty and Virtue ſhall henceforward be the great Attractives, Marriage ſhall now join *Hearts* as well as *Hands*, and ceaſe to be the Bawd of *Fortune*.

Had'ſt thou the Power, *reſumed the Deity ſomewhat gravely*, to execute the ſame Authority throughout the Iſle, as thou haſt done in this ſmall Part of it, my repleniſh'd Sway again might ſhine with former Force and Luſtre; but O they ſcorn me ſtill in yon rebellious Towers, from my lov'd Throne among the Great and Fair, I yet am driven, and that Monſter, *Luſt!* is treated like a God——feaſted with my Incenſe, and adorn'd with all the Trophies due alone to me.

Long it is, *anſwer'd the Genius*, ſince laſt I made my Tour thro' thoſe luxurious Palaces—but in thy Preſence, if thou ſhalt condeſcend to accompany me, will I now re-viſit them.—'Twas my Deſign to go, *added the God*, tho' painful to my Eyes to look on Objects ſo ungrateful;—and here, *continu'd he, preſenting the Stranger*, behold a noble Youth, the part-

ner of our Progreſs, by *Fate* and *Jupiter* decreed to be a Witneſs betwixt Gods and Men.—But mortal Senſe cannot ſuſtain inceſſant Toil——his Faculties already drooping with the viſionary Wonders of this Day, require Repoſe; let him in ſome of yonder odoriferous Receſſes enjoy that Reſt which Nature asks—then riſe refreſh'd, and wait us in the remaining and more ſurprizing Incidents of our next Stage.

The *Genius*, with an humble Bow, gave his aſſent; and ſtrait the God of Bliſs wafted the weary'd Youth to a cloſe Bower, where oft his charmful *Pſyche*, in pleaſing Dreams, had felt his ſoftening Power———there left him to recall his wandering Spirits, and by enjoying the benefit of Contemplation on what he had ſeen, refit him for what he was yet to ſee.

The End of the Firſt Volume.

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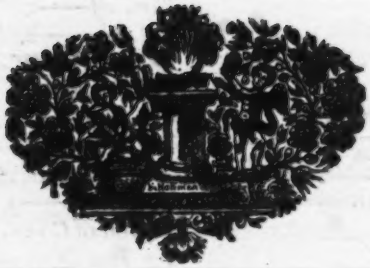

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CERTAIN ISLAND
Adjacent to the
Kingdom of *UTOPIA.*

PART the SECOND.

LULL'D in that ſweet and delightful Slumber, which thoſe favour'd by the Deities enjoy, did our Traveller paſs the Night, till bright *Aurora* drawing her Azure Curtains, appear'd to gild the Skies, and glad the waking World.——How raviſhing then did every thing about him appear to opening Senſe!

——How beauteous were the flow'ry Vales glittering tho' ambroſial Dew!——How delectable was the Air, which from the Fields around wafted a thouſand various Odours!——How ſweetly harmonious was the Melody of the Birds, which neſting in their leafy Canopy, now tuned their little Throats, and warbled out a joyful welcome to the riſing Morn!——How ſoft, how ſerene was the whole inchanting Proſpect!——How cou'd he have gaz'd for ever on it with untir'd Delight, unceaſing Pleaſure! had not the ſudden appearance of the Bliſs-diſpoſing Deity commanded all his Attention.——Low on the Earth he proſtrated his humble Body, and was beginning, by the utmoſt Submiſſions, to teſtify the mighty Senſe he had of the Condeſcenſions that had been made him, when he found himſelf prevented by the benignant Power: Riſe! *ſaid he*, I know thy Sincerity; that true Obedience which in thy inmoſt Soul thou payeſt to the ſupreme Beings, has qualify'd thee for the Favours thou haſt received——Of mortal Race thou art alone found worthy to partake Celeſtial Privileges, and inſpect Secrets conceal'd far, far beyond the ken of weak Humanity—the moſt hidden Frailties,—Vices with utmoſt skill diſguis'd, the fineſt Web of fraudful Artifice and deep Deceit, 'tis given to thee to fathom and unravel!——Before thy Eyes the gaudy Hypocrite ſhall ſtand expos'd, the Mask of Virtue ſhall be worn in vain————and each offending Fellow-Creature appear, not as he *ſeems*, but as he truly *is*.——Then ſhalt thou judge how little conſiſtent with the Attributes of a Divinity, it is to dwell among them.——The dejected *Genius*, whom yeſter Sun beheld, ſo greatly favour'd by the Powers of Juſtice and of Reaſon, dare not abide this Trial, nor can in this day's progreſs accompany us, but

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in a Cavern lies conceal'd from ſight.—— Deep in the bowels of the Earth he is hid, mourning in ſecret his degenerate Offſpring, while we ſurvey the guilty Scenes which in yonder luxurious Palaces are acted.——Tho' now the time, when Mortals either wearied with laſt night's Debauch, lie buried in the arms of ſleep, or watchful for the Ill of others, deny admittance to the drouzy God, and think themſelves, and Crimes, ſecure from view: at our approach each door ſhall open wide, and every different, monſtrous ſhape of Sin, to thy aſtoniſh'd Eyes ſhall be explor'd.

As he was ſpeaking, the Air around by almoſt imperceptible degrees thickning, at laſt condens'd into a Cloud; which wrapping itſelf about them, they, in an Inſtant, exchang'd that rural Scene, in which the Stranger had taken ſo much delight, for one all Pomp and Grandeur.——The pride of Architecture, of Painting, and of Carving, ſeem'd to outvie each other in Beauty and Propriety.—— Here, Marble Majeſty inſpir'd Ideal Awe.—— There, in moving Colours, Life appear'd to glow. ——The ſpacious Streets, adorn'd with Groups and gilded Paliſades, charm'd the nearer Sight! while, at a diſtance, the Cryſtal Turrets, whoſe glittering Pinacles aſpir'd to Heaven, and ſeem'd to kiſs the Skies, aſtoniſh'd and delighted!

It was into a noble and magnificent Building, ſituated in the neighbourhood of the Palace Royal, that the God firſt led his wondring Gueſt: There, under a Canopy of crimſon Velvet, richly emboſs'd with Gold, did they behold the luxurious Owner, ſupinely ſtretch'd, and ſmiling as he ſlept—Wou'd one not think, *ſaid the Deity*, that this Man were happy?——the State and Grandeur of every thing about him, and that appearance of Serenity in his Countenance, make him to be conſider'd by un-

knowing Mortals as in a State completely bleſs'd; but ſoon you ſhall be witneſs how vaſtly different his Condition is——even now, the late Idea's in his Brain, which flatter'd him with ſhadowy Joys, give way to real Horrors——See how he ſtarts!—what fierce Convulſions writhe his diſtorted Features——Short, indeed, too late repenting Mortal! are thy Dreams of Pleaſure, but to a long Eternity ſhall thy Woes endure——dearly alas! thou haſt thy Title purchas'd!——In humble Innocence, how bleſs'd thou might'ſt have been!——and how accurs'd has guilty Greatneſs made thee!

Here, paus'd a while the pity-moving Power, and the Stranger had full liberty of obſerving the various Changes which appear'd in the Countenance of him who ſlept, if one may be ſaid to ſleep, and yet retain the ſame, or a more poinant Senſation of pain than when awake——diſtracted with the Figures formful Fancy rais'd, he turn'd from ſide to ſide of his uneaſy Couch, and ſometimes utter'd Groans ſuch as the Soul ſends forth in the laſt ſtruggles of departing Life.——Behold! *ſaid the God of Love*, the dire effects of wild Ambition, and the thirſt of Gain, and warn the unthinking World, by his Example, to ſhun his Vices, and avoid his Fate.——He is call'd *Gerion*, deſcended of a Family almoſt as ancient as the Iſland itſelf, and the Inheritor of an Eſtate inferior to few of the Commonalty——the Poſſeſſions he was maſter of, were indeed ſufficient to have contented a Man more greatly born, but covetous of more, and impatient of Precedence; to purchaſe envy'd Grandeur, he forfeited his Faith, his Honour, Conſcience, and every thing that Religion or Morality makes dear.——Seduced at firſt by his own Pride and Avarice, he eaſily fell a Prey to the Inſinuations of a Court-Paraſite; who by growing greatly vile, grew

grew greatly rich, and high in the eſteem of the unthinking Vulgar; with this Wretch the moſt deteſtable to the Gods of all that ever rais'd themſelves to power by Artifice, and the partial favour of Superiors, did the deſigning *Gerion* enter into meaſures deſtructive to the Intereſt as well as Glory of their Country; and regarding no more than raiſing their own Fortunes, made a Sacrifice of all others that came within their reach.——It is the Misfortune of a Sovereign to be leſs acquainted with the Affairs of the Country he rules over, than the meaneſt of his Subjects.——He hears not the Complaints of the afflicted, but thro' the ears of others, whoſe Intereſt it is, perhaps, to repreſent things in a light vaſtly different from what they are.——He ſees not the galling load, under which a Million groan only to ſupport the Ambition of a few; and if the Wretches murmur, it is but their Diſcontent, not the *Cauſe* of it, he is made acquainted with: by this means the moſt excellent of Princes are look'd upon as Tyrants——their beſt concerted Schemes perverted——their greateſt Benignities made appear Self-intereſted.——It is the buſineſs of an ill Miniſtry to render the *People* ſuſpected by the *Sovereign*, and the *Sovereign* terrible to the *People*; by this management, they keep both the Power and Profit in their own hands, aſſume to themſelves all the Praiſes of a good Act, and throw the odium of an *ill* one on the Throne. *Perrilio* and *Gerion*, in conjunction with *Trebiſond*, take this Method: *Gerion* had no ſooner, by the Intereſt of the two other, got a conſiderable Poſt in the Government, than following exactly their Steps, he diſplaced all thoſe under him, who either had too great a ſenſe of Honeſty, or too little Artifice to be capable of aſſiſting the grand Project of engroſſing the Nation's Wealth in a few particular Coffers:——the meaneſt

Servitor that ſupply'd Candles in an Office, was obliged to buy his Poſt, and if there happen'd an Occaſion where ſuch a Perſon ſhou'd be call'd as an Evidence, be ready to pawn his Soul for the Integrity of his Patron. How then is it poſſible for a Prince to arrive at the true knowledge of any thing beneath him, when thoſe employ'd by him have ſo many Reaſons to deceive him, and ſo many ways to hinder others from diſcovering to him the Deception.——But ſo much for the *Sovereign*, my deſign not being to enter into any Diſcourſe concerning him who governs this Iſland, who, tho' a Foreigner, was elected by the unanimous Voice of the Nobility and Commonalty, as well as that of the Senate, and has in him more Virtues, perhaps, than this Iſland is worthy of.——To return then to the Object before our Eyes, the too late repenting *Gerion*———numberleſs are the Miſchiefs which he has drawn on the unſuſpecting Multitude, who finding themſelves wrong'd, tho' ignorant by whom, are continually imploring the King of Gods for Vengeance and Redreſs;——the firſt he has thought fit to grant, by ſending into the proud Offender's Soul ſharp-phang'd *Remorſe*, the ſevereſt Fury that Wrath's eternal Store-houſe yields, nor wou'd refuſe the other, did not their Crimes prevent his Mercy,——nor is it *Jupiter* alone he has offended, ſcarce a God in the whole Hierarchy of Heaven's immortal Rulers, but whoſe Laws he has particularly tranſgreſs'd, but mine the moſt——— once the humbleſt Votary at the Shrine of Love, I pitied his Complaints, compaſſionated his Sufferings, and influenc'd the Heart of his, till then, obdurate Fair, to own his Paſſion and reward his Ardours———from almoſt Childhood he had ador'd her, and as his Years increas'd, his flame grew with them———never was a Love more violent, more

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tender, unleſs it were that with which it was at laſt repaid.——But alas! how much have I repented ſince, my ſending to her Soul thoſe ſoft Emotions, which prov'd ſo fatal to the Peace of Mind, the Honour, and afterwards the Life of that unhappy Maid!——Tho' of a Birth equal to his own, a Fortune but little inferior to what he then cou'd hope, a Reputation unſully'd, and a moſt excellent Beauty; he no ſooner diſcover'd the advantage he had gain'd over her, than he chang'd the form of his Addreſſes, and as he had never preſum'd in her days of indifference to think of her but with the utmoſt Honour, and plac'd his whole Felicity in the hope of obtaining the poſſeſſion of her by lawful means; he now entertain'd wiſhes of a contrary nature, and reſolving, if poſſible, to ſatiate his Paſſion with her, look abroad for a Wife among thoſe more capable of gratifying thoſe ambitious Views, which he began now to have a notion of. In order to this, thoſe prompting Demons, whoſe Inſtigations he ſubmitted himſelf to, furniſh'd him with a Stratagem, the blackeſt that ever was conſulted in the Counſel-room of Hell: his long Courtſhip, and the Reſpect with which he had ever behav'd to her, made her not in the leaſt ſuſpicious that he had any deſigns contrary to his Profeſſions, and not doubting but in a little time he wou'd be in poſſeſſion of a power, which wou'd entitle him to command, ſhe was without difficulty perſuaded to accompany him in a Viſit, as he pretended, to a Relation, who lived a few Miles out of Town. The Houſe he carried her to, was indeed handſome enough to countenance his pretence, but the Owner of it was in reality no more than a Dependant on him, and who to gain his Favour, wou'd ſcruple nothing: Being inſtructed by him in what manner ſhe ſhou'd act, ſhe perſona-

ted the Air of a Woman of Faſhion ſo well, that the unhappy *Marrilla*, for that was the Name of this lovely Infortunate, had not the leaſt doubt that ſhe was any other than the Perſon ſhe repreſented.——A very noble Collation being provided, there was mix'd in ſome of the Liquor which *Marrilla* drank, a ſleeping Potion, which in a few hours took from her the power of diſtinguiſhing any thing.

In this helpleſs Condition was ſhe undreſs'd and put into a Bed, where he perpetrated his villainous intention, and ſhe unknowingly, unyielding, fell the innocent Sacrifice of Luſt and Cruelty; ſo effectually did the Doſe ſhe had taken operate, that ſhe awak'd not till the Morning: But how terrible a ſhock was it to her half-recover'd Senſes, to find him with her in a poſition which cou'd leave no room to hope ſhe had not been betray'd and ruin'd!——What Exclamations did not her diſtracted Soul ſend forth!——How did ſhe reproach the Ungeneroſity of his proceeding!——How accuſe herſelf for ſo readily believing the Proteſtations he had made to her! But not all her Anguiſh had the power to move the unrelenting Heart of the remorſeleſs *Gerion*. He fail'd not, indeed, to excuſe what he had done, in the moſt tender terms, and to appeaſe the Rage he ſaw her in, made no ſcruple of prophaning me.——My influence had the blame of a Deed which had been inſpir'd by a Paſſion the moſt contrary to Love, and which none who had not utterly renounc'd me, cou'd have been guilty of.——But this he did, not ſo much thro' Compaſſion for her, as becauſe he fear'd if ſhe continued in this extremity of Grief, the cauſe of it might be reveal'd to her Father, who was at that time living, and had he known the wrong his beloved Daughter had ſuſtain'd, wou'd have found means

means either for Redreſs or Vengeance.——But alas! how eaſily are weak Women impos'd on! His counterfeit Softneſs prevail'd ſo far on her, as to make her not only pardon him, but permit him alſo to renew thoſe Raptures with her own Conſent, which to know he had enjoy'd, had lately coſt her ſo many Tears; and it was this criminal Condeſcenſion, this fond Infatuation, which loſt her the protection of the Gods, drove her good Angel from her ſide, and abandon'd her to all the Miſeries which attend that Sex, when looſe Deſire gets the better of Virtue.

For ſome little time he continu'd to make a ſhew of loving her, ſtill inventing ſome ſpecious pretence for delaying the celebration of their Marriage: but her Father, whoſe Reſentment alone he ſtood in fear of, happening to be ſeiz'd with a violent Fever, which took him from the World in a few days, the Ingratitude and Treachery of the inhuman *Gerion* appear'd without diſguiſe;——he no longer gave himſelf the trouble of deceiving her,——he deſiſted viſiting her,——nay, to that degree of rudeneſs did the Ingratitude of his Diſpoſition tranſport him, that he ſeemed proud of ſlighting her, and wou'd frequently paſs by her Houſe without ſeeming to remember he ever had an acquaintance with any body in it.——It wou'd be too tedious to recite the many endearing Letters and Meſſages ſhe ſent to him; you may eaſily imagine ſhe omitted nothing that cou'd give her hope of reclaiming him, but her endeavours ſerv'd only to render her more completely miſerable, as they gave her a greater light into the Principles and Humour of the Man, by whom ſhe had ſuffer'd herſelf to be impos'd on.——To add to the Calamity of her Condition, ſhe found herſelf with Child, and the apprehenſions of being expos'd to the

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Cenſure of an unpitying World, join'd to her Deſpair, and diſappointed Love, made her reſolve to put a period to thoſe Misfortunes which ſhe could not remedy:——Her preſent Woes took from her the power of reflecting on what hereafter might enſue; ſhe either remembred not what puniſhments are decreed by the omnipotent *Jupiter*, for thoſe, who preventing his decree, forcibly expel the Breath inſpir'd by him, or thought 'em trivial in competition with thoſe ſhe labour'd under;——in fine, ſhe ſwallow'd Poiſon, and with herſelf deſtroy'd the innocent Effect of her too guilty flame.——The unborn Infant owed its death to her who ought to have given it Birth, doubly a Murd'reſs of herſelf and Child! She ſunk, unhoping Mercy, and deſpiſing Judgment.——Thus loaded with the moſt unnatural Crime Humanity can commit, the eternal Judges doom'd her to wander a long race of Years, ſhut out from Commerce and Society, thro' the wild Regions of the trackleſs Air, whence ſhe at diſtance views the bliſsful Realms where happy Spirits dwell, but without hope of ever entring there——Condemn'd to miſery even by her own *Conſcience*! that unceaſing, that moſt cruel Monitor! her former fatal Softneſs, Horror now turns to Fury, and by deſpair, and the dire Senſe of ever-during Woe provok'd, now like the Fiends, can find no *Eaſe* but in inflicting *Pain*;——yet, by ſupreme Juſtice guided, on *Gerion* alone, the inhuman Author of her Fate, the weight of all her Vengeance falls,——in dreadful Shapes each Night ſhe haunts his Pillow,——forms all his Dreams,—and, aided by avenging *Nemeſis*, whirls thro' his tormented Brain, ſuch torturing Ideas as make this Life a Hell, and give a ſample horrible to Thought, of that which is hereafter decreed for Crimes like his.

Before

Before the putting in practice the dreadful Determination of her Soul, she wrote to *Gerion*, informing him of her Design, and that nothing shou'd prevail on her to live under the Reflection of two such irreparable Misfortunes, as the estrangement of his Affection, and the publick loss of Honour. But he either believing what she said, sprung only from the present Pangs of Jealousy and disappointed Love, or regardless of what her Rage might in good earnest transport her to, gave no other Answer to this Letter, than he had done to many former ones; which was, to tell the Messenger, that it requir'd none. He was so little concern'd when he heard of her death, that he marry'd soon after a Lady, to whom, for some time, he had made his Addresses,——she is descended of a Family more eminent for Beauty than any other valuable Qualification;——her Sister, tho' some Years past her Bloom, still maintains the Conquest, which her Charms long since boasted, over the Heart of one of the most accompliſh'd Princes in the Island; and the Mother of them, had attractions to captivate a Monarch, by whom, before her Marriage, she had a Son, whose Actions and undaunted Spirit demonstrate him to be sprung from the greatest Man in the World, as his personal Perfections from the loveliest Woman.

But how short-liv'd are the Joys which Beauty yields! the Charms of the Mind, and Agreeableness of Humour, alone can render Marriage pleasing! The Wife of *Gerion*, tho' possess'd of every outward Grace, that can render a Woman lovely to the Eyes of Men, is of a Spirit so untam'd, a Temper so morose, as renders it uneasy even to be of her acquaintance, but to live with her, a perfect Hell!——Her eternal Clamours, and unceasing Discontent, make his days hateful as his nights

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are hideous!——His waking hours perſecuted by this mortal Fury, and his ſleeps haunted with infernal Spirits, he only proves variety of Anguiſh,——condemn'd to know no eaſe in Life; and when the dreadful Day of diſſolution comes, to prove at full the Torments he has had a taſte of here.——This, indeed he has to boaſt, that from the firſt moment of his Marriage to this hour, he never had the leaſt cauſe for Jealouſy, which is counted as a Prodigy by thoſe who are acquainted with the Foibles of the Family he has married into; but whether the Chaſtity of his Wife be owing to a real principle of Virtue, or to the natural ſourneſs of her Diſpoſition, has been the occaſion of many diſputes among thoſe who are capable of informing themſelves no farther than what the outſide ſhew makes known: but I, who ſee into her Heart, have often ſmil'd at the Conflict I have beheld between ill-nature and deſire,——a thouſand times has ſhe been ſollicited even by the Man, whom to enjoy, ſhe wou'd gladly hazard Life; but the very Thought, that in obliging herſelf, ſhe muſt oblige another, renders her deaf to his entreaties, and inexorable to his wiſhes, and makes herſelf moſt wretched rather than make him bleſs'd, tho' it be even the only Creature on Earth form'd moſt to pleaſe her taſte: Love is what ſhe never knew, her rough obdurate Temper defies the Delicacies of my flame, and thoſe wiſhes which frequently prove very much her Tormentors, are not by me, but by Dame *Nature* only rais'd.——But I will not waſte the precious Moments on a Subject ſo little deſerving your regard: I ſhall in this day's progreſs, *continu'd the all-giving Power*, preſent you with Inſtances more ſurprizing than Imagination can form any Idea of, how much dim-ſighted Mortality contributes to its own Wretchedneſs.

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The Deity had no ſooner left off ſpeaking, than ſwifter than ſtarting Thought, or the quick Motion of the viſual Ray, the Stranger found himſelf tranſported to a different Scene,——a Palace more dazling than ever the moſt luxurious Fancy preſented to the inventive Brain!——The choiceſt Riches of the *Eaſt* adorn'd each pompous Room.—The high-arch'd Cielings with glittering brightneſs ſeem'd to diſcloſe another Heaven!——The cryſtal Portals ſwinging on golden Hinges were pannell'd with Emeralds, Topaz's, and the bluſhing Ruby, whoſe blended Luſtre, by refraction doubled, even pain'd the Eye that gaz'd upon it!—The Marble Floors were cover'd o'er with richeſt Tapeſtry, in which was curiouſly interwoven the various Hiſtories of each different Age from Time's firſt *Æra*!——On Agate Tables ſtood Jaſper Jars, fill'd with Perfumes, ſuch as Devotion offers to the Gods!——To charm the Ear, unſeen Muſicians tuned their various Inſtruments with ſphere-like Harmony!——In fine, ſo raviſhing did every thing appear to the admiring Stranger, that ſcarce cou'd he diſtinguiſh which of his Senſes felt the higheſt pleaſure,——all were tranſported! all were loſt in an extatick wonder: which the Deity perceiving, Wou'd you not think, *ſaid he*, that the labour'd Magnificence of this Structure, was invented to gratify a Monarch's Wiſh? What can Ambition covet more than here you ſee?——Yet is the Owner deſcended of a Race unknown, untalk'd of, till one of them, by an Action dreadful to remembrance, hateful to the World, and aſtoniſhing even to the Gods, render'd himſelf remarkably infamous and deteſtable; for a mean Hire from a rebellious Faction, he embrued his relentleſs hands in the warm Blood of the beſt and greateſt of Mankind, and to ſend before his time a Saint

to Heaven, rank'd himself, while on Earth, equal with the Fiends.——By this, however, and some other dire Exploits, he rais'd his Fortune; and his Posterity, by persevering in their Father's Principles, grew great.——*Lucilius*, the Master of this stately Palace, is of the third Descent;—a long experience in the trade of War, has furnished him with Wiles and Stratagems, which join'd with a natural Boldness, and a daring Spirit, has often made him bring home Victory from the Field of Battle, renown'd his Name, and fill'd his Coffers with the Treasures of conquer'd Princes.——Some Virtues, indeed, he boasts, might make him justly famous, did not Vanity and the most intolerable Pride eclipse their lustre; and instead of that admiration he wou'd be thought to merit, renders him an Object only of *Contempt* to those who stand not in fear of his power, and of *Hatred* to those that do.——Men the most eminent for illustrious Birth, a long and disinterested Service of their Country, fine Sense, or any other extraordinary Qualification, if in a Post beneath him, he treats as Creatures unworthy the honour of his notice;——a Bow is what long since he has forgot to make; a Nod, or Smile, or any token of remembrance, is to be highly favour'd:——nor does he behave with more arrogance to those of his own Sex, than he has done with uncourtliness to the other—My power he long held at defiance,——blasphemed my Name,——and scorn'd the influence of my Darts;——*Mars* was the only Deity he invok'd, and to reward his Zeal, that sullen God rendred his Breast as invulnerable to my Shafts, as to the Spears of his Enemies in Battle; nor cou'd I reach his Heart, till enrag'd at the continu'd Insolence of the presuming Mortal, my Mother *Venus* softned the rugged Power, to give permission that he shou'd feel the Pains himself.

ſelf had yielded to;——then to *Placidia* diſpenſed ſome of her own immortal Charms, and with her *Ceſtus* deck'd the Heaven-favour'd Nymph:——— thro' her bright Eyes I found an eaſy paſſage to his Soul, and when once there, exerted my whole force, and made each Faculty ſubſervient to my will.——At once he finds himſelf another Man!— No more Ambition ſtirs his anxious Mind!—No more he pants for War, and longs for Glory!—— The Laurel Garland now he throws aſide, and courts the Myrtle Wreath!—His ſhining Armour in a Corner ruſts, while in the Glaſs he practiſes new Airs to charm!—His former Companions of the Field forſakes, and in their room conſults the Taylor, the Perfumer, and the Dancing-Maſter; with awkard Trip, gay Dreſs, and rich *Arabian* Scents attempts to move the Fair, and thinks to make amends for want of Youth with Shew. But now was the time to take vengeance for the repeated Injuries he has done my Godhead.——I brought before the fair *Placidia's* Eyes a Form which might have charm'd the Queen of Beauty's ſelf;——*Adonis* was not half ſo lovely, nor has the God of Wit more ſoft, more ſweet, more Soul-perſuaſive Eloquence;——in vain the antiquated Fop adores and dies,——in vain he lays before her Feet, the Spoils of conquer'd Kings:——in vain his Wealth, his mighty Name, his Titles plead, the conſcious Maid, pleas'd with more ſolid Joys, for Love and equal Youth deſpiſes all;——in ſilent Shades and cool Retreats, the happy Pair conceal themſelves from envious Eyes, in Tranſports paſs the unheeded hours away, riot in Bliſs, and prove the Divinity of that flame, which burns with mutual ardours and unceaſing vigour!—while ſcorn'd *Lucilius* pines and deſpairs in unavailing Pomp; his attachment to *Placidia*, ſo took up all his time, that he

he neglected thoſe attendances expected from him, by which means, he has not only diſoblig'd thoſe Friends by whoſe Intereſt he was at firſt promoted, but has alſo rais'd ſuſpicions in the Sovereign's breaſt, which has already been of great diſſervice to him.—It is the general hope of thoſe his Pride has wrong'd, that he will ſoon be reduc'd to a ſtate of dependance and interceſſion ſuch as theirs; and if ſo, how few will he find to pity or relieve him?—Nor are their Wiſhes vain; this huge *Coloſſus*, that, with imperious ſtride, ſtretch'd his extenſive power o'er Land and Sea, and kept ſuperior Worth in aw'd ſubmiſſion, will ſhortly tumble down, and crumble into Atoms! 'Tis ſo decreed by *Fate* and *Jupiter*, nor can the God of Battle any longer protect his Votary from the Complaints of wrong'd *Aſtrea*, and the impatient Pleadings of aveng'ing *Nemeſis*.

During the latter part of this Diſcourſe, the Stranger perceived ſeveral Servants running backwards and forwards thro' the Apartments, with confuſion in their Looks, and preſently after were uſher'd in by a Page, three or four grave Gentlemen, who no ſooner were paſs'd by, than the Deity proſecuted his Narration in theſe Words.

Already, *ſaid he*, has he warnings of the approaches of his Fate, he perceives each hour his Power and Intereſt decreaſe, and the Agonies of his Mind have thrown his Body into ſo great a Diſorder, that willing, however, to ſuſtain the falling Fabrick as long as poſſible, the Learned are conſulted. Thoſe Perſons you ſaw juſt now conducted in with ſo much Ceremony, are the moſt skilful Profeſſors in the Life-preſerving Science, of any this Iſland boaſts: He, who walk'd firſt with awe-inſpiring Mien, is the great Favourite of *Eſculapius*; there's not a Health-reſtoring Herb, or wholeſome Drug,

Drug, which Learning and deep Study has not made familiar to him.— The next in Merit, equal in Fame, by modeſt Chearfulneſs, and ſweet-becoming Smiles, denotes the natural Compaſſion and Benignity of his Diſpoſition, and that 'tis his *Delight*, as well as Intereſt, to ſave.— The third, auſtere in Looks, has yet a tender Soul; and oft, when fatal *Atropos* has well-nigh cut the Thread of Life, has by his Skill and Care cemented it more ſtrongly than before.— The laſt, is of a Practice different from theſe, among the Fair his Art is chiefly proved: a Votary of *Lucina's*, and by that Goddeſs bleſs'd with ſuperior Succeſs, and crown'd with Fame.— A Viſit here is more for State than Service: But having mention'd him, I cannot drop the Theme without informing you, that tho' long paſt thoſe vigorous Years which Woman-kind adores, a Form ne'er made for ſoft Delights, and eminent in nothing but an Art, which while the Fair are forc'd to prove, is ſhocking to Remembrance; yet he, I ſay, with all theſe Diſadvantages about him, has found the way to move the Heart of one of the greateſt Princeſſes in *Utopia*.— Happ'ning on ſome occaſion to make a Voyage thither, he found her drowned in Tears, and half expiring by the Side of the deceaſed Prince her Husband, and crying out in the moſt ſeeming Bitterneſs of Soul, that there was now nothing left on Earth worth living for, and vowing ſhe would be buried with him.— Paſſions when violent, and at firſt indulg'd, grow ſooneſt cool; the Doctor found the happy Secret to mitigate her Grief, and ſoon, alas! 'twas ſoon indeed, inſpir'd her with a contrary Paſſion. All the remembrance of the Graces, the Perfections of her dead Husband, ſeem'd now buried in his Tomb; the ſoft Obſequiouſneſs of this new Adorer, took up all her Thoughts, and

Inclination taking part with his Perſuaſions, becauſe he was too mean to become her Husband, conſented to be his by a way leſs honourable than that of Marriage.—— In fine, ſhe has by him a Boy, who for Beauty is frequently compared to the God of Love; and when the doating Mother takes him in her Arms, inſpires her with a Tenderneſs which often makes her burſt out into theſe, or the like rapturous Expreſſions: —— Sure the Power which influenc'd thy begetting, has adorn'd thee with his own ſuperior Charms, on purpoſe to convince the miſtaken World, that Love is the Deity moſt worthy to be ador'd.—— Behold then, *continu'd the Deity*, how wonderful is my Influence when not oppos'd by him who is too frequently my Enemy, the God of *Wit*.—— In this Affair, with mine he joined his Power, and taught the Doctor ſuch prevailing Words, as Woman could not liſten to unmov'd.—— The Pride of Virtue, and the Pomp of Grandeur, are Motives too, too weak, when Love and Wit conſpire to warm the Heart, and thrill the throbbing Breaſt with ſofter and more pleaſing Wiſhes.

As the Deity was in this part of his Diſcourſe, a ſudden loud knocking at the Gate occaſion'd him to break off; but after a little pauſe, Now! now! *reſum'd he*, begins the Certainty of *Lucilius*'s Fate to glare upon him—— Meſſengers are arriv'd from the Palace-Royal, to take from him ſome of thoſe Poſts he has ſo ill fill'd up; and e'er yet the Sun reaches his mid-day Courſe, more dreadful News will ſhock his haughty Soul, and join with the Diſeaſe he labours under, to drive him from the World; not that 'tis decreed by Fate that he ſo ſoon ſhould know a period to his Woes.—— Fallen from his Height, diſgrac'd, abandon'd, ſhall he linger out a certain Space of Time, wiſhing

for

for Death, and yet condemn'd to live.—— But this unhappy Wretch, inſolent as he has been in Crimes, is yet leſs guilty than the avaricious *Sarpedon*; to him we'll next direct our Steps, and when I have diſclos'd the monſtrous Stratagems by which that worſe than Cannibal has drawn into his power Numbers of his helpleſs Fellow-creatures, and under a form of Juſtice, devour'd their Subſtance and prey'd on their very Vitals, not all the amazing and tremendous Villanies you have already ſeen, will prevent an additional Aſtoniſhment, that the Divine *Aſtrea* has ſo long endur'd the prophanation of her ſacred Name, that her Complaints have not long ſince prevail'd on the omnipotent *Jupiter*, to thunder down his heavieſt Vengeance on the bold Offender's Head: or, that the leſs guilty Mortals, who with Wonder and Deteſtation have beheld his Crimes, have not join'd to drive him out from Poſts of Truſt and Power, to baniſh him from Commerce and Society, and hunt him as the common Enemy of his own Specie.

With theſe Words they departed from the Palace of *Lucilius*, but in the way to that to which the Deity intended to conduct the wond'ring Youth, paſſing thro' a pleaſant Walk, a Proſpect preſented itſelf to the admiring Stranger's View, which appear'd more lovely, more inchanting far than any thing he had ever ſeen before. It was a Bower compos'd of meeting Trees, whoſe mingling Arms wreathing themſelves in amorous Foldings, ſeem'd to defy the Heat of Mid-day's Sun, and wafted up and down by gentle Breezes, beckon'd the Traveller to ſweet Repoſe, beneath the Umbrage of their refreſhing Shade. The Situation of this Bower of Bliſs was at the foot of a moſt delightful Hill, whence ſeveral little Caſcades contributed to the Pleaſure of the Place, by joining in concert,

as it were, the Fall of Waters to the melodious warbling of the Birds, which in great abundance neſted in the fragrant Grove. The Joy-creating Power perceiving how much his illuſtrious Gueſt was charm'd with the Beauties of this ſweet Receſs, led him farther into it, till deſcending on graſſy Steps, they beheld a kind of Couch, or double-ſeated Chair, made all of Rock-work; Mother of Pearl, Corral, and ſome of every ſort of Shell which the rich Ocean yields, adorn'd the curious Structure.—— On it ſupinely lay a blooming Beauty, on whoſe Face and Form Nature had beſtow'd ſuch a profuſion of uncommon Charms, that ſhe ſeem'd more than human.—— Struck to the Soul, and all amaz'd at ſo raviſhing an Object, the Stranger cou'd think no other, than that by the Power of the Divinity which accompanied him, he had been ſuddenly tranſported to thoſe bliſsful Regions where Harmony immortal reigns, and which Mortals are permitted to know but in Idea, and that the dazling Form he now beheld, was in reality the Queen of Beauty and of Love.— Poſſeſs'd of this Imagination, he was about to throw himſelf on the Earth in humble Adoration, when the Deity ſeeing into his Thoughts, prevented him, and with a Smile which diſclos'd ten thouſand heavenly Graces till then unmark'd by the adventurous Youth, Forbear, *ſaid he to him*; the Charmer you behold, tho' of a Form the moſt perfect of her Kind, is but a Mortal as you are, and in her Soul a meer, meer *Woman!* Ambition, Vanity, and Pride take up her Thoughts, and leave no room for nobler Deſires.—— But 'tis needleſs, *continued he*, to relate her Character, yonder I ſee approaching, a Lady big with a Reſentment which will vent itſelf in Reproaches, ſuch as cannot fail of letting you into the whole Hiſtory

of

of this frail Beauty's Conduct. He ſpoke no more, for the Stranger turning his Eyes to that part of the Bower where the God of tender Wiſhes ſeem'd to point, immediately ſaw a Woman enter, of a graceful Preſence, and agreeable Air, tho' ſomewhat advanc'd in Years, and her Countenance extremely ruffled with her inward Agitations: Our Traveller being by the Influence of his Divine Conductor render'd inviſible to human Eyes, heard her expreſs herſelf without Reſerve, in theſe, or the like Terms: You do well, Daughter, *ſaid ſhe*, in this Retreat, to ſcreen yourſelf from the Upbraidings of your injured Lord, and the juſt Cenſures of the aſtoniſh'd World: ——but think not, *continued ſhe*, that even this Receſs, this ſhameful Scene of your too guilty Pleaſures, has Privacy ſufficient to conceal your Crimes from jealous Curioſity, and violated Honour.——— You have brought Infamy into a noble Family, which for a long Series of Ages maintain'd itſelf unblemiſh'd, and would ſtill have done ſo, had not your fatal Beauty been the bane of all its Glory.——— She was about to proſecute her Revilings, if the other, who unmov'd had ſeen her enter, had not rais'd herſelf from the Couch on which ſhe lay, and with an indolent and neglecting Air, interrupted her in theſe Words; Hold, Madam, *cry'd ſhe*, I entreat you to forbear, for your own ſake; take my word for it, that there is nothing in Nature ſo deſtructive to Beauty as exceſſive Paſſion; —— beſides, yours ſeems ſo extravagant, that I fear it will be equally fatal to your Reaſon.—— I know myſelf ſo perfectly innocent of what you accuſe me of, that I think you rather ought to thank me for the encreaſe of Honour my Alliance has brought your Family, than tax me with the want of it.—— But I deſire to know, *added ſhe*, for what imagin'd

Cauſe I am thus treated ! Was ever ſuch an Inſolence ? *reſumed the other fiercely, (and lifting up her Eyes and Hands to Heaven, in token of Amazement)* you certainly take pride to hear your Shame repeated ; is not your Intrigue with the Prince *De Comus* too publick, for you to flatter yourſelf with a Belief that any who have heard your Name are ignorant of it ? Do not his very Pages talk loudly of it ? —— Nay, your own Servants, do they not ſmile, and nod whenever you paſs by them, and by a thouſand intelligible Grimaces, teſtify the Senſe they have of your perfidious Wantonneſs, and your unhappy Lord's Diſhonour.—— Oh that it had pleas'd the Gods, *purſued ſhe, burſting into Tears of mingled Grief and Rage*, my Son had married the moſt deformed, nay, the meaneſt, and moſt abject too of the whole Sex, if adorn'd with Modeſty and Virtue, rather than made himſelf thus more accurſt, to bear the load of Shame which guilty Beauty and diſhonour'd Greatneſs brings on the wretched Husband ! She had ſcarce finiſh'd this Exclamation, when the lovely Criminal fell into ſuch a fit of Laughter, that it render'd her for ſome time incapable of anſwering, as the Surprize at this part of her Behaviour did her Accuſer from adding any thing to what ſhe had already ſaid ; but the former, leſs agitated by Paſſion, had firſt the Power of Recollection, and with a Look and Voice which expreſs'd nothing but Diſdain, reply'd to her in this manner. 'Tis by many Years too late, Madam ! *ſaid ſhe*, for your Ladyſhip to ſet up for a *Prude* ; had you, ſome Ages paſt, obey'd thoſe Maxims you would now lay down for me, thoſe prodigious Pretenſions to Virtue would have been leſs ridiculous.—— It looks like Envy now, and want of Power yourſelf to taſte thoſe Joys you would debar another from poſſeſſing,——not that

I own your Accuſations juſt; —— but had I really yielded to every Wiſh of that accompliſh'd Prince, I ſhould not think I brought Diſhonour on the Man, whoſe Mother has been ſo deeply cenſur'd for her known Intrigues with Perſons as inferior to her in Quality, as I am to the Royal *Comus*. ——— 'Tis Infamy, indeed, when we deſcend to the Embraces of a Wretch beneath us; but when by our ſuperior Charms we are diſtinguiſh'd from the leſs worthy part of Woman-kind, by one who by his Greatneſs and his Merits is entitled to the choice of the whole Sex, it adds a Luſtre to our Beauty, and opens the Eyes of the before unheeding World to ſee, and own our Power. She concluded theſe Words with a malicious Smile, and haughty Toſs of her Head; while the other almoſt burſting with Indignation, could utter no more than ſome incoherent Exclamations, ſuch as, Was ever ſo much Inſolence! —— ſuch an unparallel'd Aſſurance! ——— But do not think I'll bear it! —Nor ſhall my Son, your Huſband, be long without the means of Revenge!—— And then again, ——— Reflect on my unblemiſh'd Conduct! ——— Throw your impudent Aſperſions on my known Virtue! The tearing of the Fan, the ſtamp of the Foot, and other ſuch-like Geſtures accompanied theſe Expreſſions, but wanting Words to teſtify as ſhe would have done the Spite ſhe conceiv'd at thoſe galling Reflections with which the young Lady had reply'd to her Reproaches, ſhe flung out of the Bower half ſuffocated with unavailing Rage. She was no ſooner out of ſight, than her fair Daughter-in-law, as little regardful of her Anger as ſhe had been of her Remonſtrances, ſtarted from the Couch on which ſhe had been all this time ſitting, and with a gay Air and Motion, ſinging,

Cares would in vain annoy me,
Love ſhall alone employ me.——

tript down a Walk of Myrtles, which led to a magnificent Palace, where 'tis highly probable ſhe acted the buſineſs of the Song.

Behold! *ſaid the Divine Inſpirer of the ſofteſt Paſſion*, in theſe two Ladies, the Diſpoſitions which are ordinarily to be found in Woman-kind.——— That Sex is for the moſt part in Extremes; either Pride and Ambition puffs up their giddy Souls, and renders them regardleſs of any other Merit than Grandeur; or devoting themſelves to looſe Deſires, become a Prey to every Object, without diſtinction, which ſeems agreeable to the preſent Inclination.——— How deteſtable to the Gods, and all good Men, are either of theſe Temperaments! —— The former, indeed, is accounted by the World as the moſt prudent, becauſe Men are generally too ungrateful for the Favours they receive from pure Affection, and for the moſt part uſe thoſe Women worſt who love them beſt; but the latter is of that odious Nature, that the very Wretch who lives but by the ſhameful Trade, abhors it, and loaths and ſcorns his diſſolute Benefactreſs.——— So certain is it, that tho' the Act is ſtill the ſame in all, the chaſteſt Matron and the lewdeſt Proſtitute; yet *Love*, as it alone can give a *Sanction* to the rewarded Flame, alone renders it a Joy.——— My Influence is ſuperior to Law; where I with mutual Ardor inſpire the mingling Souls, the Bodies cannot ſin; but without me, even the Marriage-bed is unhallow'd and prophane.

With theſe Words they arrived at the Houſe of *Sarpedon*, and every Paſſage opening to give them way, they paſs'd directly to his Cloſet, where they found

found him buſily employ'd in counting over a vaſt Sum of Gold into a huge Bag, which a Perſon of a graceful Appearance held to receive it: See there, *ſaid the Deity*, the Price of Guilt; the Extortion, the Avarice of the vile *Sarpedon*, having drawn from a ruin'd Million of unhappy Wretches, all that the careful Induſtry of their Predeceſſors had heap'd for them, and their ſucceeding Generations, the Law took notice of it, and Judges were appointed to inſpect into the Juſtice of the Complaints which were daily made; as alſo by what means a Man, born of a Family obſcure, and the Inheritor of but a ſmall portion of Land in a diſtant County, ſhould in a few Years be the maſter of Poſſeſſions ſuperior to moſt part of the Nobility.——— Some Patriots this Iſland boaſts, whoſe Scrutiny wou'd have unravell'd all, and brought the whole dark Scene of his unparallel'd Villany to light; ——but what, alas! cannot the Power of Gold effect? —— He who with greedy Eyes views the bright Droſs, and ſtretches wide the extenſive Bag to make it hold yet more, is called *Maltolius*, Head of the Senate, and Chief of thoſe commiſſion'd either to condemn, or acquit the guilty *Sarpedon*, and is by this Bribe prevail'd upon to ſeal his Pardon, and regardleſs of the wronged Widow, and unfriended Orphans Cryes, ſhares with their cruel Oppreſſor, and makes himſelf a Partner of the other's Crimes.——— In vain the brave *Agenor*, that Glory of his Country! that unrival'd Hero! pleaded, entreated, nay, with modeſt *Threats* demanded Juſtice.—— In vain *Cleanthus*, learned in the Law, produc'd Precedents of Puniſhments inflicted on the like Offenders, *Maltolius*'s Power made all Endeavours fruitleſs, and prophan'd *Aſtrea* flew frighted from the Place, and left Corruption free.

But

But ſhou'd I, *purſu'd the God, with a deep Sigh, which ſeem'd to ſhake his heavenly Breaſt*, ſhould I relate the means by which *Maltolius* has reach'd this height of Intereſt and Power, it would not only take up too much of the Day, but alſo ſeem too ſhocking for Belief, tho' coming from an unerring Mouth.——— It ſhall, therefore, ſuffice to ſay, that all, and more than can be conceiv'd of Perjury, Deceit, Hypocriſy, Ingratitude, and Self-intereſtedneſs, combine to make him compleat in Villany.——— Some time ago, when he was ſtealing himſelf into the favour of ſome Men in Power, and whom he has ſince plotted to deſtroy, having occaſion for a ſmall Sum of Money, to maintain a Port ſuitable to the Expectations which were then beginning to ripen in his Breaſt, and which was neceſſary to create an Eſteem in ſome Inferiors whom he deſign'd for the Tools of his Ambition; he borrow'd 500 Ducats of a Citizen, with a million of Promiſes that as ſoon as it was in his power, he would not only return the Money, but alſo make the Lender a great Man.——— But, alas! how were his Expectations diſappointed, when hapning after to fall into great Misfortunes, and *Maltolius* to be rais'd to the utmoſt height to which his Ambition could aſpire, he applied to him for a ſmall Poſt which he knew was wholly in his diſpoſal, he ask'd him if he had 200 Ducats to beſtow!——— The poor Citizen, ſhock'd as he was at the ungrateful Demand, had preſence enough of mind to tell him, that his Lordſhip had reaſon to be ſenſible he had once more than twice that Sum either to lend or give.——— But theſe Words were ſo far from making the proud Man aſham'd of what he had ſaid, that he coolly anſwer'd him, That nothing of the nature he requir'd could be granted without Money; and that he had ask'd no more of him than he

he would have done of another.——— Finding, therefore, that there was no good to be expected from him, and notwithſtanding his Misfortunes, of a Spirit too great to make many Submiſſions to a Perſon who had been oblig'd to him, the unhappy Petitioner made his Congée, and departed the Room with this Reflection, That he perceiv'd none could be prefer'd by him, but ſuch as either had the good fortune to pleaſe his Wife, or by Perjury, and a known Contempt of Honour and common Honeſty, were qualified for his own Service. *Maltolius* cou'd not avoid hearing theſe Words, but he ſeem'd not to do it; and knowing it was no way in the power of the Injur'd to revenge himſelf, was little concern'd at what his Thoughts were of him. There are a thouſand Stories of this kind with great truth related of him, but this one is enough to let you into the Ingratitude of his Temper, as the Bribe you ſee him take from *Sarpedon* is of his Avarice and Injuſtice: But of all high Heaven's immortal Rulers, there is none whoſe Power he has with ſo much Arrogance offended, as mine!—— Not all the Buſineſs which Ambition brings,——not all the Schemes which his unwearied Brain has ſtill been forming, for added Greatneſs and Increaſe of Wealth,——not all the Fears, Uncertainties, and racking Doubts, which plague the Soul, involv'd in dark Deſigns, could ſo much take up his Thoughts, as to leave no room for amorous Deſires: Whole Years he languiſh'd for a lovely Maid; with all the Rhetorick which Deſire inſpires, he ſought her Favour, and implor'd her Pity.—— He promis'd,——vow'd,——but all in vain.—— His oft ſucceſsful Artifices here were fruitleſs.——The truly virtuous Fair diſdain'd his Suit, nor would conſent to bleſs him but on Terms conſiſtent with her Honour.——— Convinc'd by repeated Repulſes,

ſes, that Perſuaſions ſerv'd but to make her more reſolute in denying; at laſt, he attempted to obtain by Force what Inſinuations could not engage: but that way proving alſo ineffectual, and the burning Paſſion he was enflam'd with, rendring it impoſſible for him to be eaſy without her, he pretended to become a Convert to her Virtue, and ſatisfy'd her Scruples by marrying her in as ſolemn a manner as ſhe cou'd wiſh, abating the Privacy, and that he told her was abſolutely neceſſary as his Affairs then ſtood: She was perfectly ſatisfy'd with the Reaſons he gave her, and contented herſelf with the knowledge that ſhe was his Wife, tho' his frequent Viſits to her, and the little belief any body had of what had paſt between them, made all her Friends extremely uneaſy, and not able to refrain perſecuting her both with Advice and Reproaches, ſhe regarded not the preſent Stain her Reputation was clouded with, not doubting but a time would come, when Convenience wou'd permit him to clear it in a way which would add to the Brightneſs of it, by joining to her other Virtues that of Patience, in ſo long enduring thoſe Obloquies which ſhe not deſerv'd, and were in her power to ſilence when ſhe pleas'd.—— While Deſire remain'd unſatiated, and Inclination in that charming Vigour ſo dear to Woman-kind, ſhe had, indeed, ſufficient to compenſate for her loſt Character; but when his Ardors cool'd, and he viſited her with an Air which had more the appearance of a *forc'd* than *real* Tenderneſs, ſhe then prov'd how well ſhe knew the Duty of a Wife, and how much ſhe priz'd the Intereſt of him ſhe had made her Huſband.——Her Prudence ſtill conceal'd the weighty Secret, and but to Heaven and himſelf utter'd her Complainings.——— She had borne two Children to him, before ſhe entertain'd the leaſt Thought of

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obliging him to do her that publick Juſtice which her Merits and his Honour requir'd him to pay her, and had without all queſtion much longer have in ſilence bore the oppreſſive Weight with which ſhe was loaded by the Cenſure of the World, had ſhe not been aſcertain'd he was making his Court to a Lady, and that things were drawing ſo near to a concluſion, that the Writings for the Marriage-Settlement were actually drawing up by a Lawyer. This was an Alarm, a Blow indeed, which ſcarce all her Courage cou'd enable her to ſuſtain; but having a little given way to the firſt Emotions of her Rage, Recollection re-aſſum'd its place; that Prudence which had adviſ'd her ſo long to bear without endeavouring to redreſs the Grievances ſhe labour'd under, now bid her exert her utmoſt Faculties to prevent the irreparable Miſchief which threatned her.——Her wounded Fame, her neglected Love, but moſt the Contumely which thoſe ſweet Innocents which call'd her Mother, muſt hereafter endure in the partnerſhip of her Diſgrace, told her ſhe muſt now, or never, retrieve herſelf and them from all the Miſeries which foul-mouth'd Detraction brings.——Yet reſolving, if poſſible, to reclaim her Wanderer by gentle means, ſhe wrote to him the tendereſt Letter which long-ſuffering Love, and wifely Virtue cou'd inſpire.—— Conjur'd him to have ſome regard to his own Honour, to his Vows, and the ſolemn Contract he had made before the holy Altar,——to remember how much ſhe had endur'd, how little ſhe had complain'd,—and that he wou'd in mercy, and in juſtice to herſelf and Children, avoid an Act which muſt not only render them miſerable, but alſo accurs'd himſelf, when cool Reflection got the better of Deſire. —— A thouſand ſuch-like tender Remonſtrances ſhe made him, but concluded with an Aſſurance,

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that however inclinable ſhe might be to pardon all Injuries done to herſelf, ſhe could not without becoming equally guilty of their Wrongs, conſent to make them wretched whom ſhe had brought into the World, and who had no other Friend to take their part; and that if ſofter means ſhould fail, he muſt expect to hear before a Bar of Juſtice, the whole Hiſtory of his Perjury and Ingratitude explain'd.——— Having no anſwer to this, ſhe ſent a ſecond Epiſtle, the Contents of which were much to the ſame purpoſe, as was alſo the Effect it work'd on him to whom it was directed.——— A third, a fourth had equal Succeſs, till confirm'd by repeated Intelligences that he was ſo far from breaking off his intended Match, that every thing was preparing for it with the greateſt Expedition, ſhe at laſt reſolv'd to throw off all remains of Tenderneſs for a Man ſo utterly unworthy of it, and at once expoſe him to the World; the firſt thing ſhe did, was to ſend a Perſon with the Account of the whole Affair, to the deſigned Bride: but that Lady, who was induc'd by other Motives than thoſe of Love to marry *Maltolius*, and believing that if he really were the Husband of another, he would not dare to have proceeded ſo far with her, had little regard to whom his Inclinations were affected, or how miſerable the Woman who took this Method to ſecure him muſt be, and return'd an Anſwer full of Scorn.—— Struck to the heart at ſuch inhuman Treatment on all ſides, the abandon'd Fair vow'd to delay no longer the Proſecution of her juſt Revenge, and immediately ſent for one of the ableſt Doctors in the Law, to whom ſhe related her unhappy Caſe at full; but, O great *Jupiter!* how much more wretched than ſhe imagin'd, did ſhe find herſelf, when taking from her Cabinet the Diſpenſation for her Marriage with

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Maltolius, in order to ſhow it to the Lawyer, ſhe found that both his and her own Name had been written with ſomething which would not retain its Blackneſs, and that there now remain'd not the leaſt tincture on the Parchment that any thing had ever been written there.——— The detection of ſo monſtrous a piece of Villany, made her for ſome Moments appear like one bereft of Reaſon; and to add to her Diſtraction, the Doctor who deſir'd not to be employ'd againſt a Man of ſo much Power as *Maltolius* was then become, told her, That ſhe had but imagin'd ſuch a Contract had been made between them, and that he would adviſe her to let the buſineſs die.——— It was in vain ſhe proteſted that Deſires had not deceiv'd her, that ſhe was in reality his lawful Wife, ſhe had no Evidences to teſtify the Truth of her Aſſertions, ſhe knew not the Prieſt who married them, and he had taken care never to have ſubſcrib'd himſelf her Husband in any of the Letters he had ſent to her, always affecting to write in a Stile of Gallantry, which ſhe, poor deceiv'd Lady, had believ'd to have ſprung from the Exceſs of his Affection for her, but which ſhe now found a very contrary reaſon for.—To whom now could ſhe complain?——from whom could ſhe hope Redreſs?——— None of thoſe to whom ſhe directed her melancholy Story, had the power to alleviate her Griefs.——— It was but a very few who pitied her Misfortunes, and ſcarce any who gave credit to her Wrongs,———ſo much had the falſe *Maltolius*, at that time, wound himſelf into the good Opinion of Mankind, that nothing but himſelf, and the bare-fac'd Injuries he has ſince offer'd to a Multitude of Evidences, cou'd have had the power to have erac'd it. In a Condition little different from Madneſs, did this wretched Lady languiſh out her days, till her Eyes were

were witneſſes of her then irremediable Misfortune in the Marriage of *Maltolius*, which was celebrated with all the Magnificence imaginable in the chief Temple of this Republick.——— Not able after to endure the Contempt which thoſe who hated her, on this occaſion threw upon her, and undone in every Circumſtance which can make Life pleaſing, ſhe was about to put an end to her Miſeries by death; but happening into the Company of a reverend Prieſt, ſhe was by him diverted from thoſe dreadful Thoughts, and in a ſmall time recommended to the famous Temple of *Veſta*, which ſtands in an Iſland diſtant from this a few Leagues; ſhe there paſſes her time with a Tranquility which ſhe could not have enjoy'd even in the utmoſt Gratifications of her Wiſhes, and now looks down with Pity on the inceſſant Turmoils which haunt thoſe who live ſubject to the Changes of a buſy and inconſtant World.—— Her two little Sons are bred up under the Care of the ſame holy Man to whom their Mother owes this happy alteration in her State and Mind, and ſeem ordain'd by Fate for Bleſſings more ſublime than their unnatural Father, great as he is, has the power of beſtowing, or than he himſelf is now capable of receiving; for dearly has he paid for breach of Vows, and baſe Ingratitude to her who was by Honour and Religion his only lawful Wife. This Woman on whom Intereſt at firſt beſtow'd that Title, as a Puniſhment for the Wrongs he did the other, I have made him love, love even to a degree of Dotage, while ſhe, diſdainful of his Ardors, and a Libertine in Pleaſure, profuſely ſhowers her Favours on as many as ſeem deſirous of them; and regardleſs of her own, or Lord's Diſhonour, as ſheis of his Tenderneſs, confeſſes to know no Joy in Love, without Variety.——— Thus he, who a whole Nation awes,

awes, is by a worthleſs Woman govern'd, yet ſcorn'd, made the Tool of her Ambition, while he knows himſelf the Object of her Hate,, and has it not in his power either to throw off the ſlaviſh Chain, nor gain the leaſt return for all his Services!—— How often does this Terror of Mankind tremble at the Frowns of her whom both the Laws of Heaven and Earth have ſubjected to his Will! —— What ſtreams of Tears does he not in private ſhed, to find himſelf the only one of all his Sex whoſe Vows of Paſſion are unwelcome to her! —— How does he, whoſe Greatneſs, Wealth, and Power are the Envy of the whole World, himſelf envy the Condition of each mean-born Wretch who boaſts the happy Secret to pleaſe this luxurious, this inconſtant Woman!—Thus does he languiſh amidſt a Scene of Pleaſures. —— In vain vaſt Offices and Poſts of Truſt make him the Reverence of the gaping Crowd.—In vain with private Bribes he ſees each day his extenſive Coffers heap'd; proud and mercenary as he is, it is not in the power of either of theſe gratified Deſires to compenſate for ill-rewarded Love. Of all the numerous Wretches which his Ambition or Avarice has made, there is not one more miſerable, more accurs'd, than is himſelf; and never did the unerring hand of Juſtice guide a gall-dipt Shaft of mine with greater Force, or more reſiſtleſs Fury into any Heart than that of his; 'tis fix'd, 'tis rooted there, and but by death can only be diſlodg'd! —— But to return to *Sarpedon*, who has not leſs prophan'd my Influence than has *Maltolius*, or than both of them have done the reſt of the Eternal Hierarchy: Being, as I have already hinted, in an Office which gave him the privilege of inſpecting into the Legality of Affairs, and to diſpoſſeſs thoſe of their Eſtates which ſeem'd to him unlawfully to be detain'd, he found

found reaſon, or at leaſt a ſhadow of it, to ſeize on the Effects of a Gentleman who among a numerous Offspring had a Daughter endowed with every Perfection which Nature can beſtow.—— The unfortunate Delinqent bringing his mournful Family to the Gate of this all-devouring falſe-nam'd Moderator, in hope by ſetting forth the Miſeries to which theſe ruin'd Innocents muſt be reduc'd, to move him to return ſome part of what he had taken from them, he no ſooner caſt his Eyes on the fair Darling of the old Man's Soul, than he began to caſt about in his mind by what means he ſhould make her the Victim of his baſe Deſires.—— Vainglorious of his Power, and judging by his own Diſpoſition, that nothing would be ſcrupled by a Perſon in Misfortunes, he had the Impudence to treat with the Father about the Daughter's Ruin; telling him, That if he entertain'd any hope of reenjoying his Eſtate, he muſt diſpoſe her to accept his Love: But here this unhappy Gentleman, by a generous diſdain of his Offers, prov'd that the ſevereſt Shocks of Fate are vain to ſhake the firm Reſolves of Virtue in a brave Man's Soul. He told him he could not think his Family altogether poor, while they preſerv'd their Honour, and that it was an eaſier Task by far to ſtarve, than be guilty of a baſe Action. He ſaid many other things to the ſame purpoſe, but inſtead of working the Effect they ought to have done on the harden'd Mind of the injurious *Sarpedon*, he diſmiſſed him from his preſence with a thouſand Contumelies, telling him he ſhould enjoy his Wiſh, and die a Martyr to the Fantom he preferr'd to the real Good which had been proffer'd him. However, being ſtill poſſeſs'd of that burning Paſſion which the bright Eyes of this unhappy Beauty had kindled in his Breaſt, and determin'd to enjoy her by ſome means or other,

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He ſent a Perſon whom he could confide in, and whoſe Cunning he had frequently experienc'd in Exploits of the ſame nature, to watch to what Place this diſconſolate Family retir'd; and having at his return Intelligence, and alſo that their Misfortunes were ſuch as were impoſſible to be ſuſtain'd for any long time with Life, he found means to try privately the Temper of the young Maid, who wanting her Father's Conſtancy, and diſtracted with the Miſeries ſhe ſaw herſelf and wretched Kindred involv'd in, at laſt conſented to his Will, on promiſe that the whole Eſtate which had been taken from them ſhould be immediately reſtor'd.— All Night this cruel Foe of Honour triumph'd in the Arms of his fair Prize, nor left the Scene of Ruin, till every lawleſs Wiſh at full was ſatiated.——— But when Morning came, and ſhe demanded the expected Recompence of Shame, how terrible was her Surprize to find herſelf ſo baſely betray'd! — With an Air and Voice which had nothing in it of the laſt Night's ſoftneſs, he careleſly told her, that he us'd not to make good ſuch Bargains,—— that certainly ſhe had not Vanity enough to ſet the Favours ſhe had allow'd him at ſo high a Rate,—— but that if ſhe wou'd continue to be his, he wou'd conſider of ſome little Support for her:——but for her Father, his Inſolence deſerv'd no Pity from his hands. —— Imagine, *purſued the God*, illuſtrious Youth! what a Woman educated in the ſtricteſt Principles of Virtue, and who had conſented to ſwerve from 'em only by the moſt poinant Neceſſity, muſt feel at ſuch a Treatment, ſuch a Diſappointment.—Remorſe, and Rage, and Grief at firſt prevented her from replying; but when the ſtruggling Paſſions began to vent themſelves in words, how juſtly ſevere were her Upbraidings!—Nothing to hope, and paſt the ſenſe of fear, ſhe call'd him Villain, Monſter,

ſter, Fiend; and ſeem'd in pain that ſhe could find in Language no Expreſſions proportion'd to her Wongs, and the Deceits by which ſhe had been beguil'd. — But this proud Prophaner of the Gods, little regardful of her Deſpair, or the Vengeance which her Cries in time might draw down from Heaven on his Perfidiouſneſs, bid her be ſilent, and depart his Houſe 'till ſhe had learn'd better how to behave to a Perſon in whoſe power her Reputation, as well as her means of future Support, entirely lay.——And finding ſhe ſtill perſiſted, and her Indignation, inſtead of abating, rather grew more loud, he order'd her to be turn'd out of doors with an Inhumanity ſcarce ever parallel'd. Wild with her Griefs, ſhe immediately repair'd to her unhappy Father, and in the preſent Anguiſh of her Soul, forgetful how vaſt a ſurcharge of Affliction the Tidings muſt give to his already almoſt broken Heart, related the whole Story of her Credulity, her Ruin, and the monſtrous Ingratitude with which ſhe had been uſed. That truly worthy Man, to whom nothing was ſo dear as Virtue, cou'd not hear that one of his Family had forfeited it, without falling into Agonies which would ſuffer by deſcription. —— He lamented not the Diſappointment ſhe had ſuſtain'd, but the Occaſion ſhe had given for it, and expreſs'd an infinite deal more of Reſentment againſt her Weakneſs, than *Sarpedon*'s Barbarity. In the Pangs of Death, which this Accident ſoon brought on, he refus'd to ſee her, and was but with great difficulty prevail'd on to afford her his dying Bleſſing. ——The Miſeries which after befel this wretched Beauty, would be too tedious to recite; therefore I ſhall only ſay, that ſhe never had the leaſt aſſiſtance from *Sarpedon*, tho' the Extremities in which ſhe was plunged, in ſpite of the juſt Hatred ſhe had con-

conceived againſt him, made her ſeveral times intreat it. —— The reſt of this unhappy Offspring, warn'd by their Siſter's Woes, tread firm the Paths of Virtue, and ſhunning her *Guilt*, avoid her *Remorſe*, the ſevereſt Puniſhment of Sin; contenting themſelves with ſubmitting to the moſt *abject*, if *innocent*, means whereby to ſupport Life. One more Inſtance, of much the ſame nature with this I have already related, ſhall conclude my Diſcourſe of this deteſted Shame of Power. Having for a long time made his fruitleſs Addreſſes to the Wife of a certain Gentleman, that Demon, whoſe Votary he is, inſpir'd him with a Stratagem to overcome her oft-try'd Virtue.—— He procur'd Perſons to ſwear ſome things againſt her Huſband which render'd him liable to Puniſhment.—— That done, he got his whole Eſtate confiſcated, which paſſing thro' his Hands before it was divided among thoſe to whom the Law allotted it, the Gleanings amounted to a Sum which in her preſent Misfortunes ſerv'd to ſeduce the Lady; thus making the wretched Husband pay the Price of his Wife's Shame, and his own Diſhonour: After which, being glutted with the repeated Poſſeſſion of her Charms, he found a Wile to draw from her alſo the Money, and left her and two Children ſhe had by him to periſh for want of the common Neceſſaries of Life; threatning her, if ſhe complain'd, to deny all that had paſt between them, and expoſe her to that Puniſhment the Law inflicts on Women who are abandon'd enough to claim fictitious Fathers for their ſpurious Offspring.

Here ceas'd the God of painleſs Sighs, but a Perſon ſtrangely extravagant in his Dreſs and Manner of Behaviour, that moment entring the Room where they were, and enquiring for *Maltolius*, gave

him a new Theme for Converſation, which he reſum'd in this manner.

This Thing, *ſaid he*, for it would be an Injury to which ever Sex I ſhould diſtinguiſh him to be of, is both the Paramour of Man and Woman.—— He has Charms which render him agreeable to either Kind, and can counterfeit the dying Lover, or ſalacious Minion, as either of theſe Characters are conducive to his Intereſt.—— A late Nobleman of this Iſland, forſaking the Embraces of one of the moſt beautiful Women in the World, laviſh'd on this wretched Creature, not only the Vigour of thoſe Affections given him by Nature for a nobler End, but alſo a vaſt deal of his Fortune, which has very much diſappointed a noble Youth, the lawful Heir of his Poſſeſſions.—— He is now the chief Favourite of the Wife of *Maltolius*, and is ſent by her on a Meſſage to him; 'tis probable, with her Commands for the beſtowing ſome Place of Profit on a Perſon of his recommending: whatever the Injunction be, he dare not diſobey it, leſt for a whole Week or more he is debarr'd the ſight of her, whom his ill Fate has deſtin'd him to adore with infinitely more Devotion than he ever paid to Heaven.—— Mark, *ſaid the Deity*, when they met and ſaluted, with what Civility the proud, the haughty *Maltolius* accoſts the Man whom moſt his Soul abhors, and who is certain triumphs in Joys he has but a taſte of, and that too by Compulſion, and the dull Neceſſity of yielding to what Marriage makes a Duty.——— See how he takes him in his Arms!—— With what feign'd Courteſy he ſeems to admire the *Fopperies* which render him as *ridiculous* to all who ſee him, as his *Vices* make him *hateful* to every one not guilty of the ſame.—— It might afford Diverſion to a diſintereſted Perſon to obſerve the monſtrous Hypocriſy with which

which theſe Courtiers entertain each other, did not the detection of Crimes more new demand our Preſence.—— Let us, therefore, leave them; the next Scene I will conduct you to, ſhall be the Dreſſing-Room of a celebrated Toaſt, a Lady ſeemingly ſo nice, ſo delicate in her Nature, that the Air, till clear'd by Incenſe, and the Fumes of *Myrrh*, *Caſſia*, and other rich *Arabian* Scents, is too impure for her to breathe in; and of ſo chaſte a Diſpoſition, that but to ſee a Woman receive a Kiſs from a Perſon of a different Sex, creates in her a Deteſtation of them both; and yet, 'tis probable, about this hour, we ſhall find her juſt riſing from the Embraces of her own Groom, who cover'd o'er all Day with Duſt and Sweat, at Night finds his Refreſhment in his Lady's Arms.—— Too many of theſe *Prudes* are in this Iſland to be found, but this one Example will be ſufficient to convince you, how hard it is to know the real Temper of the Fair, and with how nice a Scrutiny a Man ſhould pry into the Behaviour of a Woman he finds himſelf inclin'd to love.

The Deity had no ſooner ended this Advice, than the Stranger, without any perceptible Motion, found himſelf in a Drawing-room, the Furniture of which was extremely rich, but plain;——the greateſt Ornaments of it being ſome Books bound in a manner peculiarly beautiful, and claſp'd with Gold, in which were Diamonds, and other precious Stones moſt curiouſly ſet.—Our adventurous Inquiſitive, being a lover of Reading, opening ſeveral of them, found that Devotion was the Subject of them all, and incloſ'd in ſome of them, were many written Prayers, all which were addreſs'd to *Diana* Goddeſs of Chaſtity. Had his Divine Intelligence not inform'd him of the Truth, he would have imagin'd the Miſtreſs of this Palace to have

been no other than one of the moſt favourite Nymphs of that cold Queen of Virtue, by her commiſſion'd to live a while on Earth, by her Example to reform the Sex, and prove the Charms of Piety and Chaſtity.——— As he was making ſome few Reflections on what he ſaw, and what he had been told, which no other Tongue but his that ſpoke it could have induced him to believe, the Lady and her Enamorato appear'd. She was a Woman extremely handſome, and well made; and to thoſe Charms which were accuſtom'd to dwell upon her Face, there now were added a thouſand more———warm with the Joys of Love, the recent Pleaſure left on her glowing Cheeks unuſual Freſhneſs——in her bright Eyes the unſled Extaſy ſeem'd ſtill to ſwim,—and with Deſire unſated, her ſnowy Breaſt yet heav'd.——— Looking on her Watch, which lay on a Table, Cruel, cruel Hours, ſaid ſhe, how ſwiftly do you move when Lovers meet!——— I would have all my Nights ſuch as great *Jupiter* ordain'd for his Enjoyment with *Amphitryon*'s Wife.——— But wretched, ſtupid Mortals, are ever contriving, ever finding out new Schemes to plague themſelves, elſe would not this tell-tale Monitor warn me that there is a curs'd neceſſity for us to part.——— With theſe words ſhe help'd to ſtrip him of a rich Night-gown, and Shirt, and dreſs him in the Habit which more became his Station. A thouſand Kiſſes, and Embraces hinder'd the Office from being very ſpeedily executed; but when he was equip'd ready for the Stable, and had by a Pair of Back-ſtairs deſcended from her Apartment, ſhe rung her Bell for her Women to come in, having firſt plac'd herſelf at her Toylet, and taken up one of thoſe Books of Devotion already mention'd.

Is

Is there, *ſaid the God of perfect Paſſion,* (with a Voice and Countenance which expreſs'd as much Indignation as the nature of his Being wou'd allow) a Poſſibility that any thing can be more ſhocking than the complicated Crimes of this fair Apoſtate?——Does ſhe not, by this Hypocriſy, at once offend the general Synod of the Deities?——How impiouſly prophane are all her Words and Actions?——How, under the appearance of Sanctity, does ſhe blaſpheme each heavenly Ruler!——Inſtigated by that Demon who wears my Shape, and has uſurp'd my Name, how does ſhe affront my Power!——deſpiſing *Love,*——a Votary to *Luſt*——in *Publick* ridicules my Darts,——in *Private,* ſins under the Sanction of my imagin'd *Influence*——with what a daring Inſolence do her feign'd Orizons, and pretended Piety and Adorations inſult the great Originals of Virtue!——How much by ſeeming Goodneſs does ſhe out-do all Wickedneſs!——but it is not in the Preſence of ſo abhorr'd an Object I can remain——there are in an outer Room, ſeveral Women of her Acquaintance waiting to attend her *Levee,* I will give you a brief Relation of their various Crimes, then lead you where you ſhall behold more new and more aſtoniſhing Inſtances of the little regard offending Mortals pay to the Commands of Heaven.

The Will of the Deity, like Fate, was perform'd as ſoon as Thought: inſtead of the Counterfeit Devotee, meditating at her Toylet, five Ladies all different from her, as they were to each other, were now the Objects which preſented themſelves to the wondring Youth; among them, there was one whoſe Air and Mien ſeem'd to diſtinguiſh her above the reſt, and it was ſhe whom the God firſt noticed——That Woman,

ſaid

ſaid he, pointing to her, is deſcended from a Race remarkably Illuſtrious for many brave Actions, but as if the Vigour of their Lineage was confin'd wholly to the Males of it, the feminine Part have all of 'em for two or three Generations, given them cauſe to wiſh they had begot no Daughters.——The Aunt of this young Lady being very near her Marriage, with one of the moſt graceful and accompliſh'd Noblemen of his time, was diſcover'd by the careleſs dropping of a Letter, to have held a criminal Converſation with her Brother's Page: another, the only ſurviving Iſſue of the moſt worthy of the Family, tho' a younger Branch of it, was in a publick Aſſembly taken in Labour, and immediately deliver'd of a baſe begotten Child—and ſhe who now ſeems to have ſo great a ſhare of Spirit and Haughtineſs, that thoſe who are ſenſible of more of her Humour than her Countenance and Deportment diſcover, wou'd almoſt ſwear it were impoſſible for her to do a thing ſhou'd render her unworthy of Eſteem; yet is ſhe, this very ſeemingly aſpiring ſhe, the Slave of looſe Deſires, which to gratify, ſhe maintains a mean-born Libertine, who if retrench'd in thoſe profuſe Expences her Purſe has but too laviſhly ſupply'd, threatens to expoſe the Folly of her abandon'd Fondneſs, and ſet her as a Mark of Infamy to the laughing World.—She, who ſits on her Right-hand, is of a Diſpoſition altogether the reverſe, but at leaſt equally vicious with the other——No amorous Inclinations e'er yet warm'd her icy Boſom——No lovely Youth has yet attain'd the wiſh'd-for Secret to inſpire her with one tender Thought——yet has ſhe had variety of Intrigue——ſtrange Contradiction you may think, but I ſhall preſently explain the Riddle ——Tho' by her wealthy Parents left in poſſeſſion of a Fortune infinitely ſuperior to her Birth, ſhe

ſhe is of a Humour ſo deſpicably avaritious, that there are ſcarce any means ſo vile ſhe wou'd not practiſe to increaſe her Store,——her Beauty and her Youth have gain'd her many Conqueſts, but ſhe no ſooner conſents to liſt a Slave among the Number of her Train, than ſhe takes care to let him know, the only Proof he can give that ſhe is Miſtreſs of her *Heart*, is, to make her ſo of his *Purſe*. Thoſe of them who have Paſſion and Generoſity enough, to make them think the Merit of having oblig'd her a ſufficient Recompence for the having done ſo, are ſure of meeting no greater Reward,— but thoſe who have too real a Value for their Gold, to part with it without a Certainty of purchaſing an adequate Satisfaction, are thoſe who alone reap the Joys, it is in the power of this fair Jilt to afford———Thus does ſhe beſtow herſelf for Hire, like the moſt common *Courtezan* without the Plea of Inclination, or Neceſſity to excuſe her Crimes. The third of this well ſorted Company, is a Woman, who merely thro' Vanity yields herſelf a Victim to the amorous Force of almoſt as many as attack her——ſhe thinks no ſhame equal to that of being neglected, and will forfeit every thing rather than not ſecure the Heart ſhe flatters herſelf once to have influenc'd——ſhe is far from being lovely——has a very ill Shape——her Eyes are dull and inexpreſſive——her Complexion pale and ſwarthy———in fine, ſhe has, you ſee, no Charm but Youth, and that too in its decline——Her Sex however, and the Knowledge of her Diſpoſition, are ſufficient to attract a great Number of pretended Admirers——and tho' no body looks more frequently in the Glaſs, yet is ſhe ſo blind to her own Imperfections, that there is nothing ſhe more readily believes than that ſhe is belov'd, and deſerves to be ſo for her perſonal Perfections——

This

This fantaſtick piece of Nature's miſtaken Workmanſhip, is the only Daughter of a foreign Miniſter, who has ſignaliz'd himſelf in many Courts by his Policy and good Addreſs, as much as this Branch of his degenerate Race has done herſelf for Acts of Levity and Indiſcretion——The general Talk which the Town at this time has of her, is the Intrigue between her and a Count of the ſame Kingdom to which ſhe owes her Birth, and indeed theſe two are ſo well pair'd, that 'tis difficult to ſay, which of 'em has the moſt Vanity, is the greateſt Boaſter, or excels the other in all the ridiculous Fopperies of Dreſs, and Converſation.—— The next in place, *purſued the divine Hiſtorian*, whoſe Character you expect to hear, is the Wife of a Senator, for many Years maintain'd by him as his *Concubine*, and but lately grac'd with that other more honourable Title; which, 'tis ſaid, ſhe prevail'd on him to beſtow by Arts which Nature and Religion tremble at.——'Tis certain, indeed, from many Inſtances, that Fate ſometimes permits the powers of Hell to work their Will by Charms and Sigils, in the behalf of thoſe wretched Mortals who become their Votaries, and for a little tranſient Happineſs on Earth, renounce the Gods and forego all Hope of any future Heaven——but theſe are Secrets which are unknown to any but the ſupreme *Jupiter*, nor can I affirm whether this Report be juſtly grounded or the contrary.—— The fifth and laſt I am to ſpeak of, is her near Kinſwoman, ſent for, by her, lately from a diſtant County to ſhare in the good Fortune of her Aunt, and to profit by her Example——ſhe is already in a fair way of being equally ſucceſsful: a young Gentleman of a good Family and plentiful Eſtate declares himſelf enamour'd of her, and in all Probability, by the Artifices of the old Lady,

and

and the diſſembled Innocence of the young one, will be ſoon enſnar'd enough to marry her;—whenever he is ſo far infatuated, he will find a Portion which he little expects with his Wife: ſhe has two luſty Boys, which ſhe bore ſome Years ago to a *Chevalier* in the Country; the youngeſt of which, is of a ſufficient Age to demand his Part in the Grandeur of his Mother, and on the firſt News of her Marriage, both will immediately be ſent to her for that purpoſe, by a diſtant Relation, who to carry on this Expedition without danger of Suſpicion, has been prevail'd on to take the Charge of 'em for ſome time.

Here ended the little Accounts which the Deity had promis'd to give the Stranger in relation to theſe Ladies——and nothing further among them being to be found worthy of Remark, they were preparing to remove, when a loud knocking at the Gate, and the immediate Appearance of a fine Chariot and four or five Servants in rich Liveries, made the God of kindling Wiſhes ſtop a moment to look on the graceful Owner of this pompous Equipage, whom after having a while ſurvey'd, Behold! *ſaid he*, the vaineſt, gayeſt, moſt inconſtant, and ungrateful of your deceiving Specie; but becauſe there are ſome things in his Life vaſtly different from what one ſhall find in moſt others, and has ſo great a Variety of aſtoniſhing Adventures as wou'd ſcarce gain Credit were they recited by a Tongue which you might dare to disbelieve; I will be more than ordinarily particular in his Hiſtory.——With theſe Words, leaving the Houſe, they came to a pleſant Grove, in which were fix'd many little Seats, on one of which the God, pitying the Weakneſs of Humanity, having made the Traveller ſit down, ſeem'd to take the ſame Repoſe himſelf on another, and began the

the Narrative he had promis'd in theſe or the like terms.

To give you, *reſum'd he*, a perfect Idea of the Cauſes by which the many Viciſſitudes of this Man's Fortune were occaſion'd, I muſt in the firſt place make you thoroughly acquainted with the Caprices of his Diſpoſition——know then, that but for ſome few Faults, never was Man endued with better Materials for compleating a great Mind;—he wanted not Courage to undertake the moſt dangerous Enterprizes, Invention to form them, nor Artifice to carry them on even to the point of being executed:—but there, alas! his Reſolution fail'd—his Mutability of Temper interpos'd, and his own Deſigns were by himſelf render'd abortive.——It ſeem'd indeed, as if *Fate* pre-ordaining him to various Changes of Fortune, had given him this one Failing in an uncommon manner, thereby to bring about what the united Powers of Heaven and Earth without it cou'd not have effected——to ſerve a Party whoſe Head, Heart, and Hand at that time he was, the then reigning Sovereign created him a *Peer*, and to countenance that Title, gave him Poſſeſſions which were indeed the Right of others——it being neceſſary ſome time after, for the accompliſhing a great Deſign in agitation, that more Power ſhou'd be lodg'd in his Hand, he was made Governour of the Royal *Fort*, the Safeguard of this Iſland, and in the Abſence of the Conſul, elected by a Majority of Voices, which the Faction had taken care to purchaſe, Deputy Conſul of the whole Republick—now had he the Means to compaſs every thing——now were the Expectations of the World impatient for the Event, none doubting but that there wou'd be an immediate Revolution of Affairs to the advantage of that ſide whoſe Intereſts he had ſo vigorouſly ſupported:——but never was Amazement equal

to that which his Proceedings created.———He all at once, without Intereſt, without Favour, with out any Reaſon which he cou'd poſſibly account for, he acted the very reverſe of all he had projected, nay reſolv'd to accompliſh, and ruin the Party whoſe Cauſe he had not only engag'd his Honour to ſupport, but which it was alſo of the moſt dangerous Conſequence to himſelf to quit——he knew it, he foreſaw it, yet puſh'd on by a ſudden Impulſe, cou'd not reſiſt the Decrees of Deſtiny, which contrary to all human Probability had ordain'd the Downfall of that long powerful Faction.—The other ſide being by his Inconſtancy now become above fear, he ſoon grew ſadly ſenſible of his Error; he was immediately diſcharg'd from all his Offices, and having furniſh'd his implacable Enemies with Arms to fight againſt himſelf, in a ſhort time was call'd to a ſevere Account for his Behaviour, while he remain'd firm to the Cauſe he had eſpous'd——not that it was ſo eaſy a thing as was imagin'd to ruin him entirely, he had ſtill a Stock of Wit and Invention, which ſupply'd him with Evaſions to baffle all that Juſtice or Malice cou'd alledge againſt him—it was not in their power to take his Life; nor, while he had a daring Soul, to rob him of the Capacity of being once more a formidable Adverſary: but being by the Neceſſity of Affairs, and the Indigence of his own Fortune reduc'd to lie quiet for a while, they began to think no more of him.—It was, however, but a very few Months before he gave Proofs that tho' the Lion ſlept, he was not dead; and being reconcil'd to the Heads of the oppoſite Faction, made ſo bold a puſh, that had he been ſeconded with equal Vigour by the reſt, they had been once more in poſſeſſion of the Power they aim'd at———but the Cowardice and Treachery of ſome amon gthem rendred the

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Attempt vain, and only ſerved for a plauſible Pretence for the other to deſtroy all who were but ſuſpected to be Adherents to the Cauſe.——Now was he more loſt than ever, trebly a Rebel to the Party he had at firſt eſpous'd —— to that which he had afterwards rais'd and then relinquiſh'd——and to himſelf in acting ſo contrary to the Dictates of his Prudence and the Admonitions of his Intereſt——deſpis'd, and driven from the Society of both,——and more obnoxious to his own Reflections, he endeavour'd a change of his Anxieties in change of Place; and leaving a Country where he had made himſelf at once ſo ſcorn'd and hated, retir'd to a neighbouring Kingdom; he knew that if he cou'd there find no means to regain his Credit in the World, he ſhou'd at leaſt have the opportunity of concealing his Misfortunes from thoſe to whom the Sight wou'd be a Pleaſure. As he was in all things elſe inconſtant, ſo he was alſo in his Grief, and the Gaiety of his Temper rendring him extremely ſuſceptible of all Pleaſures, thoſe new ones which he found there, at firſt ſerv'd to divert his Sadneſs, and ſoon after wholly to eraſe it—— Intrigue being an Amuſement very much in faſhion in that Kingdom, he engag'd in ſeveral, in which the Accompliſhments he is Maſter of made him generally ſucceſsful;——among the number of Ladies to which he was introduc'd, there was one who more particularly engroſs'd his Devoirs, not that ſhe appear'd ſuperlatively beautiful, or that ſhe was more young and blooming than the others, with whom he had engag'd himſelf, but becauſe there was a Conformity in their Notions ——the ſame Spirit of Gaiety, Inconſtancy, and giving a Looſe to Inclination, appear'd equally in both; and tho' he was adviſ'd to make an honourable Court to her, as being a rich Heireſs and in a con-

Condition of raiſing his ſinking Fortunes; yet, perceiving her Humour to lean more the other way, he declin'd the Advantage of ſuch a Match, and addreſs'd her in Terms ſhe ſeem'd moſt to approve. ——She cou'd not appear more agreeable in his Eyes, than he had done to hers,——there needed no Formalities——both, as I have already ſaid, were Enemies profeſs'd to diſguiſing their Sentiments, or ſetting Bounds to Inclination——he found an eaſy Admittance to her Arms, and if there can be a Joy in an Engagement of the nature theirs was of, 'tis probable they found it in each other. ——The Rapture, however, was not ſo much of a piece with thoſe my Influence beſtows, as to oblige either of them not to ſeek the ſame elſewhere, ——they made no Vows of Conſtancy——each deſir'd no more of the other than that no abſent Charmer ſhou'd be enough remembred to damp the preſent Bliſs; and neither of them employing their Minds much about *Ideas*, ſcarce deceiv'd one another in this Article ſo agreeable to the Diſpoſition of both——Jealouſy was a Paſſion unknown to thoſe gay *Enamoratos*, and tho' they frequently ſaw each other in the Purſuit of different Intrigues, it occaſion'd not the leaſt Uneaſineſs in either's Soul, nor was it a Pretence for Sullenneſs, Diſguſt, or Indignation, when next they had the Opportunity of meeting.——There are many Rebels to my power, who prefer this dull Tranquillity to the Delicacies of my Flame, and ſhock'd at the little Anxieties and tender Fears which are ever the inſeparable Companions even of the *Happieſt*, if ſincere, Affection, wou'd rob Enjoyment of its ſupremeſt Bliſs; as certainly there is none can come in competition with that which is purchas'd with Pain——the Hopes, the Fears, the ſoft Perplexities endear the coming Joy, and raiſe to Extaſy

Divine, what elſe is little more than brutal Pleaſure.——But to purſue the Adventures of a Pair, which I perceive already have ſeem'd aſtoniſhing enough to make you extremely impatient for the Event: among other Exploits of the fair Lady, ſhe had, in company with two more of her own Sex, and three of the other, agreed to paſs a Night ——the Heat of the Seaſon, it being that time of the Year in which the Dog-Star ſheds his ſcorching influence, join'd with that glow which on drinking too profuſely of the Grape's potent Juice, diffuſes itſelf thro' all the ſwelling Veins, made them by Conſent ſtrip themſelves of all the Ornaments of Dreſs; not one of either Sex leaving any thing on their expoſed Bodies, which might ſerve to diſtinguiſh their preſent State from that in which they firſt ſaw Light——in this moſt ſhameleſs, this moſt abandon'd manner did they dance round the Room promiſcuouſly, pretending by theſe Rites to offer up a double Sacrifice to *Bacchus* and to *Venus*—with obſcene Healths they paſs'd about the nimble Glaſs, and ever and anon on the lewd Talk broke in a ſilent Parentheſis of Action, ſuch as it would ill become the Purity of my Being to remind you of.

The God of awe-check'd Wiſhes cou'd not relate this part of the Story to the wondring Youth, without a Scarlet Bluſh ſpreading itſelf all o'er his heavenly Face, ſuch as *Aurora* ſometimes is ſeen to wear, when driven too haſtily from her Lord's Embrace; nor wou'd he, 'tis probable, have ſlipp'd o'er the ſhameful Paſſage, without expreſſing by ſomething more than Looks, his Deteſtation of ſuch Practices, if the viſible Curioſity which appear'd in the Face of his Gueſt, had not prevail'd on him to go on; which he did in this manner.

This

This monſtrous Rendezvous being kept at the Houſe of our Iſlander's Miſtreſs, Chance brought him to be a Witneſs of it.—Happ'ning to viſit late, the Intimacy between them being a ſufficient Excuſe for that, as it was alſo for his running haſtily up ſtairs, without ſtaying for her Leave to authorize his Admittance, he found the Door lock'd; and agitated by a ſudden Curioſity, peeping thro' the Key-hole, ſaw and heard ſome of the Behaviour I have been, as much as was conſiſtent with Decency, deſcribing to you.—— If any Paſſion ſeiz'd his Soul at ſo unexpected a Sight, it was only an impatient Deſire of making one among them; but thinking it would be wholly improper to ask it, becauſe he wanted a Lady whom he might introduce to make the Set equal, perceiving they were all pair'd, ſtole ſoftly down again, forbidding the Servants to let their Miſtreſs know he had been there. After what I have ſaid of his Libertiniſm of Nature, and the Indifference with which theſe kind of Lovers regarded each other, it may not appear ſo ſtrange that he could behold ſo ſhameful, ſo unexampled a Scene of Brutality unſhock'd.—— But your whole Soul muſt certainly be taken up with Wonder, when I ſhall inform you, that by his Extravagancies having reduc'd the little Fortune his Inadvertency had left him, to a very low Ebb, he could think of no other way of repairing it, than by marrying this moſt diſſolute Woman. —— A few Weeks after he became her Husband, and with ſome part of her Wealth has he now made his peace with thoſe Perſons to whom he owed his undoing, by firſt oppreſſing, then preſerving, and laſt of all oppoſing.——— The Power of Gold has made the greateſt Friends of thoſe who were before the moſt implacable Enemies.—— He is lately arrived with his unenvied

Bride, and daily receives the Welcomes and Gratulations of the Men, who but ſome days ago were ready to ſet a Price upon his Head.

'Tis not to be doubted, but his unhoped Return will occaſion a ſecond Quarrel between two Ladies of the firſt Quality, who have for a long time been Foes, and but lately reconciled——the Cauſe of which I muſt not omit letting you know, becauſe it will compleat that part of his Character which as yet appears unfiniſh'd.—— I have told you, he is inconſtant, and ungrateful; I meant not, that he is only ſo in publick Affairs, his moſt private Amours have alſo the ſame Tincture, and no Woman yet that ever thought him worthy of a real Tenderneſs, but had the moſt poinant Reaſons to regret her Softneſs, almoſt the very moment ſhe diſclos'd it to him. *Roſella*, the Wife of Count *Bremarius*, had, both in a virgin and married State, behav'd herſelf in ſo exemplary a manner, that her Conduct was frequently mention'd as a Pattern by which all the young Ladies at Court might model theirs.—— She knew that *flying* Temptation was the ſureſt way to *conquer* it, and ſhe no ſooner ſaw Deſire beginning to ſparkle in the Eyes of any who gaz'd on her, but ſhe took all poſſible care to ſhun their ſight; and if by reaſon of her Husband's publick Offices, ſhe could not conceal her Charms ſo much as ſhe would otherwiſe have done, ſhe never (as Court Beauties ordinarily do) endeavour'd to make them more conſpicuous by Art, but on the contrary dreſs'd rather leſs rich than was becoming her Quality.—— Never were the Characters of a good Daughter, excellent Wife, or tender Mother, more to advantage ſhown than in the Carriage of this Lady;—— nor had Woman leſs propenſity to Intrigue, or thoſe Amuſements in which the gay World too much

much delight.—— Yet with this prodigious Share of Diſcretion, and none of Inclination, was her Virtue at laſt ſubdued, and her long-boaſted Reputation made the Prey of ſcurril Mirth, and looſe-tongu'd Ridicule. *Adolphus*, for ſo is the Subject of this little Hiſtory call'd, was not leſs agitated by Ambition and the Glory of vanquiſhing a Heart which ſeem'd ſo impregnable, than he was by thoſe Deſires which it is ordinary for Beauty to inſpire.—— 'Tis certain that both theſe Motives had a ſhare in the paſſionate and oft-repuls'd Attacks he made on the lovely *Roſella*.—— Former Succeſſes encouraging his Paſſion, he perſiſted in his Addreſſes to her, in ſpite of Coldneſs, Diſdain, or the Reſentment which frequently threatned him with revealing his Importunities to her Husband the Count *Bremarius*——'Tis certain, indeed, that in this Affair he had my Intereſt; deceiv'd myſelf into a Belief that he was now become a *conſtant* as well as *fervent* Votary of my Power, I influenc'd the Fair-one's Heart to pity what he ſuffer'd.—— *Diana* has herſelf confeſs'd my Darts, and but faintly invigorates the Breaſt which has receiv'd them.——Cold Chaſtity may for a while defend the Fort, but ſoon the icy Rock diſſolves, and leaves the Paſſage free.—— *Endymion* proved this Truth, tho' it was a *Goddeſs* he attack'd.—— Well might *Adolphus* then, equally form'd to charm, triumph over the moſt ſtrict Reſolves of *mortal* Virtue.—— With painful Strugglings long did her divided Wiſhes maintain a doubtful Conflict; but in the end the ſofter Paſſion ſway'd, and her whole Soul became entirely mine, and all devoted to my Laws. The eager Lover, impatient, watch'd the happy Moment of her prevailing Softneſs, and with ſweet Violence ſeiz'd the glorious Prize.— By Love alone inſpir'd, not one impure Deſire, not one unhallow'd

Wiſh, tainted her ſpotleſs Flame,——innocent of Guilt even in the Act of Shame, ſhe yielded to the Effects of his all-craving Paſſion, to gratify her Lover, not herſelf.——But ah! how little did he merit ſuch a Condeſcenſion——how ſoon did he prove it was not from my Influence, but from that hated Fiend's, which reigns in my abandon'd Throne, his ſhort-liv'd Ardours ſprung?——When the long conteſted Victory was won!——the Conqueſt ſure!——Deſire in free Poſſeſſion loſt!——and rifled Beauty had no more to yield!——his faithleſs Soul with other Wiſhes languiſh'd, and on new Charms his wandring Eyes were fix'd!——The fair *Barina* with untaſted Sweetneſs engroſs'd him all, he liv'd but in her ſight, nor had one Thought of poor undone *Roſella*.——*Barina* had been but lately married to an accompliſh'd *Chevalier*, her Obligations to him made her for a while hold out againſt all the Attempts of falſe *Adolphus*,——but at laſt, the ſoft Deceiver found a way to wind himſelf into her Heart; and ſhe too, like *Roſella*, became the Prey of his Deceits.

Never was I more enrag'd, *continu'd the Deity*, (and while he ſpoke, from his indignant Eyes ſhot Rays too keenly bright for weak Humanity to ſuſtain) than when I found myſelf by the unfathomable Heart of this Deceiver thus abus'd and made the Property, the Dupe even of that *Fiend*, who, of all Hell's black Agents, I moſt abhor; and tho' he wears my Form, and has uſurp'd my Name, is as contrary to me in his Effects, as to the reſt of the immortal Powers——Never did I give over ſoliciting great *Jupiter* till he had promis'd a long ſucceſſion of Woes ſhou'd be the Puniſhment of his Contempt,——and dearly has the daring Mortal paid for his Hypocriſy, and vile prophaning the ſacred Name of Love.——But to return to the unhap-

py Victims of his ungovernable Paſſion, *Roſella* and *Barina*.——*Jealouſy*, the moſt cruel of all the Paſſions that fill my numerous Train, immediately took poſſeſſion of the whole Soul of the former of theſe Ladies,—ſhe found ſhe was undone, and meditated on nothing but Revenge on her fair Rival, and the injurious *Adolphus*.—— An open Detection of their Intimacy, ſhe thought wou'd be the moſt proper way; to compaſs which, ſhe employ'd Perſons to watch 'em both, and bring her Intelligence of the Places of their meeting: but Fortune, or their own Caution, for a great while baffled all her Induſtry, and ſhe was almoſt tir'd of the vain Purſuit, when ſhe was told that *Barina* had an extreme fine dancing Habit making up, in order to go to a *Maſquerade*, which a great Man, a Native of *Utopia*, had given for the Entertainment of the Perſons of Condition in this Iſland.——She had very lately heard *Barina*, in preſence of her Husband and ſome other Company, proteſt ſhe wou'd not go to this Ball, and doubted not but the Cauſe of this Secreſy was, that not being ſuſpected to be there, ſhe ſhou'd have the more Opportunity of converſing with *Adolphus*. In order to be aſſur'd of the Certainty, by great Bribes ſhe prevail'd on the Woman who made the Habit to let her ſee it, and being by her confirm'd that it was really prepar'd by the deſire of *Barina*, and that ſhe was to go in it *Incognita* to the Entertainment at the noble *Utopian's*; ſhe beſpoke another to be made for herſelf with the ſame privacy, and the Day being arriv'd, went in it:———She had not been long in the Room where the Ball was kept, before ſhe ſaw *Barina* enter, leaning on *Adolphus*, whom by his Shape and Stature ſhe very well knew;———ſhe had alſo the Mortification of beholding ſome Intimacies between 'em, which made her almoſt mad with jea-

lous Rage ——— perceiving the Husband of *Barina* among ſome Gentlemen, ſhe had no longer patience; but going up to him, I thought, my Lord, *ſaid ſhe*, your Wife had no Inclination for this Diverſion; but I ſee ſhe has chang'd her Sentiments, and ſeems to take greater Advantages of the Liberties of the Place, than thoſe who confeſs'd a better Opinion of it. 'Twas not in her power preſently to perſuade him that it was really *Barina* that ſhe ſaw, but ſhe confirming it with Imprecations, to which ſhe added ſome cutting Jeſts, he reſolv'd to be aſcertain'd, and going pretty near her, threw the diſguis'd Fair into ſuch terrible Apprehenſions, that ſhe fell into a Swoon in the Arms of *Adolphus*. The Husband wou'd doubtleſs have taken this Opportunity of pulling off her Vizard, ſince had it been any other than his Wife, the Condition ſhe was in wou'd have been ſufficient to excuſe it, and the Effects of jealous Curioſity paſs'd for a friendly Office; but that a Nobleman, a Friend to *Adolphus*, happening to be cloſe enough to *Roſella* when ſhe made that Diſcovery to the Husband, gueſſing what wou'd be the Conſequence, had drawn three or four Gentlemen together, who under pretence of being of her Acquaintance, hurry'd her into another Room, where they held the Door while *Adolphus* apply'd means for her Recovery. ——— She was no ſooner come to herſelf, than ſhe ſlipp'd out at a Back-Door, and making all the expedition ſhe cou'd home, got herſelf undreſs'd before her Husband, who was kept ſome time in Talk by *Adolphus* and his Companions, cou'd be there to detect her. *Roſella* being thus diſappointed in her Revenge this way, had recourſe to other Meaſures: ſhe was a near Relation to the Princeſs *de Bellgrand*, to whom the other had the Honour to belong in quality of the firſt Woman of the Bed-chamber; and knowing very

very well that she was a mortal Enemy to Intrigue, especially in those Women who have listed themselves under *Hymen*'s Banner, acquainted her with the whole Story of *Adolphus* and *Barina*, and by what means they had prevented the Husband from satisfying himself in the Truth of what she had told him: but that wise Princess perceiving the Spleen with which she repeated this Adventure, and besides having been inform'd of some little Passages between this Lady and *Adolphus*, very sharply reprimanded her in this manner.——Whatever Intimacy, *said she*, there may be between *Barina* and *Adolphus*, methinks, it shou'd be little matter of Concern to you, or at least, I shou'd be the last Person to whom you shou'd express it; who, if I were inclin'd to take upon me the office of a Dictator, shou'd rather begin to prescribe Rules of Behaviour to those whose Nearness of Blood makes it more my Interest to regulate their Conduct.——*Rosella* blush'd at this Reproof, being not to seek who it was she meant; and not doubting but somebody had done herself that good office she was now doing *Barina*——she said no more of the Affair to the Princess, nor made any further Endeavours of exposing her Rival.——But the Hatred they conceiv'd against each other on this Occasion, had been sufficient to have sway'd either of them to the utter Ruin of the other, had the Power of inflicting it been equal to the *Will*.——The Husbands of them both little imagining the Cause of their Quarrel, have at last, with much Persuasions, made a Reconciliation, a pretence of it at least, between 'em; but the arrival of this first Occasion of their Animosity, will in all probability break the slackned Bonds of this unwilling Unity, and set a new Fire to Jealousy, which perhaps rekindled, may blaze with more destructive Fury than before.

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There is another Lady likewiſe, who, had he return'd ſome Months ago, had vow'd to welcome him with a Cup of Poiſon, or a Dagger, he having been the ruin of her Virgin-Honour.—— But her rifled Charms have yet retain'd the force to captivate the Heart of a great Prince, and in his Arms both the Graces and Falſhood of *Adolphus* are no more remembred.——So certain is it, that where Reſentment is the Effect of ill-rewarded Affection, the firſt Paſſion ceaſing, or transferr'd to another Object, the other of conſequence ſubſides.—— Whenever, therefore, you behold a Woman violently enrag'd againſt the Man ſhe once has fondly lov'd, you may depend upon it, that whatever her Pretences are, he ſtill is dear to her, and that nothing he has done is paſt forgiveneſs, even tho' it ſhould be an Injury of the moſt cruel kind.

The Deity had ſcarce finiſh'd theſe laſt Words, when the highly-favour'd Youth found himſelf at the Gate of a very ſtately Manſion.—— It was encompaſs'd with Coaches, Chariots, fine Chairs, and Equipage, in ſo crowding a manner, that if he had known no other way, he muſt now have been ſenſible that nothing but a Divine Conveyance could have brought him thro' that mingled throng of Men, Machines, and Horſes, ſo confuſedly huddled, that ſcarce the Eye could penetrate with nicety enough to diſtinguiſh the one from the other. They paſs'd however with all the eaſe imaginable into a great Hall, then aſcending by a magnificent Pair of Stairs came into a Drawing-room, which was fill'd with a prodigious Concourſe of Gentlemen and Ladies. Early as it was in the morning, they all ſeem'd employ'd in thoſe Diverſions which are ordinarily made uſe of for the Evening Entertainment.—— At *Ombre* ſome were buſily engaged,——at *Baſſet* others.—— In one part of the

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ſpacious Room a Crowd of *Beaux* and *Belles* were attracted by the muſick of a rattling Dice-box,—in another, a well-match'd Pair, more politely, were beating Time to the brisk Meaſures of the ſprightly *Violin.*——— *Here*, might be ſeen a Youth inſpir'd with tender Paſſion, breathe out his Soul in Vows of everlaſting Love at the fair Shrine of ſome admir'd *Coquette*; who, vain of her new Conqueſt, laughs out aloud, and by a thouſand Affectations takes pleaſure to proclaim his Pains, and her Diſdain.——— *There*, the Sport of the diſingaged part of the Aſſembly, ſtood a forſaken Nymph, burſting with jealous Rage to ſee the roving Swain addreſs elſewhere thoſe Sighs which once were her's—— At rich *Beaufetts* the Votaries of *Bacchus* quaff'd reeling Worſhip to the drunken God; while the more thinking Heads ſipp'd *Coffee*, *Tea*, and luſcious *Chocolate*. In fine, the Place appear'd a Store-houſe of Delights, where every Senſe was free to chuſe the Pleaſure it moſt coveted to enjoy.

Behold, *ſaid the Deity*, by how many various Ways do vain, unthinking Mortals contrive to waſte thoſe precious Moments they wou'd hereafter quit all that the World calls valuable to retrieve!—— That Lady, to whom you ſee the reſt pay an extraordinary regard, is call'd *Ariana*, ſhe was married very young to the Count *D'elpee*—The Relations on both ſides agreed on the matter before either of them were capable of chuſing for themſelves.——— I was not conſulted in the Affair, aſſiſted not at the Nuptial Rites, nor lit the Torch of *Hymen.*——— *Indifference* conducted them to the Bridal Bed, and *Contempt* ſoon fill'd the place of cold *Civility.*—— Both now avoid each other's preſence: they meet not but by chance, and ſeek Diverſion in different Amuſements.——

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He maintains a common *Courtezan* in a Port which makes her the Envy of the leſs fortunate part of her Profeſſion, and her extravagant *Keeper* the Ridicule of Men of better Judgments, and more delicate Taſtes. *Ariana*, as much to pique him, as gratify her own Inclinations, has ſet up this Aſſembly, where Intrigue eternally goes round, and every ſenſual Delight abounds. Various have been the Amours ſhe has experienc'd, but the preſent reigning Monarch of her Heart, is that young *Chevalier* with whom ſhe now is talking.——— Obſerve him well, and in his Countenance, and the Air of his Deportment, you may find enough to ſpare me the trouble of relating his Character. —— An unſated Lewdneſs, and unparallel'd Impudence, are too conſpicuous in his Looks and Manners to want deſcription; as for any other Charms, they are only in the Fancy of the Woman who admires him. *Nature* has been but little favourable in forming him; nor cou'd the Indigence of his Parents afford the Helps of *Art* to cultivate the unpoliſh'd Maſs, or correct the rudeneſs of a Soul well match'd with ſuch a Body: Yet is he not the Favourite of *Ariana* only; the Wife of a certain very rich and eminent Citizen finds in him ſomething ſo agreeable, that great part of the Fineries which entitle him to be rank'd among the *Beau-monde*, are owing to her Purſe, and at the expence of her Husband's Induſtry bought.

But now, *continued the Deity*, I would have you, with heedful Eyes, obſerve that graceful Perſon who ſits retir'd from the reſt of the Company, as if ſome ſecret Diſcontent left him no Reliſh for the Diverſions of the Place.—In vain, indeed, too guilty Mortal! doſt thou ſeek to huſh the Remora's of a reſtleſs Conſcience by noiſy Pleaſures, and a continued Scene of Extaſies enforc'd.——— Not the moſt

moſt eager Hurry of Deſire, not even Enjoyment itſelf can ſhut out Thought.—— Reflection and Remorſe, like Vipers gnaw upon his Vitals, and to Eternity ſhall rack him with *Promethean* Tortures. He is call'd, *purſued the God of tender Wiſhes*, the Chevalier *Berillio*; never did Man doat with greater Ardency than did he, on a young Maid whoſe Name was *Suſiana*.——— All Heaven and Nature join'd their Powers to render her one of the loveliеſt and moſt accompliſh'd Pieces of the whole Creation.—— Long he ſollicited her Favour with all the ſoft Perſuaſions, Vows, Sighs, Tears, and Adjurations, that the moſt ardent and real Paſſion could inſpire; yet his, alas! was far from being ſo, as the Cataſtrophe of their Amour has teſtified — Unchangeableneſs and Perſeverance in all Events being the only Proof that it is in reality my Influence which actuates the Minds of thoſe who plead my Name as an Excuſe for the inadvertent Actions of their ungovern'd Folly.——

Suſiana was deſcended of an honourable Family, but her Fortune not anſwering her Birth, ſhe was educated at the Expence of an Uncle extremely rich.— No Accompliſhments befitting a Maid of Condition were denied her, and ſhe perfected herſelf ſo well in them, that few could equal her, and none exceed.—— She profited ſo much by the good Example of one of the beſt of Mothers, and the Precepts inſtill'd into her Youth, that amidſt the Temptations of a debauch'd Age, and the daily Sollicitations of a number of Admirers, ſhe maintain'd a Reputation clear and untainted even from the ſuſpicion of an immodeſt Act, or unchaſte Wiſh.—— But not the ſtricteſt Virtue refuſing admittance to my Darts, ſhe felt my Influence in favour of the ſeemingly faithful *Berillio*.——In fine, ſhe lov'd, nor had Artifice to conceal the all-

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commanding Paſſion.—— The diligent obſerver read it in her Bluſhes, and the ſoft varying Glances of her love-ſick Eyes, whenever ſhe gaz'd upon the agreeable Deceiver.—— Pleas'd at the Diſcovery, and vain on his experienc'd Power, he ſoon by his Behaviour teſtified how great an Enemy to the fervency of Deſire, Security is.—— He now began to think, that ſince ſhe lov'd, there was nothing he might not expect from the Violence of that Paſſion; and that he might both enjoy her, and at the ſame time repair his ruin'd Fortune by chuſing a Bride in whoſe power it was more to advance his Intereſt at Court.—— *Doria*, a Widow of Seventy, but greatly joyntur'd, had lately given him ſome Teſtimonies of her Affection, and her Wealth was a ſufficient Poize in the Balance of his Opinion againſt the Good-humour and Merits of the other.—— Being determin'd to gain her, there requir'd no more to do ſo, than his communicating his Intentions: ſhe immediately conſented to be his Wife; and though he had proceeded ſo far with the Friends of *Suſiana*, as to appoint a Day for the celebration of their Nuptials, he form'd an Excuſe to delay it, and on the very Morning deſign'd to give that blooming Beauty to his Arms, he became the Husband of a Woman who was more than twice his Age.—— He wrote a Letter to that Fair abandon'd, endeavouring to vindicate the Crime he had been guilty of, by laying the blame on the Neceſſity of his Affairs, and the fear he was in of involving her in his Misfortune; but it was ſo far from working the Effect he aim'd at, that fir'd with a generous Diſdain at his perfidious dealing, ſhe reſolv'd, if poſſible, to think of him no more, but with the utmoſt Scorn and Deteſtation; and to convince him that ſhe did ſo, in a very few days married herſelf to a Man

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as far beneath her both in Birth and Fortune, as her ungrateful Lover had ſeem'd to think ſhe was to him. — In this ſudden Choice ſhe regarded not the Conſent of Friends, or the certain appearance there was of being wretched; ſhe thought of nothing but expreſſing her Reſentment, and to pique the Man that had affronted her, condemn'd herſelf to the worſt of Miſeries, a wedded State, without either Intereſt or Inclination to ſweeten the bitter Pill of an eternal Bondage.—— But ſoon did both repent this Raſhneſs,—he found that Wealth was inſufficient to purchaſe Satisfaction; and ſhe, that Revenge had but ſhort-liv'd Charms. ——— Each wou'd now gladly have quitted all their imaginary Pleaſures, to have enjoy'd that real one of Reconciliation with each other; but the one had too much Haughtineſs to ſeem willing to forgive, and the other too juſt a Senſe of his Guilt to gather Confidence to ask it.—— Both languiſh'd on the Rack of fruitleſs Wiſhes for a time, till *Jupiter*, in pity of *Berillio*'s Penitence, took from him the greateſt Bar to his Deſires. —— His Wife died of Age, and the Grief for his Unkindneſs; and now 'tis highly probable, in the fulneſs of Deſire for *Sufiana*, and real *Contrition* for having offended her, would have made reparation by marrying her, had ſhe been at liberty: but ſhe was unhappy enough to be a Widow, and have a Husband ſtill alive; —— the ungrateful Partner of her Bed had flown from her Embraces, and deſpiſing her Charms, liv'd publickly with another Woman.—— Happy might ſhe have been, as he renounced her Love, could ſhe have renounced the Tye which made her his.—— But that, alas! was indiſſolvable; and tho' he was no more a *Husband*, ſhe muſt be ſtill a Wife. —— The juſt Reflection on this unfortunate Circumſtance, kept her from admitting the Viſits of *Berillio*,

rillio, ſenſible as ſhe was of his Remorſe, and Return of Affection, chuſing rather to ſee him conſumed in fruitleſs Languiſhments, and periſh by the ſame herſelf, than be guilty of any thing which might blemiſh her Reputation, or be of prejudice to her Virtue: —But how little is it in the power of Human Prudence always to reſiſt the Emotions of Paſſion, eſpecially that ſort which I inſpire! — How weak is Reaſon when oppos'd to me! —— and how enervate all the Strugglings of Conſideration! —— *Berillio*, whoſe Deſire increas'd by the Difficulties it met with, was too aſſiduous to be for ever unſucceſsful; and having, for a long time, had Spies on all her Motions, took the opportunity of ſeizing her one Evening, as ſhe was coming home alone from the Temple of *Diana*: that Goddeſs knowing her Oriſons inſincere, and that it was rather the Cenſure of the World, than the Fear of her Indignation, which had oblig'd her to wear that Veil of Coldneſs, vouchſafed no longer her Aſſiſtance to the pretended *Devotee*, and a few Tears and Proteſtations re-eſtabliſh'd the ever dear *Berillio* in her Heart, with as full a Power as he poſſeſs'd before he had offended her. —— What can the burning Lover more deſire than a remiſſion of his Crimes, and to behold an equal Paſſion in the believing Fair! There requir'd but little Ceremony for the attainment of his utmoſt Hope, nor would the wild Impatience of his Wiſhes permit him to uſe much. —— With all the Agonies of furious Deſire, he ſnatch'd the but half-reluctant Charmer to his glowing Breaſt, nor parted till her Virtue, and each oppoſing Thought was quite ſubdued, and in her Arms he had made himſelf a full amends for all his Torments paſt. The racking Joys which a firſt Enjoyment, after a long Deſpair, affords, being over, abated not the fervour of his Paſſion. — He

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imagin'd he ſhould for ever feel the ſame, and ſwore his Flame grew higher by Poſſeſſion.—— The undone Tranſported believ'd his Vows, and by his preſent Extaſies forming a future Proſpect of never-ending Joys, was eaſily prevail'd on to return no more to her abandon'd Home, mixing with his, her ſoft Profeſſions to live eternally in each other's Arms.——For a time, indeed, never was ſenſual Appetite more highly feaſted; and whoever had ſeen the Amorous Pair together, wou'd not have doubted but that it was by my immortal Influence they were ſo cloſely link'd;—but alas! too ſoon the wandring Flame diſcover'd itſelf to be an Inſpiration vaſtly different from mine.— The dull Tranquillity of unrefuſed Enjoyment, together with the Sight of a new Beauty, loſt the unfortunate *Suſiana* the Heart ſhe had ſo dearly purchaſed, and believed herſelf ſo perfectly ſecure of —— the once eager Tranſports of the inconſtant *Berillio*, were now degenerated into a cold and unimpatient performance of the Rites of Love, and when with longing Eyes ſhe ſeem'd to upbraid the Alteration, with faint Excuſes he put her off—— was often indiſpoſed, melancholy, and out of humour, in her preſence; Symptoms which ſpoke too plain his Change, and her undoing, for her to make a doubt of it: — But where was now relief? this Woe was irremediable as it was unexpected. ——Sighs, Tears, and Reproaches were vain, either to eaſe the Anguiſh of her Soul, or move his hardned Heart; and when ſhe had recourſe to the latter, as Ingratitude will draw them from the gentleſt Nature, ſhe found her Condition much worſe even than ſhe had fear'd it was——while ſhe

conceal'd her Impatience, and ſought by Softneſs alone to reclaim him, Pity made him endeavour to diſguiſe the ſecret falſeneſs of his perfidious Inclinations; but when Reſentment broke its ſtruggling Paſſage, and vented itſelf in railings, with equal indignation he met the Tempeſt of her Rage, —— threw off the Hypocrite, and avowed the Villain —— the Houſe they liv'd in became a Scene of perpetual Jars, and in a little time he forſook it, and left her expos'd to Want, to Shame, and all the Miſeries which can attend a Woman abandon'd by the Man for whom ſhe has abandon'd all, and is by all abandon'd. —— Her Soul too haughty to ſubmit to ask relief either from her inhuman Ruiner, or thoſe whoſe Society ſhe had for his ſake abjur'd, reſolv'd to ſuffer every Ill that Fortune cou'd inflict, rather than complain. But of a ſhort duration was this Scene of Woe, the omnipotent *Jupiter*, in pity of her misfortunes, commanded *Atropos* to cut the Thread of a Life which was deſtin'd only to be wretched. The ungrateful *Berillio* purſued his new Amour with Vigour, and ſoon attain'd the accompliſhment of his Deſires; but the Divine *Aſtrea* wou'd not permit him to taſte felicity in a paſſion which he had render'd ſo fatal to another; the Woman whoſe Charms had eclips'd thoſe of *Suſiana*, made him dearly repent the Poſſeſſion of her tainted Beauty —— She had ſome time before her Acquaintance with him had an Intrigue with one of the moſt diſſolute Men of the Age. —— He had infected her with a loathſome Diſeaſe, which ſhe communicated to her new Admirer ——— the racking Pains which ſeiz'd on his whole Frame, and tortur'd every Nerve, were infinitely ſhort of what

what he endur'd from the Agonies of Remorſe, in the thought of having quitted one of the *Beſt* for one of the *Worſt* of Womankind.—— His bodily Anguiſh the Phyſicians have found means to eaſe, but that of his Mind can never be alleviated, unleſs (which is an impoſſibility) the adamantine Gates of Fate cou'd be unbarr'd, and *Suſiana* permitted to leave the *Elyzian* Plains where now ſhe dwells, and once more be reſtor'd to human Life, and Love, and him again.

Thus ended the Hiſtory of *Berillio*, but the divine Author of it ſcarce allow'd his favour'd Hearer to pauſe on what he had been told, when he reſum'd his Diſcourſe to him in this manner:

Behold, *ſaid he, pointing to a Lady habited extremely rich*, a Woman whoſe Conduct fills all who know her with Amazement! — She ſeems to take pains to render herſelf unhappy.——Each ſingle Action of her Life has been ſufficient to have work'd the utter Ruin of any other Perſon; but ſo much is ſhe the Favourite of Fortune, that thoſe very things which in all probability muſt have tended to her Undoing, have been the means of raiſing her. She was married very young to a foreign Nobleman, of an Eſtate and Title far ſuperior to her Hopes. — Never Man regarded a Wife with more Affection than did he; ——his whole ſtudy was to oblige: —— And to have ſeen his Behaviour to her, one would rather have imagin'd he was ſolliciting her for a Favour on the Grant of which his Life depended, than that the Nuptial Tye had authoriz'd his Freedoms with her. But ſhe, ungrateful to this fond Indulgence, and inſenſible of the Bleſſing ſhe poſſeſs'd, forſook his Houſe and Bed, for the Embraces of a Chevalier, who

though of a noble Family, was yet a younger Branch of it, and had it little in his power to ſupport her in the manner ſhe had been uſed to live.——— She was now look'd on by all the World as a Creature abandon'd, and as much loſt to outward Happineſs as ſhe was to Virtue.——— But mark the unimagin'd Event!— The Grief for her Elopement ſoon put a period to her unhappy Husband's Life; and the other yet unſated with her Charms, publickly married her, to the inexpreſſible Concern of all the Family from which he ſprung.—— Two Brothers, elder than himſelf, happen'd in a ſmall time after to reſign their Breath to the diſputeleſs Will of Fate, leaving him the ſole Heir of a vaſt Eſtate, and pompous Title.——— But ſo much was the Father enrag'd at the unworthy Choice he had made, that he endeavour'd by all the means the Law could invent to diſinherit him: But the Atttempt proving unſucceſsful, he alſo died, as 'tis believed, merely thro' Grief and Rage. ——— Now did ſhe blaze out in all the Charms of Pomp and Grandeur, the Envy of the wond'ring Crowd: —— but long it was not in her power to continue in this ſettled State; and ungrateful to this, as ſhe had been to her former Husband, enter'd into an Amour with a near Kinſman of his own.——— So publick was the Paſſion each had for the other, and ſo ſhameleſs were they in the Gratification of it, that being plainly detected of the Crime, her injur'd Conſort, to wipe off as much as poſſible the Odium ſhe had brought on him, had recourſe to Law, and was endeavouring to procure a Divorce: ſhe now began to regret what ſhe had done, and trembled at the Miſeries to which ſhe believ'd herſelf about to be reduc'd.—— It was

not

not in the power of him who was the Partner of her Guilt, to give her any Conſolation. —— She rav'd like one diſtracted, and curs'd herſelf and him whoſe Inſinuations were like to be ſo fatal to her: ——— But it was neither in her own, nor any other Perſon's power to inflict on her the Miſeries ſhe merited; and when ſhe ſeem'd juſt on the very Brink of Wretchedneſs, *Chance* interpos'd, and ſnatch'd her from the Danger. ——— A Divorce being granted, the Law allow'd her but ſo much for her Support, as would preſerve her from periſhing for Want.— The Lover ſeem'd not to make any Attempt to hinder it; but it was no ſooner over than having had ſome ſecret Information of a Deſign the other had engag'd himſelf in, contrary to the Intereſt of the then reigning Government, he made a Diſcovery of it. The Matter was trac'd, and he condemn'd to eternal Baniſhment, and all his Eſtate and Goods confiſcated. ——— As a Reward for his good Service, great part of them were beſtow'd on the injurious Kinſman! —— He married the divorc'd, and ſoon after dying, left her one of the richeſt Widows in the Country which claims her Birth; —but that not being a Place where Riches can compenſate for want of Honour, in the eſteem of the Inhabitants, ſhe turn'd her Effects into ready Caſh, and tranſported it with herſelf into this Iſland, where in a little time becoming acquainted with *Ariana*, ſhe is now one of her moſt conſtant Viſitors, and indulges her Inclinations with all thoſe Liberties that Lady is willing to encourage in her Gueſts.

Not ſo, *continued the God of Soul-diſſolving Languiſhments*, has that young Beauty, who ſits penſive in yonder Window, been favour'd by the

Stars: a gloomy Planet preſided o'er her Birth, and ſhed its early Influence on her Head; —for one Fault, and that too betray'd into by the moſt ſeeming tender Paſſion, is ſhe abandon'd by her remorſeleſs Parents; and tho' not yet arriv'd at her 16th Year, driven out a wretched Exile to wander unfriended in an unpitying World.—— The unfaithful Man, to whom ſhe owes her Ruin, regards not her Complaints, nor has Compaſſion for the Woes his fatal Inſinuations have brought on her—— in a new Charmer's Arms, forgets his Vows, and triumphs in Perfidiouſneſs.— Thoſe Attractions which drew on her Undoing, ſhe is now obliged to exert for her Support; and having communicated her Misfortunes to *Ariana*, that Well-wiſher to Intrigue, ſoon introduc'd her to the acquaintance of a Nobleman, who tho' in the declenſion of his Age, and is lately married to a very young Lady, fancies himſelf poſſeſs'd of a Stock of amorous Vigour ſufficient to gratify the whole Sex.—— Thus does this wretched Beauty languiſh out her Days in the moſt poinant Sorrows: —loſt to all her Soul was fond of; forſaken by all thoſe whom the Ties of Blood and Nature oblig'd to take her part; —— ſhunn'd by the leſs faulty part of her Acquaintance; and what is the moſt dreadful Ill of all ſhe ſuffers, condemn'd to loath'd Embraces, and the pain of a diſſembled Tenderneſs for a mean Subſiſtence; which, notwithſtanding, ſhe is every hour in fear of loſing. Much do I lament the Fate of this unhappy Beauty; but all my Interceſſions to *Jupiter* in her behalf have been in vain. —— *Diana*, ſtern Goddeſs of Chaſtity, whoſe Votary ſhe had vow'd herſelf, reſentful of the Affront, with Awe-inſpiring *Juno*, joins her Power, and ren-

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ders my Endeavours fruitleſs ; —— and much I fear the Rigour of theſe offended Goddeſſes will not ceaſe to blaſt her with continued Woes, till Life worn out with Miſeries ſhall be no more.

Lo there! (*ſaid the Deity, purſuing his Diſcourſe, and turning his radiant Eyes on a Woman, who by all her Air and Motions one might ſee had a very high Opinion of herſelf*) there is an Inſtance that even the immortal Powers themſelves, ſometimes, are partial ; or elſe that their Wills are but ſubſervient to the Decrees of Deſtiny.——— She is called *Salina*, the Daughter of a Chevalier, who by his good fortune in the War arriv'd at that Title.———She was debauch'd very young by the Duke *De Marbien*, of whom I gave you ſo large a Hiſtory in yeſterday's Progreſs. —— Inconſtant and wavering as he has ever been in all other Affairs of Life, he behav'd to her with an Honour and Good-nature little to be expected from the reſt of his Character ; ——— and when he perceiv'd the Town talk'd loudly of the Intrigue between them, to retrieve her Reputation, by thoſe Artifices which he is a perfect Maſter of, he perſuaded a Gentleman of a fine Eſtate, and noble Birth, to become her Husband.———They continued their Intimacy till both were weary of it, and ſought new Charms in other Amuſements. — They ſtill are Friends, and aid each other in their different Amours, whenever there is occaſion for a third Perſon.——— *Ariana*'s Houſe is generally the Place of Rendezvous, and her Quality and Intereſt at Court a Sanction for thoſe who ſin by her permiſſion. See how ſhe ſeems to ſcorn the Cenſures of the World! ——With what an indecent Freedom does ſhe treat that vain gaudy Fop who entertains her! —— Behold ! how ſhe

ſuffers him to kiſs and ruffle her in this publick Aſſembly.—— Great *Jupiter!* how ſhameleſly diſdainful of the Rules of Virtue, does ſhe now permit his roving Hands to wander o'er her unguarded Boſom, and preſs her panting Breaſts! —— And ſee, now they retire together, to act in yonder cloſe Alcove thoſe diſſolute Pleaſures which this has been but the prelude to. —— O noble Youth! *added the Deity of pleaſing Anguiſh*, how are my Rites prophaned by ſuch as theſe! —— To what groſs Purpoſes is my ſacred Name, by ſuch preſuming Mortals, made the Dupe! ——

The Divine Intelligence here paus'd a while, render'd unable to proſecute his Narration, by a Sight ſo ſhocking to his heavenly Nature; but perceiving the Stranger had his Eyes intently fix'd on an Object which juſt then enter'd the Room, he endeavour'd Patience to recollect himſelf enough to ſatisfy that Curioſity which a Sight ſo new and ſtrange could not fail of exciting —— It was a Woman, whom to adorn one would have thought the Riches of the *Eaſt* had been entirely ranſack'd. —— All the various Gems which *Aſia* or *Africk* produces, darted their blended Blaze around her Form.— So cover'd o'er with Luſtre, that ſhe appear'd a Conſtellation of united Glories. —— Three lovely Youths, habited like *Cupids*, and almoſt as beautiful, bore up her ſplendid Train.—— A blooming Virgin on either hand help'd to ſupport the unwieldy Bulk of Grandeur; — for ſhe was of a Size as extraordinary as the reſt of her Appearance.—— Our Traveller could imagine no other, than that to the Wonders the Deity had favour'd him with beholding, he had now forc'd *Time*, ſubmiſſive to his Will, to bring back the

Product

Product of many thousand Ages past, and that this was some Empress of the *Antediluvian* Race. The observing God, who read in his Countenance what his Conjectures were, thus, with a Smile, corrected the wildness of his Imagination: How strangely, *resumed he*, are you Mortals deceiv'd by Appearances! How easy were it to impose on your Belief, that this Woman were some Goddess; or at least of a Species supernatural in these Days: —— yet is she not only no more than Woman, but also one of the worst and vilest of her Kind; — born of a Family obscure; — possess'd even in her Youth but of moderate Charms; — and of a Soul wild and uncultivated by the politer Arts, or any Advantages of Education. —— By supreme Wickedness alone has she attain'd to Greatness. —— In *that*, indeed, she excels in such a manner, that she may challenge Hell, and vye with any Fiend to equal her in Malice, Cruelty, or Deceit. —— She is of that pernicious Disposition, that she can taste no Joy but in inflicting Misery. —Where-e'er she goes, she, Comet-like, portends Destruction. — Thro' many Nations has she spread her poisonous Influence, and triumphs in the Ruins which she brings. ——This Island is by Fate allotted to be the last Scene of her conquering Mischief. —— She acted in concert with *Lucitario*, in the imposition of the inchanted *Well*, and plum'd herself in the Fall of many ruin'd Innocents, whose Wealth she frequently made *themselves* the bearers of to *Paramours* of her own, in Kingdoms at hostility with this *Republick*. But tho' to have a Propensity to Ill, and want the Power of acting it, would be of little disservice to Mankind, I will briefly relate the Means by which she has arrived to it.

She

She was born in a City which borders on that part of the Sea which divides the magnificent Kingdom of *Utopia* from the reſt of the World. The Indigence of her Parents, and ſomething in her Nature, which made her ambitious of a higher State than that to which ſhe was born, oblig'd her early to quit their Houſe; and equipp'd in as handſome a manner as they could afford, ſhe ſet out into the World.——— Having heard much Talk of the Wealth of *Utopia*, ſhe repair'd thither, where without any other Recommendation than her own Aſſurance, ſhe was recommended to the Service of a noble Lady, whoſe Husband ſoon after going Embaſſador to one of the richeſt Courts in the *Eaſtern* World, ſhe attended in that Voyage, and behaving herſelf with an admirable Artifice among the Family, was taken notice of by the Miſtreſs of it in a peculiar faſhion, and in a little time preferr'd to be the higheſt Servant, and neareſt to herſelf.——— But this generous Benefactreſs dying, ſhe was in the utmoſt plunge of Thought by what means ſhe ſhould ſupport herſelf in the State ſhe now had been accuſtom'd to; when a Lady, who had been intimate with the deceaſed, knowing the Regard ſhe had for *Auglawra*, (for ſo this ruinous Creature is call'd) introduc'd her to the Empreſs, giving her a Character ſuch as made the other think ſhe could not be poſſeſs'd of a greater Jewel than ſo faithful and ingenuous a Servant.——— And ſo much was that great Princeſs deceiv'd by her Pretences, that a ſmall time ſaw her become the greateſt Favourite of the firſt Woman in the Globe.——— So artfully had ſhe conceal'd the Seeds of Miſchief in her Soul, that tho' ſhe had many Obſervers, the moſt diſcerning

cerning of 'em had not yet reach'd the Power of taxing her even of the ſmalleſt Frailty or Indecorum, either in her Diſpoſition or Conduct: And this reputation of Sanctity furniſh'd her with the Means of bringing about the moſt horrid Piece of Villany and Barbarity, which, perhaps, any other Nation in the Univerſe can give you an Example of.——That *Demon Luſt* having taken poſſeſſion of her Soul, ſhe burnt in the moſt ſtrong Deſires for a young Nobleman, call'd *Andeus* who for ſome Years had made his reſidence in that Court; hopeleſs of ſucceſs, ſhe hitherto had bore conceal'd the ſmother'd Anguiſh.——Now vain and exalted in Mind at finding herſelf rais'd to a Station ſo far above her Expectations, ſhe began to think there was nothing to which ſhe might not pretend.—— She thought there needed no more to engage his utmoſt Devoirs, than to let him know they wou'd not be diſpleaſing to her, and that he was a Man whom ſhe vouchſafed to approve; but how to do this, with a decency becoming the reſt of her Character, ſhe cou'd not preſently find out:—To write to him, ſhe thought wou'd be unbecoming that ſtrict Modeſty ſhe had always profeſs'd; and beſides, by ſo plainly confeſſing the violence of her Paſſion, lay herſelf under too great an Obligation for the Returns he ſhou'd make her.——Kind Looks therefore, and tender Glances were all the Teſtimonies of Love which ſhe cou'd yet prevail with her Pride to give him; but perceiving that he either wanted penetration or will to take notice of them, and her wild Deſires every moment gaining ground, ſhe reſolv'd at laſt to ſpeak more plain: And having one day an Opportunity, by being alone with him, ſhe fell into a Diſcourſe, as

tho'

tho' it were by accident, of the unrivall'd Power of Love, and by many Inſtances was proving how infinitely ſuperior to all the other Gods, my influence has from the firſt date of Time been daily teſtify'd. But tho' this Gentleman had in all other Converſations been reckon'd a Perſon of few Words, ſhe no ſooner hit on this Theme, than he began to declaim on it with the Wit and Elocution of an Orator, and by his warmth in aſſerting the Truth of what ſhe ſaid, and the reality of my Godhead, gave her immediately to underſtand that he was far from being a Stranger to the Proof, and that too in the moſt ſublime and paſſionate manner.—He told her that a Heart really ſuſceptible of the Force of Love, wou'd think no Task, tho' never ſo dangerous, too difficult to undertake, to convince the ador'd Object of his Sincerity, and that Death itſelf were mean, when compar'd to Deſpair.—— At theſe Words ſhe interrupted him, by asking him, what ſort of Pity, then, he thought was due to one who felt thoſe Tortures which hopeleſs Love creates?——If the Paſſion, Madam, anſwer'd he, be grounded on Honour, there is nothing I think one ought not to do, to recompence ſuch Zeal; but all, alas! (continued he, with a Sigh) are not worthy of *Reward*, though none ſhou'd be exempted from *Compaſſion*.—— The indrawn Notice of his, to her, inſenſible Eyes, as he ſpoke this, too plainly told her, that tho' he was himſelf in the Condition he deſcrib'd, yet his Pains were not occaſioned by a Perſon preſent——and Jealouſy that moment taking poſſeſſion of her Soul, was of no ſmall ſervice to her Pride.——She ſcorn'd to be indebted to his *Pity*, ſince ſhe found his *Love* was pre-ingag'd, and was now ſo far from proſecuting

ting her Deſign of letting him know the Affection ſhe had for him, that ſhe dreaded nothing ſo much as that he ſhould diſcover it——ſhe therefore broke off the Converſation as ſoon as ſhe cou'd without doing it abruptly, and retir'd to meditate on this addition to her former Diſquiets.

'Twou'd be too tedious to relate the various Reſolutions which her diſtracted Mind no ſooner form'd than broke——it ſhall ſuffice to ſay, that ſhe endured all that Deſpair and Rage, and Grief and Jealouſy, can work in diſappointed Woman; ——ſometimes ſhe was for murdering the innocent Cauſe of her Agitations —— ſometimes herſelf;——but the moſt permanent Deſign that cou'd harbour in her diſorder'd and incoherent Thoughts, was to be reveng'd on the happy Rival, whoſe Charms had made him blind and deaf to all other Attractions: But when ſhe conſider'd how little probability there was of finding her out, her Frenzy grew to the higheſt pitch that one can poſſibly imagine it to be.—— She had certainly done ſome deed of deſperation, either on herſelf or the ador'd Inſenſible, had fate not ſent her a Relief by the moſt unexpected means. The Melancholy ſhe was of late poſſeſt of, had been ſo viſible, that the whole Court took notice of it, and the Empreſs, who particularly eſteem'd her, very earneſtly deſir'd to be made acquainted with the Cauſe, aſſuring her that if the Remedy lay within the Compaſs of her Power, ſhe ſhou'd not fail of finding it.—But this ſubtle Woman, whoſe haughtineſs of Nature would not permit her to reveal the real Reaſon, not to ſeem ungrateful for ſo generous an offer, immediately form'd a Story, that her Father being croſſing an Arm of the Sea, had been

been taken by *Pirates*, who demanding a much larger Sum than was in the power of his Family to raiſe, he was in all probability made a Slave for Life.——She told this Tale with ſo many Tears, and added ſo many plauſible Circumſtances to it, that the Empreſs ſuſpected not the Truth, and preſently order'd her the Sum ſhe mention'd out of her privy Purſe.——Thus did ſhe bring herſelf off from diſcovering what ſhe wou'd rather have died than acknowledg'd, and at the ſame time increaſe the Store which her Avarice had before treaſur'd up by all the Ways her ſordid Diſpoſition cou'd invent. The good Empreſs, who labour'd under the moſt poignant affliction which can torment a virtuous Soul, having by ſo great a Benevolence bound faſt, as ſhe imagin'd, the entire Fidelity of *Auglawra*, thought ſhe might find ſome eaſe of anguiſh in relating to this favourite *Confidante* the Hiſtory of her misfortunes: Being one day more than ordinarily preſt by them, and unable longer to ſuſtain the ſecret Weight of galling Anguiſh——O *Auglawra*, ſaid ſhe, how happy were it for me that I could purchaſe Peace at the ſame rate for my ſelf as I have done for you——or if the forfeiture of all my Greatneſs, Power, and State cou'd do it, how gladly would I renounce the gaudy Idols, and become a Cottager, the mean Inhabitant of ſome little Hutt, my Food the product of the Field, and for my Drink, that which the Cryſtal Stream alone affords!——How bleſt were ſuch a Life, compar'd with wretched Pomp like mine! The Amazement theſe Expreſſions created in the mind of her who heard them, did not hinder her from making uſe of all her Cunning to engage the other.

ther to diſcover the Occaſion; and after obliging her to a Vow of Secrecy, You know, (ſaid that unſuſpecting Princeſs) that it is not Love which makes the Nuptials of Perſons of my Rank, condemn'd even from our Birth the People's Slaves, and Victims to the Intereſts of State.——I never ſaw this Emperor till deſtin'd to his Bed, and cou'd not feel for him, nor he for me, thoſe pleaſing Pains and ſoft Deſires which have alone the power to make Marriage prove a Bleſſing:——Yet free from any prepoſſeſſion, I ſubmitted to my fate without a murmur, nor fear'd the Curſe I have ſince experienc'd.——Some Years paſt over in a dull Tranquility, but oh, when the Young, the Gay, the Charming *Arideus* appear'd before my wandring Eyes, that happy Calmneſs ceas'd, and I became all Tranſport for a moment——then all Diſtraction, Confuſion, Shame, and Sorrow——Yes, I confeſs, (continued the Royal Mourner, ſighing as if her heart-ſtrings were that inſtant cracking) that I no ſooner ſaw and heard the Wonders of his Wit and Beauty, than I became a Slave to ſuch uncommon Charms——even my whole Soul was raviſhed, and I had no more the power of reaſoning, or reflecting on the vaſt deſtruction I was plunging myſelf into.——To add to my Misfortune, I ſaw too ſoon (as Lovers have diſcerning Eyes) he felt the ſame unhappy Flame for me——too plainly in his bluſhes and his tremblings, I read the fatal Tale, and almoſt died with Apprehenſion of the Conſequence——I fear'd the Influence of his potent Charms, the unbounded Force of Paſſion, and my Sex's weakneſs, and had not Vanity enough to promiſe myſelf I cou'd maintain my Virtue in ſuch unequal Strugglings——all that I had

to

to hope, was that his Reſpect wou'd prevent him from *asking*, what I had ſo much cauſe to dread, that I ſhould not have the power of *refuſing*.—In Agonies too terrible for deſcription, did both of us for a long time labour with ſilent Wiſhes ——but at length the ſmother'd Flame broke out with utmoſt Violence—proſtrate and ſhook with inward Convulſions, amidſt a thouſand Sighs, a thouſand nameleſs Teſtimonies of the moſt fierce deſpair he own'd his Love, and begg'd forgiveneſs.——I, all confus'd, alarm'd, diſtracted with the different Emotions, which all at once roſe in my divided Soul, had not diſſimulation to conceal what paſs'd within.——He ſaw the moſt ſecret Workings of my tumultuous Thoughts, and had his not been the moſt pure, moſt perfect Paſſion that ever was, muſt have form'd hopes to the deſtruction of my Glory.——But though he knew my weakneſs—my inability of oppoſing, he offer'd not to ſeize, nor attempted the leaſt Liberty, which Honour might not without a bluſh afford.——Days, Weeks, Months, and Years have ſince been witneſs of the ſame Reſpect.—The ſame diſtant Awe, on his ſide, and Reſerve on mine; but with what pain to both, none but thoſe who have experienc'd the like can gueſs.——In Life-deſtroying Languiſhments the noble Youth conſumes, nor can I bear it longer; yet reſolute never to tranſgreſs the bounds of Honour, I have reſolv'd to baniſh him my preſence, to drive him from this fatal Place, and my unhappy Beauty.—. Time and Abſence may reſtore us both to Peace.

A Flood of Tears here intercepted the Paſſage of her Words, and the various Emotions of her own diſturb'd Soul, hinder'd her from obſerving

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thoſe of *Aglaura*, which otherwiſe would have been viſible enough in her Countenance from the firſt mention of *Arideus*; little had ſhe imagin'd that he was enamour'd of the Empreſs, and much leſs that his Charms had been taken notice of by her in the manner ſhe now found they were.——— Jealouſy and Deſpair now play'd their parts with utmoſt Violence in her diſtracted Thoughts; and ſcarce cou'd all her Artifice in ſo dreadful a Surprize, prevent the ſtruggling Paſſions from ſhowing themſelves too plainly.—— The Anſwers ſhe made were ſo incoherent, that ſo wiſe a Woman as the Empreſs muſt preſently have known ſome ſecret Diſturbance was the cauſe of it, had ſhe not been too much taken up with her own Sorrows and Diſtractions, to regard the Behaviour of another.——— Some Company coming in, gave a timely relief to *Aglaura*, and ſhe withdrew to meditate on this Adventure.

It would be needleſs to repeat the various Whirls of her tormented Paſſions at ſo unlook'd for a Circumſtance, or the many Stratagems ſhe form'd for the deſtruction of thoſe who caus'd in her ſuch intolerable Anxieties: You may believe a Deſire, violent and raging like hers, bounded by no Principles of Honour or Morality, when working in a Mind wholly a ſtranger to Gratitude, or any Virtue, muſt drive her to the acting any thing, tho' ne'er ſo deſperate, to purchaſe Vengeance. She made no difficulty of invoking the Fiends, and ſummoning all Hell to her aſſiſtance. ——— The ready Prompters of Murders, Parricides, and every damning Crime, obey'd her call, and in a little time furniſh'd her Invention with a Deſign fit only for themſelves to inſtigate, or her to act.

The preparatory Scene of the horrid Tragedy ſhe had form'd in her pernicious Brain, was to acquaint a young Lady who had lately been introduc'd to the Bed-chamber, and knew little of the Court, or the Diſpoſition of the Empreſs, with the Story of that unhappy Princeſs's Affection for *Arideus*; letting her know ſhe had it from her own Mouth, and repeating her Words ſo far as would make her appear criminal, but wholly concealing thoſe which would have clear'd her, and excited rather the Compaſſion than Blame of any who might have heard them.——— In fine, ſhe repreſented her as a Woman who had intirely abandon'd her Honour to gratify her Paſſion.—— This done, ſhe took an opportunity, when ſhe heard the Emperor was lain down to repoſe, as he ordinarily did every day after Dinner, to get into the Lobby; which being divided from the Room he was in only by a piece of Tapeſtry, he could not well avoid hearing every thing that paſs'd.——— Nor could any other Perſon have the ſame advantage, none being ſuffer'd to ſtay in the Apartment during thoſe hours of Reſt, but two or three Attendants which ſhe knew waited in a diſtant Gallery on the other ſide his Chamber.—— She had with her this Lady, whom under the name of Confidante ſhe made her Property in this moſt vile Deſign; and having placed herſelf in ſuch a manner as ſhe was certain her very Sighs muſt reach the Emperor's Ear, thus began to infuſe that Poiſon into his Soul, which very rarely is expell'd without ſome dreadful Miſchief.

What are the Charms, *ſaid ſhe*, of this too fortunate guilty Youth! ——— Can any thing be more graceful, more commanding Love and Re-

Reſpect than the Perſon of our Emperor! Even tho' he were a private Man, his *Equal* ſcarcely wou'd be found in the habitable World——— but as he is adorn'd with Royalty, and all thoſe Accompliſhments which dignify a Crown, ah! how depraved muſt be the Taſte!— how loſt to *Reaſon* as well as *Honour* muſt be the Heart, which has a Corner for any other Idea! ——And O (purſued ſhe, with a Voice which ſeem'd to expreſs a greater Concern than even her Words declar'd) how dreadful! how aſtoniſhing to Reflection is the Crime of injuring ſuch a Husband! ——— How truly glorious were the Condition of this Empreſs, did ſhe value the Bleſſings ſhe is in poſſeſſion of! ——— And what a Chaos of Guilt, Remorſe and Shame muſt now fill up her tortur'd Breaſt, and render her beyond deſcription wretched, as ſhe has beyond all hope of mercy ſinn'd.—— Sighs and Tears ſeem'd here to break off her Exclamations; and the other innocently anſwer'd, That nothing could more ſenſibly afflict her, than that a Lady ſo perfect in every Grace, ſhould have made a forfeit of her Virtue. O 'tis a ſhocking Thought, *reſum'd* Aglaura, nor can I look on that Seducer of her Honour, the flattering *Arideus*, without Deteſtation, without Horrour. ——— She was going on in this manner, when the Emperor, who had loſt nothing of what was ſaid, had no longer Patience to contain himſelf; but ſtarting from his Couch, and flying into the Lobby, Who is it, *ſaid he*, that ſeems to lament the Emperor's Diſhonour, and would keep from him the knowledge of it, and the means of Puniſhment? ——— The cunning *Aglaura*, counterfeiting as great a Terror at his ſudden ruſhing in upon them, as

her Companion felt in good earneſt, fell with her on her Knees, and entreated his forgiveneſs. —— You have done nothing, *replied he*, which ſhould offend me, unleſs it be concealing from me my Diſgrace, which you may eaſily repair by acquainting me with the whole Secret of the Empreſs's ſhameful Conduct. ——— With the moſt artfully acted Grief that ever was, did this wicked Creature ſeem to evade what was deſired of her; and by affecting an Inclination to clear the Empreſs, made her appear more vile, till the Emperor growing impatient, made uſe of Threatnings to compel her to relate all ſhe ſeem'd to know.———Forc'd to what ſhe moſt deſir'd, ſo monſtrous a Hiſtory did her inventive Brain produce, that one would think all Heaven were deaf, ſince not one God appear'd in Thunder, and ſtruck her in the guilty Moment dead. To prove the truth of what ſhe ſaid, ſhe undertook to give him the ocular Demonſtration of the Intimacy between the Empreſs and *Arideus*; and he telling her he ſhou'd expect it from her, promis'd to ſuſpend his Vengeance till that time.

It now, indeed, lay on her to prove what ſhe had ſo boldly aſſerted, and ſhe ſet herſelf to do it in this manner: ——— At the Hour of Night, when Mortals ordinarily betake themſelves to that Repoſe which Nature exacts from all Humanity, ſhe ſent a Page to *Arideus*, with an Order that he ſhould that very moment attend the Empreſs in her private Cloſet.——— The Gentleman ſurpriz'd at ſo unuſual a Command, that Princeſs having ever ſhunn'd his Preſence in private, obey'd the Summons with a Heart full of expectation.——— That Lady, whom *Aglaura* had made her innocent Accomplice

plice in this Affair, being then in waiting, had Inſtructions from her to admit him, telling her, it was the Empreſs's deſire.——— She was half undreſs'd, and reading at her Toylet, when *Arideus* enter'd the Room, and amaz'd at the Preſumption of his Viſit, was beginning to expreſs her Reſentment in Terms which would have made this obſequious Lover dearly repent his Temerity; when gueſſing that either he had been but deceiv'd in her requiring his Attendance, or that ſhe had done it only to reprove him for ſome Fault his Inadvertency had committed, he fell on his Knees, and began to entreat her Pardon, tho' as yet he was ignorant of the Cauſe of her Diſpleaſure.——— Juſt at that moment of his Humiliation, the Emperor ruſh'd into the Room, accompanied by *Aglaura*, who watch'd the other's entrance, and had given notice of it. The Poſture he beheld him in, his Wife's Diſhabillé, the Privacy of the Place, and Time of Night, all concurr'd to make every thing that Incendiary had told him, appear undoubted Truth. Tranſported with the moſt violent Rage, and deaf to Conſideration, he drew a *Scymitar* from his ſide, and plung'd it in the Breaſt of the innocent *Arideus*, who fell that Inſtant expiring at his feet.——— The Empreſs, who was utterly a ſtranger either to the Reaſon of his coming, or her Husband's Indignation, and ſtruck with a ſudden Horror at ſo dreadful a Spectacle, fell into a Swoon on the dead Body of her Lover. ——— The Emperor flung out of the Room, vowing never to ſee her more: And, indeed, he kept his Word; for that unhappy Lady, diſtracted with this diſmal Cataſtrophe of her innocent Amour, and beyond meaſure grieved at the untimely death of a

Man whom ſhe had loved ſo tenderly, fell into a lingring Diſeaſe of which ſhe died.—— The Pangs of Death being on her, ſhe intreated to ſee the Emperor, but he refuſed it, being inſtigated to that laſt Barbarity, as he had been to the firſt, by the pernicious Inſinuations of *Aglaura*.——— Age, and too much indulging herſelf in all thoſe riotous Delights to which her Nature is prone, has made her ſince grow coarſe and groſs, but ſhe was then agreeable enough in her Perſon; ſuch as ſhe was, however, together with the Remembrance of the Tenderneſs with which ſhe had ſeem'd to lament his Misfortune, when he over-heard her in the Lobby, made him look on her with the Eyes of Love.——— In fine, he courted, he addreſſed her in the moſt paſſionate manner.—— She, who had ſacrific'd the Man ſhe lov'd to her Revenge, was eaſily prevail'd on to ſacrifice every thing to her Ambition.———She yielded to his Deſires, and was immediately created a Marchioneſs.——— It is a pretty general Obſervation, that when a Man is poſſeſs'd of that Perfection ſo rare to be found in that Sex, Conſtancy, it is in favour of ſome Woman whoſe want of Merit renders it rather a Fault than the contrary, and degenerates the moſt lovely of all the Virtues into a Vice.——— *Aglaura* no ſooner ſaw herſelf in a condition which ſhe thought ſet her above Scandal, than ſhe left off to diſguiſe her Temper.—— Her natural Inſolence, Avarice, Ingratitude, Cruelty now broke forth.——The ſmalleſt ſhadow of an Indignity offer'd to her, was ſure to be ſeverely puniſh'd; and all the Favours ſhe receiv'd, forgot.——— For the leaſt appearance of Profit to herſelf, ſhe would make no ſcruple to betray the Lives of

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thoſe ſhe pretended moſt to eſteem, and had done her the moſt ſignal Services. —— Dangerous was it to have her for an Enemy, and impoſſible to gain her to be a Friend. —— She grew the Hate and Terror of the whole Court, yet ſo abſolutely did ſhe rule the Emperor's Heart, and ſo great a Power had ſhe over all his Actions, that he had certainly married her after the death of the Empreſs, had not his own in a very little time enſued. —— The ſucceeding Heir made it his firſt Deſign to revenge the Kingdom on this Cormorant, who, in the ſhort Time of the Emperor's Infatuation, had well nigh devour'd the Kingdom's Wealth; but ſhe had more Policy than to permit the execution of it. —— She no ſooner found the Emperor's Life in danger, than ſhe removed all her Effects out of the Kingdom; and the very moment that Breath forſook his Body, made her eſcape herſelf with ſo much ſpeed and ſecrecy, that tho' there were many ſent in purſuit of her, none had the good fortune to ſucceed.

The next Stage of her continued Miſchiefs was in a Nation at War with that which ſhe had left; — by betraying the Councils, and the exact Number of the other's Forces, pointing them out a ready way to Conqueſt, ſhe ſo far ingratiated herſelf among them, that Statues were erected to her as to a guardian Goddeſs. — And tho' ſhe here experienc'd variety of Amours, ſhe manag'd them with that Artifice, that the Prince *De Comus* charm'd with her Wit, and Addreſs, thought her worthy of his Bed. —— Nothing could be more magnificent than the Celebration of their Nuptials; — all the Pomp of the *Eaſt* contributing to make it ſplendid: — Nor did ever Man doat with greater Ardency

than did he on this Compound of Deceit and Baſeneſs. ——— A change of Affairs obliging him to remove to this Iſland, ſhe came with him, and ſtill maintains her uſual Sovereignty over his Affections; and tho' the Beauty of ſeveral of theſe fair Iſlanders has now and then tempted him to break thro' the Strictneſs of the *Hymeneal* Contract, yet does he immediately return to his firſt Vows, and by his Penitence, and redoubled Endearments, repair the Tranſgreſſion he has been guilty of. —— The Reſpect which every one pays to the Prince, makes them appear blind to the Behaviour of his Wife; and it is under the Sanction of his Name that ſhe ſecurely acts her Miſchiefs. —— She invented a new ſort of Game, in which Chance only ſeem'd to have the power of beſtowing the Prize; but her continued ſucceſſion of good Fortune, and the total Ruin of as many as engaged againſt her in it, makes it ſufficiently evident that there was a Trick at the bottom, and that it was more owing to Management than Fortune, that ſhe has amaſs'd by it ſuch prodigious Heaps of Treaſure, as the Coffers of ſcarce any Prince in the Univerſe can equal.—— That fair young Creature, who ſhe now talks to, is her Daughter, born ſince her Marriage, but the Gods know it is not to conjugal Endearments ſhe owes her Being; her real Father being at this time no more than Maſter of the Horſe to her pretended one. Innocent as you would think her, ſhe already is Miſtreſs of part of her Mother's Qualifications, and underſtands Intrigue perfectly well.——— Here are in this Company two Men of Note, who have pretty well experienc'd her Talent that way, tho' both are ignorant of each other's Happineſs, and thinks

thinks himſelf the ſole engroſſer of her Favours. One of them ſits at yonder Table, he is engag'd at *Ombre* with two Ladies.———He is call'd the *Black Cherubim*, few Men have had greater Succeſs in addreſſing the Ladies, but he is a little too negligent in his Devoirs to maintain the Conqueſts he gains.———The other you may eaſily diſtinguiſh among that Crowd of Gentlemen at the lower end of the Room, by his extraordinary Stature: He differs from his Rival equally in Temper as in Perſon—he has a greater ſhare of Tenderneſs in his Diſpoſition than is uſually to be found, even in the ſofter Sex.——The Woman who has oblig'd him, he thinks he can never too much oblige, and has ſacrificed the beſt part of his Fortune to teſtify his gratitude; yet is he leſs beloved, leſs regarded than the other, who by all his Actions demonſtrates that whether he is well receiv'd or not, is a matter of but ſmall concern.———So natural is it for Humanity to deſpiſe what loves, and follow that which flies. A remarkable Inſtance of that you may behold in *Dorante*, that Gentleman who ſits alone on yonder Couch, and ſeems not to ſee, or not to be affected with any of the Diverſions of the Place.———He lov'd with the utmoſt fervor of affection a young Maid, whoſe Name is *Clotilda*.———Long did he ſue, long languiſh in a hopeleſs Paſſion—but continu'd opportunities at laſt won on the yielding Fair, and he obtain'd of her all that his burning Wiſhes cou'd implore.——The Victory obtain'd, Deſire ſoon loſt its charming Vigour, he neglected, and in time forſook her.——To Sighs, to Tears, to all the ſoft Artillery of deſpairing Love, the undone Charmer had recourſe, but alas! when once the

Heart

Heart is eſtrang'd, how vain are all Efforts to bring it back!——He ſhun'd her preſence, anſwer'd not her Letters, nor would liſten to any Arguments, which thoſe who pitied her Misfortune, cou'd urge in her behalf.——Thoſe tender Calls which once wou'd have made his Soul bound with Rapture, were now grown troubleſome,——that Paſſion he had taken ſo much pains to inſpire, inſipid; and all the good he wiſh'd her, was, that ſhe might grow as indifferent as he was, and rid them both of the uneaſineſs which vain Expectation created on the one ſide, and unavailing Importunity on the other.——The Gods at length conſented to his Wiſh; worn out with Grief, and Life half waſted with continual anguiſh, *Minerva* in pity of her miſery, and to ſupport the Dignity of that Sex, of which herſelf was one, ſtrengthen'd her with Reſolution to deſpiſe the ungenerous dealing ſhe had not deſerv'd, and bravely ſcorn the Scorner.—By degrees, that tenderneſs which had been ſo fatal to her glory, gave place to a juſt Reſentment, and both at length, in cold Indifference were loſt;——reſtor'd once more to peace, ſhe now looks back with wonder only at the folly of her Conduct paſt, and knows no pain but in the remorſeful Remembrance that ſhe was once leſs wiſe than now ſhe is.——That, however, is ſufficient to render her Breaſt impregnable to any ſecond Attack, nor is there ſcarce a poſſibility that any new Invader ever will ſucceed.——But now obſerve the fickle Turns of Man's inconſtant Nature; *Dorante* no ſooner perceiv'd the alteration in her Humour, than his too chang'd.——He now began to reflect on the Jewel his blind ingratitude had caſt away,—regrets his Cruelty, and is amaz'd

maz'd that he ever could treat her in that manner.——Again her Charms return with double Force——once more he thinks her the moſt meritorious of her Sex——a ſecond time he languiſhes, adores, and wiſhes—but all in vain —the Cards are top'd upon him, and he now in his turn is to know the Tortures of Deſpair. ——Not all the Eloquence of *Apollo*, or ſoft-tongu'd *Mercury*, cou'd repreſent in ſuch a manner as wou'd not injure by Deſcription the various Pangs of his tormented Soul.——Sometimes he raves at Fate—condemns the Cruelty, and unlook'd-for Coldneſs of *Clotilda*, but oftner curſes his own changing Temper.——By Day he follows her from Place to Place with Sighs, with Tears, with Prayers and Penitence—by Night he counts the unregarding Stars, invoking all to favour his Deſires, and influence the Soul of the obdurate Fair.—No eaſe, no reſt can his diſorder'd Fancy know, and while he ſeeks in this wild Hurry of promiſcuous Pleaſures, Diverſion of his Pain, it grows on him the more, and even here *Clotilda* ſwims before his Eyes, ſhe is for ever in his ſight — He thinks he ſees, he hears her ſcorn; and tho' far diſtant from the Place, the Spirit of her Wrongs appears before him, and ſupplies her Preſence.——O! juſt *Aſtrea*, well haſt thou ordain'd—Love on—Love on, unpitied Mortal! and to the end of Life experience the Horror of loſing all thou loveſt, and knowing too thou haſt loſt it by thy own default.

The Deity had, perhaps, more largely expatiated on the Misfortunes to which the mutability of human Nature very often reduces us, if a Lady paſſing haſtily by the Place, in which they ſtood, had not with her over-ſpeed in plucking

plucking out her Purſe to give a Page (who came to her with a Meſſage) ſomething out of it, drop'd a Letter, which falling at his Feet, he gave it into the Stranger's hands, commanding him to ſee what it contain'd.——He immediately open'd it, and found in it theſe Lines.

To the ſweet Beſtower of everlaſting Pleaſures, the moſt adorable *LIBERIA*.

I Receiv'd, my Angel! the charming Summons, which your Charity influenced you to give me—— depend that I will be with you before the Time you mention.——My odious Husband goes out of Town this Afternoon, and I ſhould chide you for but ſeeming to believe that any Engagement with the beſt of that deſpiſed Sex, cou'd have force to deprive me one moment of thoſe extatick Joys your Preſence brings: ——But I take this little Jealouſy as a Proof of that Paſſion you were, at our laſt happy meeting, ſo good to make me hope the Continuance of——O! my Tranſporting Liberia! *let never any Accident of Fortune, nor the Inſinuations of deceiving Man ſeparate that Friendſhip we have vow'd to bear each other to our Lives end.——Let us for ever love ——for ever revel in thoſe Delights which none but thou canſt give; and which none but my ſelf can taſte in ſo elevated a degree.——To the leſs knowing part of Womankind let us leave thoſe more dangerous, tho' infinitely leſs pleaſing Enjoyments, which a Society with the other Sex affords, while you and I improve the Joys to ſuch a Height, as ſhall aſtoniſh Nature.— O! I could rave with pleaſure but at the bare Remembrance of that charming Night we paſt together—when free from interruption we gave a looſe to Extaſy, and pour'd out our whole Souls upon each other's*

ther's Boſoms, but that I am compell'd at this time to take an unwilling Leave of my Heart's Treaſure. My fond Monſter will needs have me drink Tea with him before he takes his Journey.—— A few Hours will rid me of his hated Kindneſs, and then I am all my dear ador'd Liberia's *Slave.*

Sophronia.

P. S. *I had forgot to inform you, that* Meliſſa *deſigns you a Viſit; for Heaven's ſake take care to be deny'd to her, that I may not loſe a Moment of that Time which kind Fate allows me of the Bleſſing of your Company.——— Once more, my Charmer! Adieu!*

There was ſomething ſo extraordinary in the Stile of this Billet from one Woman to another, that our Traveller cou'd not read it without the moſt ſenſible Surprize, and ſomething of a Shock which at that time he knew not how to account for. The God of pure Delights perceiving what his Thoughts were, eas'd him of the Suſpence he was in, by thus reſuming his Diſcourſe:

Well, indeed, *ſaid he*, my illuſtrious Friend! may'ſt thou ſeem aſtoniſh'd at Crimes of ſuch a monſtrous kind, that they even ſtartle Heaven, and alarm the Gods, whoſe Omnipotence can ſcarcely fathom how far the Impiety of offending Mortals will in time extend. ——— The Author of theſe Lines is the Wife of a Chevalier who married her without any other Dower than her Beauty. ——He is one of the beſt Husbands, and has a Perſon which any Woman not utterly loſt to Goodneſs might approve; but ſhe is of the Number of thoſe Wretches who give themſelves up to Luſt in ſo entire a manner, that the com-

common way of Debauchery is not ſufficient to content them, and have found out a new Method of Pollution, which exceeds the moſt diſſolute Whoredom, or Adultery, and to which even Inceſt itſelf is mean.——— *Liberia* is by this vile Woman brought into the deteſted Secret, and has taken a Vow never to taſte the Pleaſures of Love but in this moſt abhorr'd unnatural way.——I muſt confeſs, worthy Stranger, (*continued he, ſhaking from his radiant Eyes ſome Tears which he could not reſtrain*) that of all the Abuſes daily thrown upon my Name, this troubles me the moſt.——— Theſe Wretches, whoſe Actions are the direct oppoſites of my Will, pretend 'tis by my Influence they ſin, and turn my own Weapons on myſelf; —— but of them no more—— I cannot bear the mention of them.—— You will in your continuance in this Iſland, meet with frequent Hiſtories of this kind.—— Let us now turn our Eyes on yonder glaring *Belle*.——— Obſerve how all the young Gallants crowd round her Chair, attracted more by the Blaze of Jewels which ſparkle every where about her, than by the Luſtre of her Eyes, or any other perſonal Charm.——— She was born in a Country remarkable for Ruſticity, and of Parents who took not the pains to wear that off by *Education*, which ſhe inherited by *Nature*.——— She was notwithſtanding a very great Fortune, and brought hither in order to be married to a young Nobleman called *Mullano*; the Match was concluded on by the Kindred on both ſides, and the Bridegroom oblig'd to be contented with his Lot.—— The nuptial Knot has not been ty'd much above two Moons, yet is there a moſt terrible Diſagreement between them.——Not that it happen'd merely

thro'

thro' Deſign of either ſide; for tho' neither of them lov'd, neither of them hated, and in this dull Indifference they might, perhaps, have paſs'd many Years, had not an Accident happen'd to rouze a Paſſion equally fatal to the Repoſe of both.——— *Lucillius*, of whom I have already ſpoken, being diſgrac'd, and by the Intereſt which the Father of *Mullano* has in the Senate, degraded from his Honours, has from the firſt moment that he found him his Enemy, been contriving the means of Revenge.— Thoſe aiding Demons, who ever are at hand to forward Miſchief, ſoon furniſh'd his Invention with a Stratagem which he ſoon after ſucceſsfully put in practice.——— He has had for a long time the greateſt Intimacy with a young foreign Nobleman, reputed one of the moſt lovely Perſons of the Age; and indeed there are but few who exceed him either in bodily Perfections, or the perſuaſive Art ſo engaging with the Fair.——— This gay Ruiner of Chaſtity did the cunning *Lucillius* prevail on to tempt the Virtue of the Bride of young *Mullano*; thoſe Attractions which had been fatal to many more experienc'd Hearts, could not fail of meeting their uſual Succeſs on a Mind wholly uncultivated and unpreposſeſs'd with any diſtinct Notions of what ſhe ow'd to Duty and to Honour.——— In fine, ſhe conſented to an Appointment with him, of which, by agreement, he being engag'd to inform *Lucillius*, the revengeful Wretch contriv'd it ſo, as to bring the Husband to be witneſs of it; but not ſoon enough to preſerve his Honour from the moſt cruel Wound it cou'd receive.——— The fair Offender had not Artifice to diſguiſe what ſhe had done; her Bluſhes, and her Trembling proclaim'd her Guilt, and her Undoer's

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Triumph.——*Mullano* drew his Sword, as did the other alſo, but there paſs'd nothing between them fatal to the Life of either.——Many Conſultations the Father and Son held concerning this Affair, but it was at laſt reſolv'd to make no more noiſe of it; wiſely conſidering, that if the Lady were parted with, great part of her Fortune muſt likewiſe be refunded. —— And (*continued the Deity*) to theſe Iſlanders, *Money* is Honour, Conſcience, Honeſty, and every thing.——They therefore thought it better to pocket the Diſgrace, than unlade their Coffers of the Gold.——The Buſineſs thus they imagin'd would be huſh'd; but *Lucilius* thinking it not enough that he had render'd his Enemy the moſt diſcontented Creature living in his own Family, proſecuted his Revenge, by making the whole publick, and expoſing him to all as a mark of Infamy, and tame enduring the ſevereſt Injury which Reputation can labour under.—— But the Diſquiets of the *Husband*, great as they are, are yet vaſtly inferior to thoſe the *Wife* ſuſtains; ſhe has the treble Loſs to mourn, her Character, her Conſort's Civility, and her Lover's Society; for the ungrateful Man, partly thro' fear that *Mullano* ſpurr'd up by repeated Wrongs, might at laſt take the Vengeance due to them, and partly thro' want of Inclination, and the natural Inconſtancy of his Sex, made no ſecond Attempt, appear'd regardleſs of the Conqueſt he had gain'd, nor took the ſmalleſt pains to ſecure it.—— As much as a Scul ſo little delicate can ſuffer in ſuch Treatment, her's does: And tho' ſhe reſents it not in that ſenſible manner ſome Women wou'd, ſhe feels, notwithſtanding, a kind of Hell in her Boſom, which to alleviate, ſhe has recourſe to the gay

Conver-

Converſation, and various Diverſions which *Ariana* here prepares for the Entertainment of her Gueſts.——— 'Tis poſſible a Mind ſo light and eaſy of Impreſſion may find it here, indeed. —— I ſee the Chevalier *Valoir* pays his Devoirs to her in a faſhion which they call *Love*; I doubt not but ſhe will be deceiv'd into that Belief.——— He is lately parted from his Wife, which he pretends to her was occaſion'd by his Paſſion for her. ——— She liſtens to him with pleaſure.——— 'Tis ſo,——*Mullano*'s Diſhonour is not yet compleated.— An Affair with this ſecond *Enamorato* will be of more ſhameful Conſequence than the former. —— Something, tho' indiſtinctly, of the Cataſtrophe, I read in Fate's eternal Volume,——Time will produce it to the laughing World.— In the mean while, let us remark what other Inſtances of Folly and Infatuation, offer themſelves to our obſervation.—— Alas! I grieve to ſee the agreeable *Flavia* make a Part in this Aſſembly; ſhe was ever eſteem'd a Woman of the greateſt Prudence, and Modeſty of Behaviour,——why is ſhe now circled with Fops?——Why do her rolling Eyes throw round her ſtudied Glances, as though in ſearch of Conqueſt, and eager to attract?———What an unhappy Change has ill requited Love wrought on the moſt generous Soul that e'er inhabited a female Shape. —— She was married very young, and left a Widow before Twenty.———Never Woman appear'd to have a better Conduct in every Affair of Life.——— Her Diſcretion was exemplary, and happy did thoſe Parents think themſelves who could prevail on her to accompany their Daughters.——— She declar'd herſelf an Enemy to ſecond Marriages; and tho' ſhe had variety of Offers, and ſome of them very

advantageous ones, ſhe declin'd them all, and that Man was ſure to loſe her Acquaintance, that declar'd himſelf her Lover.—For five Years did ſhe live in this manner, till happening into the Acquaintance of Madam *La Marr*, the Count her Husband, who had been gone ſome time on an Embaſſy to a foreign Court, returning home, was too much charm'd with the Wit and Beauty of this hitherto-reſerv'd Lady.—— She felt alſo at the firſt ſight of him, thoſe Emotions which are the infallible Harbingers of my approaching Influence.—— But ignorant herſelf of what was doing in her Soul, ſhe repell'd not the entrance of the ſoft Invader with that force ſhe otherwiſe would have done; and imagining there was no more in the Inclination ſhe had to him, than what was the Effect of Friendſhip, indulg'd herſelf in the Pleaſure of looking on him, and permitting him to entertain her, till it was too late for her to conquer it, or withdraw herſelf from the ſweet Temptation.——— In fine, ſhe convers'd with him till it was out of her power to forbear converſing with him, and ſhe muſt either continue in that dangerous Road, or by going out of it, do a violence to her Temper which Life could not have ſuſtain'd. —— When once a Heart is traly ſubdued by Tenderneſs, it is utterly impoſſible to conceal it; in vain are all the Efforts, Pride or Diſcretion may make. —— A thouſand, thouſand Ways it ſhows itſelf, and can uo more be hid than Light; ſome little Chink, ſome Cranny it will ſtill find, at which it may burſt out.——— The Eyes in ſoftning Languiſhments betray it! — the ſtealing Sighs! — the Bluſhes! the Tremblings are all ſo many Tell-tales of the Heart; nor can they be bought off, or aw'd to Silence! ———

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The Count *La Marr* was poſſeſs'd of too real a Deſire to let theſe Symptoms paſs unremark'd. ——He ſaw, with tranſport, the Impreſſion he had made, and let not the leaſt Advantage ſlip. —It was, however, a long time before the ultimate of his Wiſhes were obtain'd; —— but never did I ſo much lament my fatal Power, as when I found it had prevail'd to the undoing of this worthy Lady.—— Inconſtancy, and Ingratitude are ſo blended with the Nature of that Sex, that ſcarce one of them is free from ſome Tincture of it. —— *La Marr*, though in other things a Man of Honour, diſcover'd in this Affair a barbarous want of it.—— All the Charms of *Flavia* were in Enjoyment loſt, and ſhe became, in a little time, wholly indifferent to him. He took not the pains he had done for a private Interview. —And at laſt growing uneaſy at the Reproaches even of her Eyes, avoided ſeeing her in publick as much as poſſible.—— Diſtracted with this Treatment, ſhe made him a Viſit at his Houſe, which conſcious of the Wrong ſhe had done his Wife, ſhe had excuſed herſelf, under the pretence of Indiſpoſition, from doing for ſome time. She hoped there to have an Opportunity of ſpeaking to him, and venting ſome part of the juſt Reſentment ſhe had conceived againſt him; but he gueſſing her Deſign, ſo artfully contriv'd to keep ſome of the Family in the Room all the while ſhe ſtaid, that ſhe ſoon found it impoſſible at that time to proſecute her Intention: But reſolving not to be for ever diſappointed, ſhe went again in a few days, taking in her Pocket a little Table-book, in a ſpare Leaf of which ſhe wrote theſe Lines.

I Doubt not but I am in part reveng'd on your Ingratitude, by that Remorſe which is the inceſſant Companion of Guilt.—— Were you not conſcious of your Crime, you would not fear my Upbraidings.—— For the eaſe, therefore, of your own Soul, as well as mine, I beg to ſpeak with you.—— If there be a poſſibility of an Excuſe for your Barbarity, you know too well my gentle Nature not to aſſure yourſelf I ſhould receive it. —— Fain wou'd I aſcribe my Misfortune to any thing rather than your want of Honour.—— Clear yourſelf then, I beſeech you, of that Imputation your late Behaviour obliges me to lay on you, and if we muſt no longer love, *teſtify that you have at leaſt ſome* Pity *for the undone*

FLAVIA.

She ſat a conſiderable time in his Company without an opportunity to deliver this to him, but poſitively determin'd not to go away as ſhe had done before, ſhe at laſt pulls out the Tables, and telling him ſhe had ſomething to ſhow him, puts it into his hands.——The prodigious Redneſs which at ſight of it immediately overſpread his Face, join'd with Madam *La Marr*'s deſiring in a gay manner to know what it was which ſhe had favour'd her Husband with the peruſal of, would have made another Woman die with Apprehenſion; but her extraordinary Preſence of Mind was of no ſmall ſervice to her on this occaſion, and taking from him the Book as ſoon as ſhe perceived he had come to the bottom of the Leaf, turn'd with an admirable dexterity to another, in which were written ſome Verſes, which ſhe read out immediately, pretending thoſe were the Lines which ſhe had a deſire of knowing the Count's Opinion of, he being allow'd

low'd to be a good Judge of Poetry. The Excuſe paſs'd current, and Madam had not the leaſt Suſpicion. ——— But the Inhumanity and Ingratitude of her Husband on this occaſion, was ſuch, as ſcarce was ever parallel'd.——— Unable to make any Reply to the too juſt Reproaches of the ruin'd *Flavia*, and ſenſible within himſelf that there was no Evaſion for a Crime like his, he could not bear to ſee the Miſchiefs he had caus'd.——— To rid himſelf, therefore, effectually of her Preſence, he told his Wife the Moment that unhappy Woman had left the Room, that ſhe, and the reſt of the World had been prodigiouſly deceiv'd in their Opinion of her Modeſty and Virtue, for that in reality thoſe Lines ſhe had given him to read, were not the ſame ſhe pretended, but in reality a kind of Billet, or Summons to meet her in a Place where ſhe might have an opportunity of talking to him alone.—— I am amaz'd, *ſaid he*, at the Indiſcretion of the Woman to attack me in ſuch a manner.—— I am very certain that I never gave her the leaſt Cauſe to imagine I had any greater degree of Kindneſs for her than what I owe to all whom you call Friends. You need not doubt (*continued the Deity*) but that a Story like this muſt ſufficiently alarm the Wife.——— She behaved herſelf as moſt Ladies who have that Title on their ſide, take upon them to do, calling the other impudent Creature, baſe Woman, ſhameleſs Proſtitute, and all the Names of Infamy her jealous Indignation could ſuggeſt. ——— I would not have you, my Dear, (*purſued the artful Husband*) to reveal any thing of what I have told you, becauſe it may be accounted diſhonourable in me to boaſt the proffer'd Favours of a Lady of

Flavia's Reputation, much leſs take any notice of it to herſelf. —— The beſt way to prevent any future Attempts her Folly may make to the prejudice of that Love I bear you, is to drop her Acquaintance.—— Viſit her no more; and if ſhe comes here, order your Servants to ſay you are abroad. —— This, with my not anſwering her Billet, will be enough to let her know ſhe is a welcome Gueſt to neither of us. Madam aſſur'd him ſhe wou'd do as he deſir'd; and indeed the latter part of his Injunction ſhe perform'd to a tittle, but it was not in her power to forbear telling as many as came near her the Hiſtory of the Billet, and boaſting the Influence ſhe had over her Husband's Affections, and the little regard he paid to any other Woman. ——— But as tenacious as ſhe then was, ſhe ſince has had ſevere occaſion to know it was not to the mighty Power of her Charms ſhe was indebted for his Inſenſibility of thoſe *Flavia* was miſtreſs of.

Thus was this unfortunate Woman ruin'd in every Circumſtance; the Pride and Jealouſy of Madam *La Mart* expos'd her to the whole World, and the Inhumanity of her Husband made her more wretched in the remembrance that it was to her own too generous Nature and eaſy Belief that ſhe owed her Misfortune.—— Never did any Soul labour under more ſharp, more terrible Anxieties, than her's for a long ſpace of time; but falling into the Acquaintance of *Ariana*, ſhe was by her perſuaded to divert her Melancholy by the gay Society which frequents her Houſe. ——— Had *Flavia* ſtill been miſtreſs of that Reputation ſhe once enjoy'd, ſhe ſooner would run herſelf into Flames than have enter'd this Place; but, alas! ſhe was

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ſenſible the Cenſure of the World was on her, and grew regardleſs what more they ſhould alledge againſt her.—— *Deſpair* ſilenc'd the Calls of *Reaſon*; and thinking now ſhe had no more to loſe, gives into every Diverſion which promiſes an Amuſement to her Sorrows.———By me forſaken, *Bacchus* ſupplies the place of *Cupid*, and is the only Deity her wild Diſtraction makes her now invoke; but how ſmall a Relief he is able to afford his Votaries, thoſe who have experienc'd him can teſtify: poor *Flavia* too ſoon will find Grief thus repell'd, recoils and grows more violent by the enervate oppoſition.——— *Reaſon* alone can aid her, and *that*, the unthinking God denies the uſe of to his Worſhippers.

Flavia is not the only Woman who has in her Misfortunes had recourſe to this Deity for Relief.——— The late Conſort of a certain Duke, finding it impoſſible to regain the eſtranged Affections of her Husband, was deceiv'd into a belief that the Pleaſures of *Bacchus* might compenſate for thoſe which *Love* deny'd, and by indulging herſelf in them, fell a Sacrifice to the Health-deſtroying Rites. And the preſent Wife of a firſt Miniſter, who has till now paid her whole Devotions to *Pecunia*, fancying herſelf ill treated by that Goddeſs in a late Suit of Law, in which ſhe was caſt, turns her twice-miſtaken Oriſons to the Shrine of this unregarding Power; ——is a profeſs'd *Bacchanalian*, and the Head of a Society who call themſelves the Happy Club; —— deſpiſing Decency, and renouncing thoſe Decorums, which Womanhood from Infancy are taught to obſerve, each Night they meet; —— their Robes ungirt, and looſely flowing,— their careleſs Treſſes with Ivy Chaplets bound,—— each in her Hand a Glaſs fill'd

to the Brim.——— They ſing, they dance, carouſe, and in mad Gambols demonſtrate their Zeal: Nor part they, till bright *Aurora*, bluſhing for their want of Shame, reminds the drowſy Slaves to bear, *per* force, their reeling Miſtreſſes to their forgotten Homes. —— How monſtrous is ſuch Behaviour in a Sex whoſe greateſt Charms are Modeſty and Sobriety! and how impiouſly do they wrong me, who alledge I act in concert with this leaſt worthy of all the Gods, and ſtand in need of his Influence to make way for mine. ——— No, in defiance of my Power, he takes the part of *Luſt*, and robs me of half the Votaries I might gain.——— Nor is the God of Wit by undiſtinguiſhing Mortals leſs affronted, who imagine 'tis to the Inſpiration of the Grape's Juice they are indebted for the Uſe of Song and Harmony of well-compos'd Words; but the Bards themſelves know better, and one among them who has exchang'd *Apollo* for *Bacchus*, by his enervate Lays, and incoherent Metaphors, ſufficiently teſtifies to the judging World, of what pernicious Conſequence to a Follower of the Muſes it is to invoke with too much Devotion the latter of theſe Powers; as a Poet of a neighbouring Nation juſtly ſays:

Dull and unequal Numbers, muſt he write,
Who ſleeps all Day, carouſes all the Night.

'Tis in the limpid Streams, and cryſtal Brooks, *Apollo* takes delight; and if, ſometimes, at the Interceſſion of the other Gods, he drinks a Cup of *Nectar*, it is but with moderation.——— It is a falſe and flitting Spirit that Wine inſpires, which extinguiſhes the true one, and when once eva-

evaporated, leaves a certain Heavineſs on the Mind, and renders it only fit for *Morpheus*.

Beſides, would Mortals but conſider the Inconveniences which attend this Debauchery, they could not ſure be ſtupid enough to think the nauſeous Pleaſures it affords a ſufficient Compenſation. —— Who can endure to give their Enemies an advantage over them, and yet, as if there were no Reſiſtance to be made to this Temptation, how many give into it, and deforming their right Reaſon, lay themſelves open to all the Snares which their more wary Foes prepare for them.—— There are too great a Number of ſuch Inſtances, but a very remarkable one juſt coming into my mind, it ſhall ſuffice to ſhow you the truth of what I ſay. This Iſland boaſts no Commoner more wealthy than the Chevalier *Verronius*; he married in his youth a Lady of a good Fortune, and agreeable Perſon; but whatever Attractions he might find in her when he made choice of her for his Bride, in a ſhort time after ſhe became his Wife, they were no more remembred. —— The brighter, and untaſted Charms of a fair Damſel that waited on her, eraſed all former Ideas: he became ſo wholly devoted to her, that he was no longer maſter of himſelf.—— *Lucilla*, for ſo was ſhe called, ſoon grew ſenſible of her Power, and made uſe of it to the beſt advantage.—— Tho' Inclination pleaded ſtrongly in his behalf, and preſs'd her to yield him all his eager Hopes purſued, yet did ſhe repel their Dictates, long held him at an humble diſtance, and not conſented to favour him, till ſhe had obtain'd from him a ſolemn Engagement to marry her, if Fate ſhould order it ſo, that he might be at liberty.— The Contract being made, ſhe put him in poſſeſſion

of

of his Wiſhes, but Enjoyment abated not his Ardor, nor extinguiſh'd any part of that Fire with which he had ſo fervently ador'd and lov'd her: He would have taken her from the Condition of a Servant, and have made a handſome Proviſion for her, but ſhe would not yield to leave his Houſe, believing ſhe ſhould, by ſtaying in it, have a better Opportunity by a thouſand little Stratagems to ſecure his Heart; or, if it ſhould become eſtrang'd, of upbraiding his Infidelity. She told him, therefore, that her whole Ambition being center'd in giving him Delight, ſhe could not think it to her advantage to quit a Place where ſhe ſhould every Day, every Hour, almoſt, have the Bleſſing of ſeeing and being ſeen by him, without any ſuſpicion of their Intimacy. — Whereas, if ſhe ſhould remove to any other Place, tho' never ſo private, the Intrigue might not only be diſcover'd, but their Meetings muſt alſo be leſs frequent.—— He took this as a Proof of the moſt exceeding Affection, ſince it could oblige her to continue in the mean Station of a Servant, rather than become a Miſtreſs of many to attend her, only becauſe ſhe muſt be farther removed from him.—— He would not, therefore, permit her to be a loſer by her Generoſity, but made her the ſame Preſents as he would have done, had ſhe taken a Houſe, and depended wholly on him for her Support, in a manner as unbounded as his Love. ——The unregarded Wife, who was but too ſenſible of the Unkindneſs of *Verronius*, though altogether ignorant of the Object of his new Paſſion, fell into a deep Melancholy; which to alleviate, like ſome others that I have mention'd, ſhe had recourſe to *Bacchus*. ——— Night and Day did ſhe pour down her Throat the intoxicating

cating Juice, till all the animating Fires which Nature lent were quenched. —— Stupidity now ſeiz'd her Mind, and Sickneſs her debilitated Body———ſoon grew ſo changed in all, ſhe ſcarce was to be known: *Lucilia* could not have wiſh'd her leſs agreeable than ſhe now made herſelf; and well foreſeeing that if ſhe continued in this Courſe, it muſt infallibly deprive her of Life, as it had done of Reaſon, took care to convey in, unknown to the *Chevalier*, great quantities of that pernicious Liquor which ſhe ſeem'd moſt greedy of; and placing it in a Cloſet near her Bed, that unhappy Lady drank herſelf in a ſhort time dead.——— This Bar to her Hopes being removed, ſhe preſs'd the *Chevalier* for the Performance of his Covenant, which he made not the leaſt ſcruple of doing; and the other was no ſooner interr'd, than the World ſaw her Woman in her place, and publickly declar'd Madam *Verrenius*. ——— No Woman was ever a more perfect Miſtreſs in thoſe Arts which beyond true Merit have the efficacy to retain Affection. He who could not be ſenſible of Gratitude for the tendereſt Paſſion, nor mov'd with Pity for the lamentable End of a Wife of equal Birth and Fortune with himſelf, and who, till ſhe fell into that one Vice, (which his Unkindneſs only occaſion'd) had nothing blameable in her Conduct, now doats on one, inferior to him in every Circumſtance, and to whom he is not by the thouſandth part ſo dear as he was to the other.——— A Daughter whom ſhe bore to him long before the deceaſe of his firſt Wife, is now married to a younger Son of one of the firſt Princes of the Blood Royal of *Utopia*.——— She is the Inheritrix of her Mother's Beauty and Artifice; there are many Inſtances of her

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Perfection in the latter; but as I have confin'd my Narratives only to thoſe which are either born in, or are at preſent Inhabitants of this Country, and mention'd this Story but for the ſake of demonſtrating the Inconveniences which attend Drinking, I ſhall let all other Particulars of the Family paſs.

The God of permanent Deſires was now about to tranſmit himſelf, and Heaven-favour'd Gueſt, to ſome other Scene of yet unguеſs'd at Vice, if the appearance of a Lady well ſtricken in Years, follow'd by two young ones of moderate Beauty, had not prevented him: That, *ſaid he*, is a Woman, who tho' uſed in the vileſt manner by a Husband, and but with Indifference by a Gallant, could not conquer her Inclinations to the Sex.——Happening to look out of her Window one day, ſhe ſaw a handſome and well-dreſs'd *Chevalier* in the hands of Bailiffs, who were carrying him to Priſon for a Sum he was not able to pay.——That Paſſion which ſo often bears my Name, immediately took poſſeſſion of her Soul.—— She was charm'd with the Beauty of his Perſon, and was regardleſs what were his Principles or Circumſtances. —Having juſt received a pretty large quantity of Money, ſhe ſent a Servant to obſerve where they carried him, and enquire how much the Debt was; the Fellow return'd with Intelligence of both, and ſhe ſent and diſcharg'd him out of Cuſtody, tho' the Sum was no leſs than 6000 Crowns. Good Manners and Gratitude demanded he ſhould come and pay his Acknowledgments to ſo bountiful and ſeaſonable a Benefactreſs.—— They became exceeding intimate, and in a few Weeks the Wife of the obliged was found dead in her Bed.—— That Impediment

diment was no ſooner laid in Earth, than he recompenc'd the Favours he had receiv'd from the other, by giving her his Perſon. — They were married with great Solemnity, but he ſurviv'd not many Years that unfortunate Woman, whom his ſpeedy Marriage with another teſtified he never lov'd. ——— He was, however, before his death, the Father of thoſe two young Ladies who you now ſee in company with his Widow. ——The elder of them has Charms to captivate the Heart of a great Hero. — She has ſacrific'd her Honour to her Ambition, and has now a very large Penſion as a Gratuity for her Virgin-Favours. ——, The other, who is by much leſs handſome than her Siſter, has for a long time ſpread her Snares for ſubduing the Son of a certain Duke; but he is ſecur'd from her Inchantments by my more powerful Spells, and ſhe but renders herſelf ridiculous in the vain Attempt. —— The fair and virtuous *Chriſtabella* engroſſes all his Cares. —— They will ſhortly be link'd in the moſt ſacred Union Love can make; and diſappointed Pride will work its uſual Effects in the Mind of this moſt perfect Pattern of her Parents Diſpoſition. —— Theſe are conſtant Gueſts at *Ariana*'s, as ſhe is at their Houſe. ——— They keep an Aſſembly once a Week of much the ſame nature as hers. —— The chief Ornament of it is a Relation of their own, who on her Wedding-day was detected in the Act of Shame with one of the Servants of her Bridegroom; but he, having more regard to the vaſt Fortune, than agreeable Perſon of the Woman he had married, huſh'd up the Affair: —— it was known but to a few particular People, and in a ſmall time forgot.

It is in this manner, O illuſtrious Youth! *purſued the Soul-diſſolving Power*, that my Influence is prophaned; —— my Name abuſed, and made the Cover to Deeds the moſt deteſtable. —— The Husband abandons his virtuous Wife to Scorn, to Grief, and all the Miſeries which attend Penury, and laviſhes his Wealth and Time on a common Proſtitute. —— The eloping Wife bears Children to another Man; deſpiſes the ſacred Bands of *Hymen*, and glories in her Shame; and all this under the Sanction of my reſiſtleſs Power; when, alas! they are wholly Strangers to my Influence. — Ne'er did I condeſcend to dwell in Souls ſo little delicate.—— Gratitude, Generoſity, Tenderneſs, and Conſtancy, proclaim the Divinity of *Love*; and where they are wanting, 'tis a brutal Paſſion, and my direct Oppoſite which actuates the Mind. Yet by ill-judging Mortals are we miſtaken for each other, and the virtuous Maid, or temperate Youth, fears to receive me into their Boſoms, leſt I ſhould compel them to Actions which Honour trembles at.——— With all their might do they repel my Darts; and when, by the all-conquering Force, at laſt ſubdued, with painful Caution manage every Look and Motion, ſtill doubtful of themſelves, and jealous of Deſire's increaſe ——— ſhunning what moſt they wiſh, and chuſing to be wretched rather than bleſs'd. ——— A diſtant ſhadow of but imaginary Guilt, frights them from real Happineſs, and renders them refractory to all the Joys I give.——— The Names of Luſt and Love, are ſo confounded, that Human Reaſon in vain endeavours to diſtinguiſh them, and 'tis by their Effects alone, their different Operations are diſplay'd. —— How much, therefore, is unhappy Inno-

Innocence impos'd on! and to what Straits are its unknowing Votaries driven! But it is not, as I have before obſerved, in thoſe kind of Deſires which the difference of Sex creates only that I am blaſphemed; thoſe moſt monſtrous, thoſe worſe than beſtial Paſſions, which Men and Women are poſſeſs'd of for their own Specie, are likewiſe ſaid to be by me occaſion'd.——— When a Lord degrading Nobility, and even Manhood, burns in unnatural Fires for his own Page, the Name of *Cupid* ſerves to authorize his Flame.——— When a Woman, like the Paramour of *Liberia*, forſakes her Husband's Bed for forc'd Delights, extorted Pleaſures in the Arms of one of her own Sex, ſtill the Excuſe is *Love*.——— Horrible is it to Imagination, more horrible would it be, if I ſhould lead you where ocular Demonſtration would convince you of theſe ſhameful Practices, which yet are ſo much tolerated in this lawleſs City, that there are many Houſes maintain'd on purpoſe for Meetings of this kind, and are as little notic'd as a *Bordelle*.——— This Vice was firſt introduc'd by a Prince, who by a Defect in Nature was rendred incapable of knowing a more refin'd Delight, and is grown ſo much a Faſhion ſince, that it ſeems a Part of the Qualification of a Man of Quality.——— Thoſe Walks which formerly the Devotees of *Venus* frequented, are now taken up with ſwarms of *Catamites*, who by an affected mimickry of that Sex they ſcorn, and a ſort of Gibberiſh, or Jargon, intelligible only to one another, are known by thoſe who ſeek their Fellowſhip. — O *Jupiter*, ſupremeſt of the Gods, and next to Fate in Power, revenge my Cauſe on theſe abandon'd Wretches, nor longer curb the Wrath of woe-inflicting *Nemeſis*;

meſis; let on their Heads her worſt of Horrors pour, and force them in the bittereſt Agonies of Remorſe to acknowledge to the aſtoniſh'd World their Crime, and clear my wounded Fame.

As much of Indignation as could be diſcern'd in ſuch a heavenly Softneſs, might now be ſeen to overſpread the Face of this offended Deity, but it continued no longer than the Exclamation he had made, and was ſoon ſucceeded by a Look of the tendereſt Concern and condeſcending Pity. Being by the ſame celeſtial Motion which had ſo often remov'd them from one Place to another, now convey'd from the ſtately Palace of *Ariana*, to a Houſe which both by the Building and inſide Furniture, promis'd nothing more than the diſcovery of ſome Adventure in very Low-life. The Stranger was amaz'd to ſee a Lady of moſt exquiſite Beauty, and tho' in a *Diſhabillée*, dreſs'd exceeding rich, ſit on the ſide of a poor homely Mattreſs, with a Child in her Lap, of which ſhe ſeem'd to be more than ordinarily tender; a Woman in a mean Habit ſeem'd talking to her, and the Deity leading him near enough to diſtinguiſh their Converſation, he preſently heard the beautiful Superior talk to the other in this manner. Ceaſe, *ſaid ſhe*, thy vain Perſuaſions; loaden as I am with Shame and Grief, I never can conſent to return to a Place where I have liv'd with ſo much Honour.——— No, let me find a Grave in this Iſland, or be after Death expos'd to Birds and Beaſts a Prey, as I am in Life to the worſe Inſults of more barbarous Man, rather than be obliged by thoſe I have abandon'd.—— Pity is the laſt of Ills, eſpecially when accompanied by Scorn, as ſuch I ſhou'd receive muſt be.——

Thinkſt

Think'ſt thou (*continued ſhe, with a torrent of Tears burſting from her fair Eyes*) that I could bear to tell my Tale of Woe,——confeſs the Infatuation of my fond Undoing,—— complain how I have been uſed, and beg Compaſſion ? —— O 'tis not to be done ; a thouſand Deaths are far leſs terrible, and I will dare them all.——More wretched than I am, I cannot be; more happy, I deſerve not.

But, Mad m, (*replied the other*) if to regain that Tranquillity to which you have long been a ſtranger, nor the Preſervation of your own Life, be Matters worthy your Conſideration, think of that lovely Infant at your Breaſt, that deareſt Part of yourſelf ; what muſt that do, or which way be ſupported ? —— To what extremities of Cold and Hunger muſt not his helpleſs Innocence be reduc'd here, in an unknown Land, where he has none to help him ? The inhuman Man to whom he owes his Being, denies and hates him, and you his unhappy Mother already have diſpoſed of every thing to purchaſe the common Neceſſaries of Life.—— You have no Bills, no Jewels, no rich Medals now remaining—by what ungueſs'd at means then can you hope Relief ?

The charming Afflicted could not for ſome moments make any reply to theſe Words, and graſping her dear Babe, with Agonies of Grief, cloſe to her panting Breaſt, ſhe mingled Kiſſes with her Tears, by each Look and Action demonſtrating ſhe felt Pangs which Language had not the power to expreſs. —— At laſt, getting the liberty of Speech;

Why, (*ſaid ſhe*) O cruel Woman ! doſt thou anticipate the Woes I ſhall too ſhortly feel, by repreſenting them in ſuch foreboding Words as

make me ſuffer in Idea all the Miſeries which the Reality can afford.——— I beg to hear no more of it. —— What Trouble I have occaſion'd you, while I had power I recompenc'd.— I can indeed do nothing now for you, nor for myſelf, but will ceaſe to be further obliged to you.—— With no other Company than this little Wretch will I abandon myſelf to all the Horrors of Deſpair and Want.

Here the overflowing Anguiſh of her Soul burſt out again, and prevented her from proceeding; and the Deity taking the Stranger by the hand, withdrew at a convenient diſtance, that what he had to ſay might not be heard, and began to relate the Hiſtory of this Lady in Terms ſuch as theſe.

She is a Native *(ſaid he)* of a little Iſland Tributary to this, her Name *Bellyna*, deſcended from Parents eminent both for their Worth and Dignity. Her Beauty and extraordinary Accompliſhments, rendred her the general Admiration of all who ſaw her.—— Numberleſs were the Conqueſts ſhe daily gain'd, but none ſeem'd more truly ſubdued than the Son of a certain Nobleman of this Place, who happening to viſit that Country on a publick Occaſion, ſaw her at her Devotions in the Temple of *Jupiter*; no Eaſe his Days, no Repoſe his Nights could know, till he at laſt obtain'd the long'd-for Opportunity of declaring to her the Paſſion he was poſſeſs'd of.——— Few Men have more Attractions than *Ricardo*, (for ſo this Undoer of her Tranquillity is called.) —— She ſoon became enamour'd of him, and not imagining that his Pretenſions to her were founded on any thing but the niceſt Honour, took not that care to defend her Heart againſt the Power of his Perſuaſions, which

which ſhe had done againſt others, who, leſs perfect in Diſſimulation, had given her Cauſe to fear them. ——— In fine, ſhe not only loved, but alſo let him know the Impreſſion he had made on her.——— Having before loſt one of the fineſt Women in the World by too great an Obſervance, he reſolv'd not to neglect the firſt Opportunity which Fortune ſhould favour him with again: — and having a good Pretence to viſit her at a Country Houſe, where ſhe was retir'd for the benefit of the Air, her Parents being both left behind her in the City, and none but a few Servants in the Houſe, he counterfeited a ſudden Illneſs while he was there, and her Good-Nature and Tenderneſs obliging her to entreat he would not leave the Houſe till he was better, furniſh'd him with the Means of Ruin. —— He was put to Bed in a well-acted Agony; none in the leaſt ſuſpecting but that he was in reality extremely indiſpoſed.—— But in the dead of Night, when every curious Eye was cloſed, and fair *Bellyna* even in Dreams invoking Heaven to reſtore her lov'd *Ricardo* to his former Health, the injurious Deſigner forſook his Chamber, and ſtealing ſoftly to hers, which, fearleſs of any danger, was but ſlightly put to, he enter'd it, and was in her Bed, nay, in her Arms, before ſhe awaked, or had the leaſt warning of his Purpoſe.—— Judge of the greatneſs of her Surprize, when, by his ſtrenuous Embrace, the Bands of Sleep were broke, ſhe found herſelf ſo engaged, ſo betray'd.—— She would have ſhriek'd, and call'd for Help, but ſmothering Kiſſes left her not the power. —She was undone, her Virgin Treaſure rifled by the bold Invader, e'er ſhe had even time to think how to avert it.——— The fatal Tranſport over,

it was now too late to reſent what had been done. —— Not all the Reproaches which virtuous Indignation could ſuggeſt, had now the power to call back Time, or reſtore that Honour he had robb'd her of. ——— Sighs, Tears, therefore, and ſoft Upbraidings, were all the Arms ſhe made uſe of to oblige him to repair the Injury he had done, by marrying her; which, to make her eaſy, and leſs reluctant to his Pleaſures, he ſwore to perform in a few days.—— Unpractis'd in Deceit herſelf, and unable to conceive the Man ſhe lov'd could be guilty of it in ſo deſtructive a degree, ſhe believ'd his Oaths, and alſo that it had only been the Effects of a too violent Paſſion, which was not nevertheleſs the leſs honourable, becauſe it was unbounded, that had compell'd him to act in the manner he had lately done. His Proteſtations, and her own Eaſineſs of Nature, ſerv'd to make her tolerably contented while ſhe ſtaid in the Country; but when ſhe return'd to Town, and found that he was ſo far from demanding her of her Parents, as he had promiſed, in Marriage, that his Viſits grew leſs frequent than they had been; and that in all reſpects he behav'd before them like a Man who had no ſuch Intentions, ſhe began to grow exceſſively diſquieted, eſpecially when in a ſhort time ſhe found herſelf with Child. — She complain'd to him in private, with the moſt piteous Lamentations, but he had ſtill ſome Evaſion wherewith to put her off, and ſilence her Reproaches; till taking the opportunity of ſome Ships ſetting ſail for this Iſland, he embark'd in one of them with ſo much ſecreſy, that ſhe had not the leaſt intimation that he had any deſign of leaving the Place, till ſhe heard he was

gone.

gone.—— 'Twould be difficult to ſay whether Rage or Grief had the greateſt ſhare in tormenting her at ſo unlook'd-for a piece of Ingratitude and Barbarity; but 'tis poſſible the latter might have yielded to the former, and juſt Reſentment ſtifled all the Dictates of Love and Tenderneſs, had not the Condition ſhe was in reminded her that there was nothing more wretched than herſelf. ——— She was for ſome time wholly uncapable of *forming*, much leſs of *executing* any Reſolution her Injuries might inſpire.—— At laſt, ſtruggling as much as poſſible with the Anguiſh of her Soul, ſhe wrote to him in a Stile ſuch as ſure would have touch'd any Soul but his with Penitence and Remorſe. —— She entreated him to come back, or to ſend to her Father in ſuch a manner as would ſave her from the Shame his cruel Love had brought upon her;—conjur'd him to own her for a Wife, even tho' he never meant to make her one;—and to ſay ſomething which might skreen herReputation for the preſent, whatever ſhe might endure hereafter.— She ſeconded this Letter with another, but received no anſwer from him to either of them.— And her Condition growing now almoſt too viſible to be conceal'd, all that can be conceiv'd of Grief, of Confuſion, and of Horror, took poſſeſſion of her Soul.— Determin'd rather to die than make any one the Confidante of her Misfortune, ſhe pack'd up what Jewels and Money ſhe had by her, and in the dead of Night, while her unſuſpecting Parents and all the Family were drowned in ſleep, ſtole ſoftly out of the Houſe.— All Night did ſhe wander fearleſs of the Darkneſs, or whatever Accidents in that lone and direful Seaſon might befall her; Imagination being able to figure no-

thing half ſo terrible as the diſcovery of her Shame. By morning ſhe was got to the Skirts of the City, where finding a Stage-coach ready to go out, ſhe took a Place in it, and in three days arrived at a Sea-port, where ſhe waited a ſmall time for a Ship, and embarking with the firſt that ſail'd, landed ſafely in this Iſland.—— The Dangers of that uncertain Element ſhe eſcaped; but, alas! it was to ſuffer a much worſe Wreck on Land. —— Making all ſpeed to this *Metropolis*, the very firſt Tidings that ſaluted her Ear, were, that the perfidious *Ricardo* was lately married to a young Maid of Quality, to whom he had been contracted by the command of his Father before he went his Travels. —— There was now no poſſibility of making the poor *Belſyna* the Reparation her Injury demanded; but as by his Behaviour ſhe had little reaſon to hope for it, in caſe he had not put it out of his power, ſhe continued her Reſolution of going to him, not to implore his Favour, but to reproach his Baſeneſs.—— She imagin'd he would, at leaſt, ſeek ſome Evaſions to excuſe or palliate what he had been guilty of, and doubted not, but in her preſence, he would feign a Compaſſion for the Miſeries he had brought on her; but quite contrary did this Monſter of Mankind behave. ——He told her, he could not have believ'd ſhe could have been guilty of ſo much Imprudence, as to quit her Father's Houſe in a Condition ſuch as her's, which requir'd a Care which he was afraid ſhe would not meet with in a Place where ſhe was wholly a ſtranger.——As much confounded as ſhe was at this Treatment, ſhe had preſence enough of mind to let him know ſhe could not think herſelf a ſtranger in a Country where her Infant had a Father, and ſhe

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ought to have claim'd a Husband. He ſeem'd ſo little mov'd with what ſhe ſaid, that he only ſmil'd at theſe laſt Words, and with the moſt cutting careleſſneſs-- I remember but little, Madam, (*ſaid he*) of any thing that paſs'd between us.——'Tis poſſible that among other Amuſements in a foreign Country, I might take my Diverſion with you, but am very certain I never had any ſerious Thoughts of you.— He was about to add ſomething more of Deriſion, when unable to contain the ſtruggling Rage too painfully pent up, ſhe interrupted him by crying out,-- Villain! can you then deny that you ſollicited me on honourable Terms, and that the Shame, the Miſery which now I labour under, is owing but to Artifice, and what indeed may juſtly be called a Rape?— Did you not call all Heaven to witneſs that you were my Husband; that you would perform all the tender Offices of that Name; and that the Ceremony of the Church ſhould authorize thoſe Joys you then proteſted were in my power to give?— But had I been leſs virtuous, you leſs a Hypocrite, were you indebted to my Love alone, is this a Retaliation for never-ending Infamy; for abandoning the whole World; for purſuing you thro' Land and Sea; for depending on your Honour for the preſervation not only of myſelf, but alſo the dear Unborn, who owes its Being to you? I know nothing of it, (*fiercely anſwer'd he, perceiving her Indignation growing loud*) and if you perſiſt to accuſe me farther, or ever trouble me again, will expoſe you to all thoſe Puniſhments which are due to Women ſhameleſs and wicked enough to attempt to make Diſſenſion between thoſe whom *Hymen* has united.—— It would be altogether

impoſſible to repreſent what ſhe endur'd from that croud of mingled Paſſions which now all at once invaded her Soul.——Never was Rage, never was Deſpair, never was Grief, accompanied by the moſt poinant Remorſe and Self-condemnation, more violent than hers. — He needed not have dreaded her Reproaches, they were now too unintelligible for any to have diſcover'd the Secret, had there been a thouſand Witneſſes of what ſhe ſaid, ſo incoherent, ſo wild was all ſhe ſpoke; yet imagining that if any were curious enough to liſten to their Converſation, ſomething might be gather'd in this diſtraction, he thruſt her out of doors, with an unexampled Barbarity and Rudeneſs; ſaying aloud, as he turn'd her out, that ſhe was a Madwoman to trouble him with her impertinent Stories, he neither knew her nor the Perſon who ſhe pretended had injur'd her.

I will not (*continued the God of tender Wiſhes*) prolong the little Narrative I have to make you, by a repetition of her Lamentations when alone, and at liberty to indulge them; you may believe they were extremely violent, and ſuitable to the Occaſion: but as ſoon as Reaſon had the power of reſuming her Throne amidſt this Empire of Confuſion and Deſpair, ſhe began to conſider that ſhe was in a ſtate which would admit of no delay. — Some care muſt be taken for that dreadful Hour, which there was no avoiding.—— She therefore turn'd ſome part of the Jewels ſhe had brought with her into ready Money, and with all ſpeed provided herſelf of a Lodging in a Midwife's Houſe, where ſhe continued till the time of her delivery.—— In ſpite of thoſe Agonies of Mind which had reduced her Body to a perfect Anatomy, ſhe

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ſafely brought into the World that lovely Babe who now lies ſucking at her Breaſt.——— The tender Affection of a Mother, which none but thoſe who really are ſo, can conceive, immediately riſing in her Soul at ſight of this dear Part of herſelf, diſſipated great part of thoſe Anxieties which had ſo long and ſo terribly prey'd on her Spirits; and had it not been for the Reflection how little ſhe was able to do for one ſhe lov'd ſo much, her preſent Satisfaction had been equal to her former Diſquiets.——— Imagining by what ſhe felt within herſelf, that he who had the ſame ſhare in the formation of this ſweet Innocent, muſt alſo be ſenſible of the ſame ſoft Emotions, made her reſolve that the inhuman *Ricardo* ſhould behold this little Reſemblance of himſelf. ——— She drew him therefore by a Wile to the Houſe where ſhe was, and concealing herſelf in an inner Room, where ſhe unſeen could be witneſs of all that paſs'd, heard the Midwife, according to the Directions ſhe had given, acquaint him with the Hiſtory of its Birth, and beg him to take compaſſion of that helpleſs New-born, which by her aſſiſtance had come into the World: — But inſtead of receiving the News as a Man of but common Humanity would have done, he loaded both the Child and Mother with all the opprobrious Names which hell-bred Malice cou'd invent, ——— proteſting that if he could find the latter, he would ſeverely puniſh her impudent Preſumption, in throwing on him the Odium of her ſpurious Offspring; and threatned the Woman of the Houſe, if ſhe perſiſted either to give them any farther Shelter, or talk any farther of this Buſineſs; blaſphemouſly calling *Jupiter*, and all the Powers of Heaven, to witneſs, that he was entirely

tirely ignorant of any Woman by the Name of *Bellyna*; and that he ſuppoſed her a common Proſtitute, who, driven for her Crimes fro mher native Land, had thought to make a Property of him, hearing by ſome means that he had made his Reſidence there ſome time. You will wonder, perhaps, that the wronged Lady did not immediately quit her Concealment, and with a drawn Dagger put a ſtop ro theſe injurious and moſt unmanly Railings.——Heaven would have pardon'd ſo juſt an Indignation; nor would the Sin of Murder have been imputed to her, had ſhe eaſed Earth of ſo abhorr'd a Monſter, and ſent him groaning to thoſe Fiends below who had inſpir'd him with ſuch Cruelty and Baſeneſs.———But, alas! the power either of clearing, or revenging her Innocence, was now taken from her; and before he left the Room, Grief and Wonder had depriv'd her of her Senſes.——— She was found after his departure by the Woman who came in ſearch of her, in a Swoon which made her appear little different from thoſe who are about being carried to their eternal Homes.—— The Landlady at firſt believ'd ſhe was in reality dead, and calling her People about her, began to bethink herſelf what to do with the Child, which being born in her Houſe, and every way an Orphan, ſhe was obliged to maintain.—. Various were the Advices ſhe received on this occaſion, and great her Trouble at the Charge which ſhe imagin'd ſhe had unawares brought on herſelf.—— In the midſt of this Conſultation, Nature too ſtrong for the oppoſing Paſſions, reſtor'd *Bellyna* to the uſe of her Senſes, and rid her cautious Hoſteſs of her Fears.—— But ſo ſtrongly did this Accident work on her Mind, that not knowing but

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that one time or other, that Misfortune ſhe lately believ'd herſelf involv'd in, might in good earneſt fall upon her, ſhe reſolved to eaſe her Mind of ſo terrible an Apprehenſion, by obliging the unhappy *Belyna* to quit her Houſe. — This was a freſh Aggravation of that afflicted Lady's Sorrows, not knowing where to procure a Lodging for herſelf and young Child in a City where ſhe was altogether unknown, and where the Magiſtrates are more cautious than in any other Place in the whole World, how they bring a Charge on the Inhabitants, and never ſuffer a Stranger, in Circumſtances ſuch as hers, to continue long among them. —— She began therefore to atteſt her Innocence, and left not one Particular of her ſad Narrative, and the falſe *Ricardo*'s Cruelty untold; but that was a matter of leſs moment than ſhe thought it was, to this inexorable Creature, who perceiving there was little more Profit to be gain'd by her, and fearing that her Griefs might in a ſhort time put an end to her Life, and by that means, if no other, the Child would be left upon her, had but ſmall regard for what her Injuries and Virtues demanded from every thing that had Humanity, and plainly told her that ſhe muſt be gone. —— It was as much as her Entreaties and Tears cou'd do to prevail on her, to permit her to ſtay even that one Night; but that being at laſt conſented to, the manner in which ſhe paſs'd the Hours till Morning may more eaſily be imagined than deſcribed. —— A good old Woman, who had been her Nurſe during her lying-in, and ſtill continued to lie in her Chamber, being witneſs of her Agonies, was touch'd with the greateſt Compaſſion for her, and begging her to be of comfort, acquainted

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her that ſhe was miſtreſs of a Houſe, though a very mean one, and if ſhe would content herſelf to take refuge there till ſomething better ſhould arrive, every thing in it ſhould be at her devotion.—— With as much Joy as her melancholy Affairs would admit, did *Bellyna* accept her offer; and when morning came, took leave of that mercenary Woman who had already been ſo conſiderable a gainer by her, that had the utmoſt of her Fears came to paſs, ſhe ſtill had been no loſer. She recompenſed the Kindneſs of her good Nurſe with a Jewel of value, and came with her to the Houſe ſhe told her of, which is that we are in at preſent, where ſhe has remain'd ſome Months; the poor Miſtreſs of it taking all imaginable care to alleviate her Sorrows, and to render the meanneſs of her Habitation as little irkſome as ſhe can, by preſerving it in a perfect tranquillity and neatneſs. ——— She is the Perſon who you heard juſt now perſuading her to return to her native Country; not for the Reaſon which had induced the Midwife to compel her to leave her Houſe, but becauſe ſhe ſees no probability of any amendment in her Station while ſhe ſtays here; and thinks the moſt certain way to forget *Ricardo*, as well as to live in a manner more befitting her Rank and Merit, is to return to the Embraces of her Friends. ———Behold! ſhe is ſtill pleading with her; ſhe offers to accompany and attend her, to paſs the remainder of her Days in her Service; —— and mark, ſhe is at laſt prevailed on. —— Tho' you ſee not into her Thoughts, you may eaſily read in her conſenting Eyes, that ſhe is no longer refractory to her own Felicity.— —— They have agreed between them, not to reveal the truth of her Misfortune, but that ſhe ſhall, after

ter having obtain'd their Pardon for acting any thing unknown to them, tell her Parents, that having been privately married to a Gentleman, whom ſhe fear'd they would not approve, ſhe had made her eſcape with him to this Iſland, where a ſudden Indiſpoſition taking him, ſhe ventur'd once more to throw herſelf beneath their Feet, and implore their Favour and Protection. —— This Story, whether believed or not, will ſave the confuſion which the recital of the Reality muſt give both to the Speaker and afflicted Hearers; — and I dare propheſy, by ſome Words which *Jupiter* let fall the other day, will ſerve to reconcile her both to her Relations and the former Character ſhe bore.— I doubt not but her Scene of Sorrows will in time paſs over, and a Succeſſion of Bleſſings be her future Portion—— while falſe *Ricardo*, the Slave of Luſt, ſhall linger out his Days in Diſeaſes and Remorſe, and full of Regret, but incapable of Penitence, grow hateful to the Gods, and avoided by all good Men.——O moſt beautiful and divine *Aſtrea!* may all perfidious Wretches, like him, ne'er meet a better Fate, that Mortals may be compell'd to acknowledge the Folly of wicked Actions, and that there ſits a Power above the Clouds which hears and will revenge the Cauſe of the diſtreſs'd and wrong'd.

No farther Diſcoveries being here to be made, the Deity removed his Gueſt to the Court-yard of a magnificent Palace; which being ſituated on a riſing Ground, and having the command of one of the fineſt Rivers in the Univerſe, the Beauty of the Proſpect for ſome moments engroſs'd the utmoſt Attention of the admiring Youth. But the God of tender Adorations perceiving how he was taken up, gave an Interruption

ruption to his Cogitations in these Words: It is not (*said he*) to indulge your Contemplations with the various Charms which both Art and Nature seem to vye with each other to produce in this Island, but to instruct you to avoid the Vices of its Inhabitants, that I descend to be your Conductor here. Example has infinitely more power than Precept to sway the Mind of Man either to Good or Ill.— To behold *Sin* in its naked Deformity, is the most certain method to oblige you to love *Virtue*. — For this reason I lead you into the Closets, nay instruct your Penetration to pierce the very Bosoms of the *guilty* Great, that you may know how little Satisfaction there is to be found in base Actions of whatever kind, and how much deceiv'd those are, who blinded by a Glare of Grandeur, imagine Happiness consists in Wealth and Titles. This Palace is the Dwelling of a Man of Quality, whose Ancestors for many Ages past have been esteemed among the Prime of the Nobility. —— Wisdom and Valour seem'd inherent to the Family, till this unworthy Branch of it gave a testimony to the contrary. —— Not any of his Predecessors render'd themselves more conspicuous for Bravery, Magnanimity of Mind, and every Virtue of Humanity, than he has made himself for Luxury, the most dissolute Debauchery, and all the Vices which corrupt Mankind, and disgrace the Designs of Nature. — Early he devoted himself to that Demon who usurps my Name, and betimes became a Proficient in the Arts of Hell.— His very Name struck Terror to the Soul of every modest Maid, and at his Presence the less guilty even of his own Sex withdrew themselves, as fearing the Infection of his contagious Conversation and Behaviour. ——— 'Twas with an Infinity

finity of Grief that the noble Lord his Father, obſerv'd in him this Propenſity to Vice; and tho' he was the eldeſt born of all his numerous Offspring, and Heir to Poſſeſſions which are inferior to few in this Iſland, ſent him to the Wars, hoping the Toils of a Campaign would mortify in him thoſe o'er-boiling Heats which Luxury and Idleneſs at home had but too much indulged; or that ſome Blow might take him from the World, and ſave his Family from that Diſhonour his Carriage ſeem'd to threaten.—— But *Fate* and *Jupiter*, for ſome Reaſons unknown to the inferior Gods, thought not fit to grant his Prayers ſucceſs.—— The young *Bertoldus*, (for ſo he is called) inſtead of profiting by the Dangers in which he daily was involv'd, grew but more hardned in his Contempt of Heaven.—— The more he ſaw of Death, the leſs he ſeem'd to fear it; and that brutal Courage he was poſſeſs'd of, only ſerved to make him more bold in Ill, as deſpiſing any Puniſhment which the Law or thoſe in Power might inflict on him.—— The firſt Proof he gave of the little regard he had to what might happen *hereafter*, was indulging his *preſent* Appetite in the Rape of a young Maid of Quality, Daughter to the Governour of a Fort where he kept Gariſon; and when detected of the Crime, was ſo far from excuſing it, that he told the afflicted Father, he was only ſorry to find himſelf cooped up in a Place which afforded him no more variety of Prey, but that if he had any more Daughters, or Nieces worth debauching, wiſh'd he would ſend for them, that he might inſtruct them in their Mother's Trade. The Injury and Inſult warming the old Man to a deſire of Vengeance, having ſummon'd the Libertine before a Court of Judicature,

cature, and being able to procure no Satisfaction of him by reaſon of his Quality, and the Poſt he held there, ſent him a Challenge, which the other accepting of, he added to the Daughter's Ruin the Father's Blood. — But eſcaping for that, as he had done for the other, in a ſhort time after the beautiful Wife of an inferior Officer became the Sacrifice of his unbounded Luſt. ——He raviſh'd her in the moſt inhuman manner that can be imagin'd: Having by a Stratagem decoy'd her into the Room where her Husband uſually kept Guard, but was now ſent into the Town on ſome Pretence, he firſt in as mild Terms as his brutal way of expreſſing himſelf would admit of, acquainted her with his Deſires; which ſhe refuſing to comply with, he compell'd two of his Soldiers to hold her while he perpetrated his horrid Purpoſe, then left her to receive the ſame Uſage from them.—— The unfortunate Husband, at his return, found her in a Condition rather dead than alive; almoſt diſtracted at this killing Spectacle, which he too ſoon knew the meaning of, meditated nothing but Revenge; and the next morning, when the cruel *Bertoldus* was reviewing the Troops in a Field behind the Fort, diſcharged a Piſtol loaded with Bullets at him; but miſſing his aim, was ſecur'd and thrown into Priſon, where in a ſhort time he died of Grief.

Numberleſs are the Crimes of the ſame kind, which this ſhame of Manhood has committed. ——Wholly lawleſs, delighting in Rapes, Murders, and every Act of Cruelty, a ſad Account of his Behaviour reach'd his unhappy Father's ears, who diſtracted that he had begot ſuch a Monſter, try'd every way to reclaim or puniſh him; but both Endeavours being ineffectual, he

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ſent for him, vainly hoping his Preſence might be ſome Curb to his unruly Nature; but, alas! he found himſelf ſo far deceiv'd, that unable to endure the ſight of his prophane Enormities, he baniſh'd him his Houſe, but that he look'd on rather as a Happineſs, than the contrary, for having a great Eſtate left him by his Mother, and which it is not in the power of the old Lord to diſpoſſeſs him of, he bought this ſtately Dwelling, where, for many Years, he has liv'd in a continued Scene of Leudneſs, and the moſt profligate Debauchery.

Gay in ſucceſsful Miſchief, and triumphing in his Crimes, too long, indeed, have the Prayers and Invocations of the Injur'd in vain been offer'd up to Heaven; but now the Time is come, when every Maid by him undone, ſhall have her utmoſt Vengeance on the deteſted Ruiner.——— It is in this manner brought about. ——— The Wretch, regardleſs of the Ties of Blood or Friendſhip, has frequently attempted the Virtue of thoſe of his neareſt Kindred, nor did he ever bear a ſufficient Value for a Man, to prevent him from uſing his moſt vigorous Endeavours to corrupt his Wife or Daughter.——— A young Gentleman, however, whoſe Name is *Anſelmo*, being by ſome (to both of them) unhappy Chance brought into his Acquaintance, flatter'd himſelf that he was really ſo well in his Eſteem, that nothing could induce him to do an unhandſome Action by him.——— In this Confidence, one Night as they were talking of their Amours, he raſhly let him into the Secret of his Paſſion for a moſt beautiful Virgin called *Cipriana*; and extoll'd her Charms in Terms ſo warm and lively that the other, whoſe Heart like Tinder the laſt Spark would kindle into a

Flame, began immediately to blaze with the hotteſt Fires of Luſt: but as he wanted not Artifice to diſguiſe his Thoughts whenever he knew the revealing of them would be a prejudice, he ſeem'd not to take the leaſt notice of the Encomiums which the unthinking Lover gave this Idol of his Soul; but ſlily drawing from him her Name, and the Place of her Abode, ſet his inventive Brain to work by what means he ſhould undermine him, and ruin her.——He conſider'd, that if he ſhould make court to her, 'twas poſſible his Character would rob him of thoſe Advantages which his Quality might elſe have given him over his Rival; beſides, he imagin'd by ſome part of *Anſelmo*'s Diſcourſe, that he was already very much in her favour; and theſe two Articles made him with Reaſon doubt that ſhe would not only expoſe his Infidelity to his Friend, but alſo oblige her not to ſee him after ſuch a Declaration: he therefore thought it beſt to ſeize her unawares, and by bearing her to a Place where ſhe ſhould have none to aſſiſt her, ſatiate his Deſires at once, without giving her the Caution to avoid him.—— Having made a ſtrict enquiry into what Places ſhe frequented, he was told by the Emiſſaries he employ'd, that ſhe ſeldom miſs'd paying her Devotions at the Temple of *Jupiter* once a day.—— This Information made him ſet Perſons to watch her coming forth; and one Morning, when ſhe happen'd to go out alone, two of the Wretches who had been accuſtom'd to ſerve him in the like villainous Expeditions, ſeiz'd on her as ſhe was paſſing thro' a private Street, and the one ſtopping her Mouth, and catching her in his Arms, while the other cry'd out the poor Lady was in a Fit, carried her in that manner to

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Bertoldus, who waited a few Paces off in a Coach; the Fellow had before-hand Inſtructions where to drive, and being dragg'd into a Houſe which he kept on purpoſe for ſuch Affairs, was without any Ceremony, or preparatory Excuſes, compell'd to ſuffer what her Soul moſt abhorr'd.——— She had ſeen the Raviſher at many publick Places, tho' unmark'd by him, and ſwore Revenge on him as far as Revilings, and expoſing the Action he had been guilty of could inflict: but, alas! Reputation was the leaſt of his concern, and he coolly told her, That tho' he would be glad ſhe would forgive him, becauſe he ſhould then have hope of renewing, by her own conſent, the Joys he lately had forced from her, yet her Indignation would be of little ſervice toward her future Security, for that when he was determin'd on any thing, ſhe ſaw he knew the way to compaſs it, and that if ſhe did not agree to give him another meeting, ſhe muſt expect a ſecond Rape.

Imagine to yourſelf, illuſtrious Youth! (*continued the Soul-attracting Power*) what a Woman nicely virtuous in her Principles, chaſte in her Conſtitution, and who beſides was paſſionately enamour'd of *Anſelmo*, muſt feel at ſuch an entire ruin of his Hopes and her own Honour, and ſpare me the pains of repeating the Exclamations ſhe made.——— Thought may arrive at ſome part of her Diſtraction, but Words can never paint it as it ought. ——— But this Monſter of Cruelty and Inhumanity made a mockery at her Complaints, and with moſt unmanly Inſolence ſcoff'd at her Lamentations, pleas'd with the Beauties of her Perſon, and inſenſible and deſpiſing the Agonies of her Mind, he kept her with him all that Day and Night,

and great part of the other alſo, reſolved to glut Deſire, and riot in the repeated poſſeſſion of his Wiſhes.— At laſt, quite ſated with the luſcious Banquet, he ſent her home under the convoy of thoſe Fellows who had brought her to him, who no ſooner conducted her to the Door of the Houſe where ſhe liv'd, than they jump'd into the Coach again, and drove away with all imaginable ſpeed, by that means depriving her of the Satisfaction ſhe had form'd in her Mind of obtaining Juſtice on theſe Aſſiſtants of her Undoing. At her return ſhe found the poor *Anſelmo*, who amazed and frighted at her long abſence, had ſcarce ever left the Houſe ſince ſhe had been out of it.— The ſight of him would have given an increaſe of Woe to her afflicted Soul, had the State ſhe was in been of that nature which cou'd admit of any.— But, alas! hers was too terrible to receive Addition.— As ſoon as ſhe perceived him, what the Diſorder of her whole Form, her riſled Robes, diſhevel'd Hair, and ſtreaming Eyes, had not the power to inform him, her incoherent Words, and wild Exclaimings on the Name of *Bertoldus* too ſoon explain'd.———'Tis as little in the compaſs of Language to expreſs the Horror which at the knowledge of this Misfortune ſurrounded his whole Soul, as it is to tell you what hers endur'd.———At firſt, the Tempeſt of his Grief was dumb; Amazement and Confuſion ſtopp'd all utterance! But when it found a Vent, how loud, how fiercely did it rage! even Madneſs would but meanly repreſent his Fury! — He would have ran that moment, and made *Bertoldus* the Sacrifice of his Reſentment, tho' his own Life had paid the purchaſe of it; but *Cipriana* oppoſing it, and alſo telling him that ſhe could

give

give no Directions in what part of the Town that curſed Houſe where ſhe had left him was ſituated; he was at laſt prevail'd on to ſtudy ſome leſs dangerous Method for Revenge.——— Malice is, for the moſt part, ingenious enough to compaſs what it aims at, and that he was poſſeſs'd of, being inſpir'd by the moſt poinant Injury that Mortality can ſuſtain, grew proportionably keen, and certainly nothing could be more ſubtile in the Contrivance, nor terrible in the Execution, than the Stratagem which he found out for the puniſhment of that vile prophaner of the ſacred Names of Love and Friendſhip. It was in this manner inflicted. He obliged *Cipriana* to write a Letter to *Bertoldus*, counterfeiting a deſire of Reconciliation with him.——It was not in her power to diſſemble ſo far, tho' ſhe knew on what account ſhe was to do it, and he dictating on another piece of Paper what he would have ſaid, ſhe copied it over afterwards; the Words were as follow:

To Count *BERTOLDUS.*

THE Manner in which we parted, may well make it ſeem ſtrange to you to receive a Billet *from me of this nature.——But if you conſider, on the one ſide, the Methods you took to gain me, and the little Pains you were at to inſpire me with that Paſſion which alone can render an Intrigue ſuch as ours excuſable, you will not wonder that a Virgin, bred up in the ſtricteſt Rudiments of Honour, ſhould ſuffer a ſhock of Soul greater indeed than Language can expreſs.——But on the other, when you reflect on the Weakneſs of our Sex, and how impoſſible it is to forget the Tranſports of a firſt Enjoyment, eſpecially*

with a Man ſo form'd to charm, you cannot be ſurprized to find my Reſentment not immortal.— I am ſenſible that I ought, but cannot hate you, and confeſs that nothing is ſo dreadful to me, as the Apprehenſion you find in me no Charms to engage you to the continuance of an Acquaintance with me.——— But remember, my Lord! that you have undone me, that I have yet known nothing but the brutal Part of Paſſion; the more refined and tender Extaſies of Deſire might, perhaps, make me ſatisfied with what has happen'd.——— 'Tis too much to be loſt to Virtue *and to* Love *at once.— Oh! therefore, let the ſofteſt Ardors of the latter make ſome amends for the ruin of the former.——— Content yourſelf with the Triumph you have made of my* Honour; *deſtroy not my eternal Peace, but reſolve to bleſs with your Affection her who elſe muſt be in all reſpects,*

The moſt Wretched,

and Undone

CIPRIANA.

P. S. *One thing I depend on your Honour and Generoſity to grant; which is, that you will not acquaint* Anſelmo *with the Hiſtory of what you have done.——— You know he long has ſollicited me on the moſt warrantable Terms, and is a Match which, if Love and Shame would give me leave, my Intereſt would oblige me to accept.——— Let me therefore know what you deſign for me, but let your Anſwer be more the Dictates of your Heart, than Complaiſance. Adieu, too dear Undoer.*

You

You will be ſurprized, perhaps, (*purſued the God*) at the Stile of this Letter, as not being able to imagine for what reaſon the unhappy Lover ſhould oblige his Miſtreſs to write in this manner; but you will immediately perceive that there was an abſolute neceſſity to carry on their Deſign, that *Bertoldus* ſhould believe *Anſelmo* to be ignorant of the Affair, which he could not do without imagining *Cipriana* half ſatisfied with her Rape, and unwilling to divulge or to revenge it. The Letter was ſent by a Servant of that afflicted Lady, and in a ſmall time return'd with this Anſwer from *Bertoldus*.

To the Lovely *CIPRIANA*.

'TWAS a Surprize indeed your Billet gave me, but it was the moſt pleaſing one I ever felt in my whole Life. —— I am ſo far from being ſatiated with the Bleſſing of your Embraces, that I long for nothing more than to renew that Felicity; which will be new to me, not only becauſe Charms ſuch as yours muſt be ever ſo, but alſo becauſe you give me hope of enjoying that thro' Inclination, *which before I was maſter of but by* Compulſion.——*Your readineſs to pardon what I have done, diſcovers you to be a Woman of Senſe and Spirit, both which are the Perfections I would wiſh in her I love, and have too great a Sway with me, not to make my Paſſion laſting as it is fervent. Time can only prove the firſt, but the latter, my dear relenting Charmer ſhall experience this very Night, if ſhe will favour me with an Opportunity.——— Let me know your Reſolution without Reſerve or Scru-*

ple, which are needleſs where you have a Lover like

The Faithful, and ever

Paſſionately Affectionate

BERTOLDUS.

O may the Fiends with their ſevereſt Whips reward ſuch Faith, ſuch paſſionate Affection! (*cry'd* Anſelmo, *as ſoon as he had read the Letter, tranſported with the moſt violent Rage.*) The poor *Cipriana* join'd with him in Curſes; by which having a little vented the fury of their over-charg'd Souls, they ſet themſelves down to prepare a ſecond Mandate, which was to this effect.

To the Agreeable Count *BERTOLDUS.*

HOW ready are we to believe what we paſſionately deſire! —— I receive your Promiſes of Fidelity as I do the Articles of my Religion, and devote myſelf to Cupid *as to* Jupiter. ——— *This Night, ſince Inclination prompts, and Buſineſs will permit, I ſhall gladly expect you at my own Houſe, about twelve a-clock, when all the Servants being diſmiſs'd, except one who I dare make my Confidante, you may ſafely ſteal to the Bed and Arms of*

Your too much Enamour'd

CIPRIANA.

This Epiſtle being diſpatch'd, *Anſelmo* left for ſome Hours the diſtreſs'd *Cipriana*; but before

ſore Evening, return'd with a Creature who made a Trade of proſtituting herſelf to as many as thought her worth their purchaſe. —— By a long Series of Debauchery ſhe was become ſo much diſeaſed, that it was ſcarce poſſible to touch her without being contaminated.—— This Wretch being firſt waſh'd and perfum'd, was laid into *Cipriana*'s Bed; where being inſtructed how to act, ſhe waited the approach of him who was to pay dearly for the ſhort-liv'd Tranſports of her polluted Embraces.—— The Hour being arriv'd, *Cipriana* and *Anſelmo* waiting in a low Parlour, heard the perfidious *Bertoldus* enter the Houſe, where the Waiting-maid, as ſhe was order'd, told him as ſoon as he came in, that a Relation of her Lady's being unexpectedly come to Town, he muſt excuſe the Darkneſs and Silence with which he was receiv'd; but that her Miſtreſs was in Bed, and if he pleas'd to follow her, ſhe would conduct him to her. —— Not yet ſurfeited with the Charms of the real *Cipriana*, he eaſily ſwallow'd the Bait, and haſted to the pernicious Embraces of the ſuppoſed one.—— Earneſtly did *Anſelmo*, who ſtaid all Night with the dear ruin'd Object of his Affections, condoling their mutual Wretchedneſs, long to ſurprize the baſe Deſtroyer of his Hopes in this Scene of Shame; paſſionately did he wiſh to fall on him with all the Upbraidings his Treachery deſerv'd: but the Perſuaſions of *Cipriana*, fearing ſome fatal Cataſtrophe of ſo juſt an Indignation on the one ſide, and convicted Villany on the other, prevail'd with him not to appear before him.—— But though the Commands of this ſupreme Miſtreſs of his Soul were ever ſacred, I know not if at this Juncture they would have had the force to have with-held him,

him, if the Conſideration that the Diſcovery of the Cheat put on him in paſſing another Woman on him for *Cipriana*, might not have overthrown all they had done for Revenge.—'Twas poſſible he might indeed have gueſſed at the Deſign laid for him; and by early applying himſelf to a skilful Phyſician, have eſcaped great part of thoſe racking Agonies they intended for him, and which he at this inſtant groans under.—Early in the morning, before the roſy Chariot of *Aurora* had diſpell'd thoſe ſable Shades which bar the Eye's diſtinction, the counterfeit *Cipriana* told him, he muſt take his leave, becauſe having Company in the Houſe more than her own Family, ſome of the Servants might probably be ſtirring ſooner than was their uſual Cuſtom.——— With much Perſuaſions he complied with her Requeſt, and was let out of the Houſe by the Maid who had introduc'd him. —— The Courtezan receiv'd from *Anſelmo* a handſome Reward for having been the Inſtrument of his Revenge, which being aſſur'd by her that he wou'd ſee in a ſhort time, was compleated in as ample a manner as he could wiſh: he went to viſit *Bertoldus* with his uſual freedom, and diſſembling thoſe inward Agitations which roſe in his Soul at ſight of him, propos'd going a little Journey into the Country; it was to a Place, he told him, which was extremely pleaſant, and that to the Beauties of Nature there were alſo added all manner of Diverſions, ſuch as good Game for Hunting and Shooting, a fine Plain for Horſe-racing, and Aſſemblies ſtored with freſh Country Girls. ——— All theſe were Temptations not to be reſiſted by a Man who thought of nothing but indulging every Appetite to the utmoſt degree of Luxury,

and

and the next Day was agreed on for their ſetting out.—— He had the good Manners (which was ſomething extraordinary in him) to take his leave of *Cipriana* by Letter; which ſhe, ſtill carrying on the Deſign, anſwer'd in Terms as obliging.

The Motive which induced *Anſelmo* to draw him into the Country, was, that the Heat of Riding might more enflame the Diſtemper with which he had caus'd him to be infected; and that being in a Place where there were no Phyſicians, or at leaſt ſuch whoſe Art was not to be depended on, his whole Maſs of Blood ſhould be corrupted before he could have any relief. The End anſwer'd his Expectations, *Bertoldus* had not been above three or four Days in that Place, before he found himſelf diſorder'd in a manner he knew not preſently how to account for. —— Strange Stingings ran through every vital Part—each little Fibre felt convulſive Torments —— a conſuming Fire prey'd on his Heart, and mounting to his Head, ſhot madding Anguiſh to his Brain.——What can he now do? — Where can he find eaſe? ——— In vain to cooling Streams he runs; the internal Flames but blaze the more, the more they are oppos'd. ——In vain rich Cates invite his ſickly Taſte.— He now is without Appetite, without Deſire, and has no longer any Senſe but that of feeling Pain.———Poſt-Horſes were diſpatch'd to fetch Phyſicians from the City, who when they came, and examining into the nature of the Diſeaſe, found it was of that fierce and terrible kind, that it muſt be but by a long Courſe of Preſcriptions, if ever he did, that he found relief. A Litter being prepar'd, he was brought to Town, and all poſſible means applied for his Reco-

Recovery; but the corroding Poiſon of this unnatural Diſtemper has gain'd too ſecure a Poſſeſſion ever to be removed.—— Ulcers devour his Fleſh, Rottenneſs conſumes his Bones. —A dreadful Martyr to Luſt, he curſes now the Pleaſures he once courted with ſo much eagerneſs.—— Yet ignorant from what polluted Source he drew the Contagion, and little ſuſpecting the Cheat put on him by *Cipriana* and *Anſelmo*, the latter has the ſatisfaction to hear his Groans, and ſee his Pains.—— Long he cannot live to endure them; and when he deſcends to dwell to all Eternity among thoſe Fiends who have been his Abettors here, muſt learn to bear ſeverer Tortures from the Vengeance of the offended Gods, than on Earth has been inflicted on him by that of *Anſelmo*. The for-ever undone *Cipriana* is ſince retir'd to the Temple of *Veſta*, where ſhe deſigns to paſs the remainder of her wretched Days.

But it was not (*continued the Deity*) only to entertain you with the Hiſtory of the vile *Bertoldus* that I brought you to his Palace; behold in that open Chariot, which now enters the Court-yard, a Siſter of that Wretch! —— She has, you ſee, but a moderate Share of Charms, but is poſſeſs'd of more good Senſe, and leſs Vanity than the generality of her Sex.—— She imagines not herſelf more lovely than ſhe is; and, conſcious that ſhe deſerves not the Adorations which ſome Men would offer her on the ſcore of her Quality and Fortune, ſhuns all Addreſſes which bear the name of Love. The Man who pretends a Paſſion for her, is ſure to loſe her Acquaintance and Eſteem. —— By this Proceeding ſhe has gain'd the Character of the ſtricteſt Virtue in the World. —— She is look'd upon

upon by every body as a Votary to *Diana*, and with ſuch Subtlety and Artifice are all her Words and Actions guarded, that ſhe eſcapes the reputation of a *Prude*, as well as a *Coquette*, never condemning in another what ſhe ſeems leaſt guilty of herſelf. Yet is this Woman's Soul too much of a piece with her Brother's.— 'Tis owing to her *Pride*, that ſhe profeſſes not in publick the looſe Deſires which ſhe in private gratifies; and to her *Cunning*, that ſhe is no greater a Hypocrite: the firſt would leſſen her in the Eſteem of her Acquaintance, and the latter would make thoſe of a leſs ſanctified appearance pry into her Actions, and, perhaps, by that means make Diſcoveries moſt pernicious to her Fame. ——— You will wonder, perhaps, as I have told you ſhe avoids all Declarations of Love, by what means ſhe has it in her power to indulge the Pleaſures of it. ——I muſt therefore acquaint you, that there are many Houſes in this Metropolis, where thoſe who are unwilling to be at the pains of a long Courtſhip, may be furniſh'd either with a publick *Courtezan*, or private Miſtreſs; it is theſe Places ſhe frequents, and leaving her Father's Palace without any Attendants with her, on pretence of going to buy things cheaper than ſhe cou'd if her Quality were known; a Hackney-Coach or Chair carries her to ſome one or other of theſe Theatres of Debauchery, where enquiring if there be any Gentleman who has a Stock of amorous Deſires lies heavy on his hands, ſhe is immediately introduced to him; and thus, without hazarding her Reputation, gratifies her Luſt: For the Man that poſſeſſes her under this Character, little imagines who it is he has in his Arms; and tho' he may probably have ſeen her

at

at Court, at Church, or at other publick Aſſemblies, cannot believe his Miſtreſs any other than a Woman who has a reſemblance of that Lady; ſo vaſt a Diſparity there is between that Behaviour which ſhe aſſumes in publick, and that which in theſe private Rendezvous ſhe gives a looſe to. So monſtrous a Proof of want of Nicety one ſhall ſcarcely find another Example of in that Sex, who, for the moſt part, look on no Misfortune ſo terrible, as being condemned to the Embraces of the Man they love not; and that ſhe can feel any thing of that Paſſion for a Perſon who ſhe has never ſeen, as many of thoſe ſhe converſes with in this manner, are wholly ſtrangers to her eyes, is morally impoſſible. Thoſe Wretches who ſubmit to ſuch a manner of Life merely thro' Neceſſity, think it the ſevereſt Fate which could befal them; yet does this Court *Belle*, indulging what can be only term'd a brutal Appetite, and throwing not only Modeſty aſide, but every other Characteriſtick of Womanhood, proſtitute herſelf to the Embraces of each lewd Libertine ſhe meets, without regard to his Deformities or Charms.— 'Tis enough he is a Man. —— She is ſatisfied with that, and would look on it as a Curſe rather than a Bleſſing, to find one poſſeſs'd of Perfections ſuch as ſhould make her wiſh a ſecond Enjoyment, becauſe ſhe knows not then how far ſuch a liking might tranſport her to Tenderneſſes and Follies (as ſhe terms the Effects of my Influence) which might occaſion two Misfortunes equally terrible, a Diſcovery of her real Quality, and an Impoſſibility of being bleſs'd in thoſe promiſcuons Raptures ſhe now takes ſo much pleaſure in.—— Oh, noble Youth! (*continued the God of ſublime Delights*) who wou'd think

think it of this Woman? —— Who wou'd believe that Air of Pride and Haughtineſs could ſubmit to Dalliances ſo unworthy and ſo mean! —That ſeeming Delicacy, which wears a Bluſh even at the mention of an obſcene Word, be ſubverted to endure, nay, practiſe the moſt impudent Behaviour! — How little is the Face the Index of the Mind! — How does her counterfeited Sanctity of Manners impoſe on the Belief of Mortals—and how is Heaven affronted by her pretended Oriſons! —— The chaſte *Diana*, whoſe Votary ſhe calls herſelf, yet whoſe Influence ſhe in her Soul diſdains, is for ever imploring Vengeance on her.——— How long great *Jupiter* will continue deaf to her Sollicitations, is not for me to judge; but *Aſtrea*, the favourite Daughter of the Omnipotent, comforts that Goddeſs by an aſſurance that ſhe will in time prevail with him to force, by ſome unlook'd-for, ſome reſiſtleſs Woe, the bold Prophaner to confeſs her Shame, renounce the Hypocriſy which has ſo long deceived Mankind, and in the bittereſt Agonies of Diſtraction and Remorſe avow her Crimes, and own the prompting Demon of her ſalacious Wiſhes.

Here paus'd the Deity, buried for ſome moments in a troubled Contemplation on the ſhameful Deeds he had been rehearſing. No Deluſion can dwell on the Countenance of perfect *Love*, and our diſcerning Traveller could eaſily diſcover in the dim Glances of thoſe Eyes which late ſhot forth ſuch Soul-enlivening Rays, the Concern which that benignant Power had for the Crimes of the Inhabitants of this lower World; and touch'd with the utmoſt Gratitude, low on the Earth he proſtrated his humble Body, and burſt out into this paſſionate Exclamation.—

O

O Race *(said he)* unworthy of such heavenly Goodness! —— Divine Compassion mourns the Ills your Sins bring on; yet harden'd in Impiety, you despise the Grace, and dare the Punishment.

A radiant Smile diffusing round the place celestial Joy, testified how much the God was pleas'd with this Proof of the Stranger's Sensibility.—— Had the degenerate Sons *(said he)* of that unhappy Genius, whom yesternight thou saw'st wailing my Anger, and their approaching Mis-haps but half thy Tenderness, thy Softness, and Propensity to Good, how soon should I relent! — How soon return and bless them with additional Delights! —— But they are hardned all; — not one among them but either thro' Inclination, or Example, swerves from my Laws, and turns the once adored Power of *Cupid* into Scorn.—— The pretending Youth no sooner obtains his Wishes of the too yielding Maid, than he contemns and abandons her to Ruin —— The wedded Fair, grown tired of lawful Joys, seeks to regale decay'd Desire with Variety. —— Inconstancy is become a Fashion, and to be just and faithful, is to be accounted ridiculous, and of a Humour obsolete.——The Name of Love is only quoted in their Words of Courtship, my Influence has no power over their Actions; I am not consulted in their Designs, nor do I light the Torch of *Hymen* at their Marriages ——Those few who seem to worship me with their Mouths, despise, or at best have but a mean Opinion of me in their Hearts.—— Even the softer Sex, imitating the Example of the other, think themselves most wise when least they are by me directed, and grow vain on being insensible. —— I will give you an In-

Inſtance of it, ſuch as will, perhaps, aſtoniſh you.

A young Beauty, the only Daughter of one of the High Prieſts of *Jupiter* was married at an Age too early to boaſt a very diſtinguiſhing Capacity, to a Gentleman deſerving a Woman of equal Fortune and Accompliſhments, and a much ſuperior Senſe of what was really valuable, than ſhe who hapned to his lot was miſtreſs of. — But Tenderneſs is always partial—— he lov'd her, and could ſee no want of merit in her.—— Never was a Man form'd with a greater ſhare of perſonal Perfections, nor endued with more interior Virtues.——The loveliest Maid might have gloried in the Preference he gave her, and thought the Title of his Wife a Pride more to be envy'd than that of a Ducal Coronet. But *Dalatilla* (for ſo is this unhappy Subject of the Hiſtory I am about to give you, call'd) had the misfortune to be born under Planets which render'd all the good the Gods deſign'd for her ineffectual—— She is of a humour to make herſelf unhappy amidſt the moſt proſperous Circumſtances.—Never Woman ſet out with a Proſpect of a better Fate, nor had greater Opportunities of rendring herſelf an Object rather of Envy than Contempt; yet never Woman became more deſpicable, more wretched than ſhe, in the ſpace of a few Years.

Priding herſelf in that Character of Inſenſibility, ſhe took a pleaſure in returning thoſe Devoirs her obliging Husband paid her, with a ſullen Coldneſs; affecting before all Company rather to ſeem offended than the contrary, at the Proofs he gave her of his Paſſion, yet behaving herſelf with all the Gallantry and Gaiety imaginable to every other Perſon, who appear'd

desirous of engaging her in Conversation.——In consideration of her Youth, long did he overlook these Faults; but finding she still persevered in them, and that besides her Disposition was naturally inclin'd to Coquettry, he ventur'd, tho' with great mildness, to reprimand her, and to persuade her with all the gentle Arguments he could think of, that such a Conduct would in time render her liable to censure, and also make both their lives unhappy.———But alas! to advise her, was like throwing Water against the Wind——Vain of her own imagin'd Wit, she could not bear controul, and to shew that she knew best what was becoming her to do, acted in every thing the reverse of his desires; if she was before reserved and coy in her behaviour to him, she now grew peevish, sullen, and contradictory——If he had disapproved of her conversing with some Persons of an ill Character, he now had reason to regret his want of power to oblige her to keep any other Society than such as those.——In fine, she studied nothing but how to make him wretched, nor ever wore a pleasant Countenance in his presence, but when she saw him torn and distracted with inward Agonies which she knew herself the Cause of—yet still had he a Tenderness for her, and was not without hope, of some day or other reclaiming her.———Perceiving that his own Admonitions only serv'd to make her more refractory, he complain'd to her Mother, and entreated her to make use of her parental Authority to oblige her to some regard for her own Reputation at least, if she had none for his repose: The good old Lady did all that was in her power, but, to her great trouble, soon found that her Daughter thought herself the wiser Person, and that she

ſhe muſt not perſiſt in counſelling her, if ſhe would have the other perſiſt in treating her like a Mother.———Her Conduct in a ſmall time grew the ridicule of the whole Town, and before ſhe had been in reality guilty of one Intrigue, ſhe gave occaſion to be ſuſpected of a great number.——But it was not long before ſhe became as criminal in fact, as ſhe was in appearance; and tho' ſhe ſtill maintain'd her Character of Inſenſibility of Love, ſhe did not of a worſe Paſſion——without being compell'd to it by my Influence, but merely for the ſake of complying with the Company ſhe kept, did ſhe yield to thoſe Actions for which I only am an excuſe.———Thoſe two Monſters of their Sex, whom yeſterday you ſaw at the *Enchanted Well*, *Gloatitia* and *Flirtillaria*, were two of her greateſt Intimates, and there was not a Scene of Lewdneſs practis'd at either of their Houſes, in which *Dalatilla* did not bear a part.

Diſtracted in his Mind, impair'd in his Circumſtances, and in daily terror of being ruin'd in his Health, did this wretched Husband patiently linger out ſome Years; but things every day growing worſe, and not the leaſt ſhadow of a hope that ſhe would be prevail'd on to ſee her Errors, at leaſt till ſome irretrievable Miſchief ſhould oblige her to it, he at laſt conſented to the Remonſtrances of his Friends, and rid his Houſe and Bed of a Viper ſo deſtructive.——She oppos'd not the Separation, becauſe ſhe thought Liberty ſo great a Bleſſing, that ſhe could never have too much of it.——And not conſidering that the Maintenance which ſhe would be allow'd by Law, would be infinitely ſhort of the Expences which ſhe had been at in the purſuit of her Pleaſures, while with him,

thought of nothing but how to paſs her time in a manner the moſt agreeable to her Inclinations. —— Proofs having been ſufficient for a Divorce, the Relations of his ſide would very fain have carry'd it to that point; but there was ſtill ſo great a Tenderneſs remaining in his Soul, that he could not conſent to the expoſing her in a publick Court of Judicature; and beſides (tho' 'twas a weakneſs he was aſham'd to acknowledge) in ſecret, fed his fond Wiſhes with a flattering hope that ſhe would one day ſee her Error, and return a welcome Penitent to his Embraces: He could not therefore conſent to an act which muſt for ever ſeparate them, and leave her the freedom of giving herſelf wholly to another.——— Never was Affection, never was Conſtancy carry'd to a greater pitch than his; and never did ungrateful Woman return it with more ſcorn, more inſolence, than did this incorrigible Fair.— She liv'd for ſeveral Years, deſpiſing Shame, in a publick manner with one of the Gentlemen of the long Robe; but the natural Levity and Inconſtancy of her Humour, working its uſual effects in her ever-changing Soul, ſhe quitted him for a Gentleman who had no other charm than what Novelty afforded to countenance her Choice of him.——— Some time did he remain the maſter of her Wiſhes, but chance bringing to her acquaintance a young Man of a tolerable Perſon, and a more than ordinary ſhew of Boldneſs, ſhe was by him no ſooner woo'd than won.— It was he who firſt had the power of fixing that uncertain Heart, and by a kind of arbitrary and tyrannick Behaviour, made her know, ſhe was now entred into a Servitude which ſhe would not find it eaſy to be freed from.— Having little or no de-

dependence of his own, he found it for his convenience to live entirely with a Woman who had ſo handſome an Allowance as that which the continued Tenderneſs of *Dalatilla*'s Huſband obliged him to make her.—— A Slave now to the Paſſion ſhe had been uſed only to inſpire, ſhe durſt no other than comply with the deſires of this ſelf-intereſted Enamorato.—— The fine, airy, gay Coquette ſoon degenerated to a tame Houſhold-Drudge, being compell'd by the Neceſſities to which his Expences abroad reduced her, to live without a Servant, and to perform herſelf all thoſe ſervile Offices which the meaneſt Domeſtick is paid Wages for.—— The once nice and over-delicate *Belle*, who formerly could not ſtir to the next door without her Chair, and thought the leaſt breath of Air too rude to blow upon her, goes now on foot, expos'd to all the fury of each deſtructive Element.—— That ſoft and lovely Skin now parch'd with bleak Winds, and tann'd with Summer's Scorchings, is ſcarcely to be known for what it was.—— That haughty Mien and all-commanding Air, which was wont to ſtrike an humble Reverence in the beholders Hearts, is now exchanged for one poor and dejected.—— The Luſtre of thoſe once radiant Eyes is now extinct in Tears.——— Each captivating Feature, each ſoul-alluring Grace, worn out and quite deſtroy'd with vaſt Fatigue, retains no ſemblance of that admir'd Face which lately rais'd Deſire to the extremeſt pitch that mortal Beauty can inſpire.———Scorn'd by the Slaves who worſhipp'd her before, and ſhunn'd by all the Virtuous and the Wiſe, hating the Light, and by her Wretchedneſs compell'd to publick View, unpity'd and unfriended, does ſhe wan-

the moſt forlorn, abandon'd thing on Earth.—To make the ſum of her tranſcendent Woes compleat, the Villain, for whoſe ſake ſhe is become this Wretch, inſults and triumphs o'er her Miſery.——All the undeſcribable Hardſhips of the Day, inſtead of Love, the Night repays with Blows, Scoffs, and Deriſion.——— How often has the unmanly Brute, inventing ſome pretence for Quarrel, deny'd her acceſs to his Bed? Night after night have her poor weak Limbs been reclin'd on the hard comfortleſs Ground; while free from pity, or from ſenſe of her Anguiſh, ſhe has ſecurely ſnor'd away the tedious Hours, which ſhe has paſs'd in Tears and fruitleſs Exclamations on her own Folly and his inhuman Nature.——Conſcious and aſham'd of her meanneſs of Spirit in enduring ſuch Treatment, ſhe conceal'd it as much as poſſible from the World, ſtill laying the blame of all her Actions on the gratitude of her Temper for the prodigious Tenderneſs with which he regarded her.——— But, alas! few there are who give credit to ſuch Declarations; the diſpoſition of both *Dalatilla* and her Lover, are too well known for ſuch a ſuppoſition: That Lady's behaviour to one of the moſt excellent of Husbands, ſufficiently teſtified how little ſhe is capable of being ſway'd by Gratitude; and the ſullen Churliſhneſs of the other's manner of Converſation to all People, renders it impoſſible for any who know him, to believe that Tenderneſs has any place in a Mind ſo rough and unpoliſh'd. Among others, the Hiſtory of her Calamities reach'd her Husband's ears, who, in ſpite of all her Crimes, could not hear ſhe was in ſo miſerable a State without the ſofteſt compaſſion; which kindling up afreſh the long-ſmother'd glow-

glowings of his enamour'd Heart, brought him in a ſmall time to a Reſolution of forgiving all. —— To that end he made her a Viſit, bemoan'd thoſe Miſfortunes which were too obvious for her to pretend to conceal,— upbraided not the injuſtice of her Conduct which had brought them on her; but with an unparallell'd Generoſity and Affection, offer'd to relieve her from them, to ſnatch her from that Gulph of Sorrows in which ſhe had plung'd herſelf, to raiſe her from inevitable Ruin, and in fine to reſtore her to that envy'd place ſhe had before poſſeſs'd in his Houſe, his Bed, and Heart.—— He was ſo far from ſeeming to remember ſhe ever had been faulty, that he proteſted to her, in this forlorn and deſolate State, ſhe appear'd as lovely, and was as dear to him as ever; and conjur'd her, nay entreated her with all the tender Importunities of fond endearing Love, to make him and herſelf bleſs'd.— But deſtin'd by her ill Stars to Miſery and Deſtruction, ſhe had not the power of accepting theſe propoſals; and as her Soul remain'd obdurate and untouch'd with this the ſublimeſt Proof of an unalterable Paſſion, that perhaps any Man in the World ever gave to a Wife in her Circumſtances, ſo was her Carriage to him cold and indifferent. ——Her Good Breeding made it impoſſible for her to liſten to Terms which ſhe could not avoid confeſſing, were greatly advantageous, without making ſome Retributions; but the thanks ſhe gave were utter'd in ſo careleſs a manner, that it was eaſy for him to perceive ſhe had rather he had ſpar'd her the pains, and that there was not the leaſt Alteration in her Sentiments in favour of him.—— However he ſtill continu'd to preſs her to reflect more ſeriouſly than, per-

haps, (*he told her*) ſhe yet had done on the difference of her reduced Condition from that to which ſhe was born, or that which his Love now offer'd her; but ſtill appear'd inſenſible: And at laſt plainly told him, She preferr'd the manner of Life ſhe now enjoy'd, before a Throne with any other Man; and that if he deſir'd to oblige her, it muſt be by an eternal Abſence, which was the only Proof of Kindneſs ſhe would ever conſent to receive from him.——— 'Tis hard to ſay, whether Grief or Amazement had the greateſt ſhare in his Soul at ſo unexpected a Repulſe! A juſt Reſentment made him conceal the former as much as poſſible from the obſervation of the ſtupidly ungrateful Woman, who had occaſion'd it; but certain it is, that never Man endur'd fiercer or more terrible Convulſions of Mind, than did this too indulgent, too relenting Husband.

But now, illuſtrious Youth (*continued the Deity, ſhaking his ambroſial Locks, in token of a mingled Indignation and Concern*) now comes the blackeſt and moſt deteſted Scene of her whole Character on the Stage. — Finding herſelf ſoon after with Child, ſhe took the opportunity (by the Inſtigations of that Wretch with whom ſhe lives, and is the real Father) of the Viſit her Huſband had made her, to oblige him to acknowledge it as his own, and to ſummon him before a Court of Judicature, in order to compel him to it; endeavouring by this means, to make that little product of her unlawful Paſſion be declar'd legitimate, and Heir of the vaſt Poſſeſſions that unhappy Gentleman enjoys.—— Now does he regret his ill-placed Tenderneſs! Is ready to curſe the unſeaſonableneſs of his Relentings, and the Motives which induced him to reject the

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Advices of his Friends, who from her firſt known Tranſgreſſion, had never left ſoliciting him to be divorced from her by a form of Law, which had render'd it impracticable to have put this impoſition on him.—— His well-known Affection, and acknowledged Continuance of his deſires towards her, have made the Judge, appointed for the deciſion of this Affair, extremely divided in his Thoughts.—— He ſometimes fears to give Sentence againſt the Infant, leſt, in an unguarded moment, the Husband, forgetful of his Wrongs, and wholly following the dictates of his Paſſion, had really been the Author of its Being.—At others, he is as ſcrupulous of doing an Injury to the Kindred of that Gentleman, by defrauding them of their Inheritance in favour of a ſpurious Offspring.——How to determine, he knows not.——The point is nice, and requires indeed a more than human penetration to diſcern the certainty.—Oh divine *Aſtrea!* be thou therefore the Umpire.——By ſome ungueſs'd at means bring to light the Truth, and diſappoint the perjur'd, falſe, adulterous *Dalatilla* of her Aim.—— Let the virtuous and noble Progeny, whoſe Right it is, ſucceed! and ſuffer not that baſe-born Iſſue of the vileſt Parents, to triumph in the Ruin of one of the beſt and moſt worthy Families in this Iſland.—— For ſome Years has the matter been in debate, Oaths and Aſſeverations on both ſides are ſo ſtrong, that Judgment trembles to favour either ſide; but ſomething tells me, the difficult Deciſion will be ſhortly made, in favour of the Right, and the hopes which *Dalatilla* and her Minion have flatter'd themſelves with, be loſt in Air. —Inſtead of rioting, as vainly they expect, in the Poſſeſſions of another, even that

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ſubſiſtence which ſhe now enjoys, ſhall be taken away, and the extremeſt Want be the Portion of the extremeſt Baſeneſs. Juſt are the Decrees of *Fate*, as the Means by which they are brought about are unfathomable ——The Offender is himſelf ordinarily the puniſher of his own Tranſgreſſions; and when he moſt thinks to evade the Stroke of Juſtice, brings it on him.—Behold an eminent Example of this Truth, (*continued the God of the ſublimeſt Joy*) one at leaſt who is hurrying as faſt as he can into the Snare he has often laid for others! ——See, in that Chair adorn'd with golden Taſſels, and borne by Slaves all cover'd o'er with Velvet, badge of their Maſter's Pride, a gay Triumpher! Long has he prophan'd my Name, long, under the ſanction of my pretended Influence, has he revell'd in Joys, which ought to have been the recompence only of true Devotion.—— The uſurping Demon of my Throne and Power, taught him to wear falſe Languiſhments, aſſume feign'd Sighs, to bid the trickling Tears obedient flow, to raiſe the ſwelling Breaſt with ſeeming Agonies, and with well-acted Tremblings, move compaſſion. — Never Man had more the Appearance of a real Lover, yet none was ever leſs ſuſceptible of my Power.——To wiſh to enjoy, and try all Stratagems to obtain that Wiſh, was all he knew of Love; yet ſo little was the Counterfeit ſuſpected, that very ſeldom it was, if ever, that he miſs'd his aim on the believing Maid.—— Numberleſs are the Victims of his fictitious Paſſion! beyond belief would my recital ſeem, ſhould I recount the Names of all the various Wretches who day and night hold up their hands to Heaven, imploring Vengeance on their vile Undoer. But the Time allow'd

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by that compulsive Fate to which the Immortals are obliged to yield, for my stay on Earth, being but short, reminds me that I must be brief in the accounts I have to make, and enforces me to omit many particular Persons and Actions, which else would very much enhance your Wonder at the divine forbearance —— I shall therefore make mention but of one of the unreckon'd Beauties whose Youth and Innocence has been a Prey to the rapacious Lust of this all-devouring Monster, this Basilisk who murders with his Eyes, and does more fatal Mischief by his pretended softness, than a thousand of the rough Votaries of the God of War commit, when in a conquer'd City, Ruin and Rapes are the expected Portion of the captive Fair. — Hapning to be in a Town about some fifty Leagues distant from this Metropolis, he spy'd a young and blooming Charmer whom an unlucky chance had brought thither to visit an old Aunt, on whom she had some dependance. He no sooner saw her, than he became possess'd of those desires which he calls Love, and which indeed too frequently pass for it in the mistaking World. —— Enquiring into her Circumstances, he found she was of an Extraction too noble, a Fortune too plentiful, and had receiv'd an Education too strictly virtuous, to permit him to hope the possession of her by those measures which he had been accustom'd to make use of with others of an inferior Character. —— He address'd her therefore with a shew of the most honourable proposals, nay went so far as to entreat her Aunt's good will, and that she wou'd endeavour to gain for him her Parents consent to their Marriage. —— His Estate being very large, and his Reputation in that part of the World

World unblemiſh'd by the knowledge of his Crimes, the old Lady thought her Niece highly favour'd by Fortune in his ſollicitations; and the young one charm'd even to an extaſy with the Perfections of his Perſon, and the ſeeming Adoration he paid to her's, look'd down with a kind of Pity on the reſt of her Sex.—— During the time of ſending to the Father of *Plaiſira* (*for that was the Name of this deceiv'd Fair-one*) the ſeemingly heart-raviſh'd Lover was never from her, unleſs in thoſe Hours in which Decency obliged them to be ſeparated; yet did he behave himſelf in every Word and Action toward her, in a manner ſuch as wou'd indeed become the moſt paſſionate and ſubmiſſive Lover, never offering at a freedom which the niceſt Modeſty might not permit without a Bluſh, nor cou'd the moſt penetrating Eye, without being bleſs'd with a ſupernatural Intelligence, have made the leaſt diſcovery that he was any other than that which he profeſs'd to be, a Man wholly guided by Honour and by Virtue.——The moſt cautious of *Diana*'s Train might have been impos'd on by his Artifices, and yielded her Soul a Prey to his Inſinuations. How cruel then have been the Cenſures of the undiſtinguiſhing and pityleſs World, who have made no allowance for the little Experience ſhe had of the Arts of deceiving Man, nor the uncommon Snares prepar'd by him for her Innocence? But of that you ſhall yourſelf be judge, when the Cataſtrophe of her Adventures ſhall give you the opportunity.—— *Silvander* (*by that Name you muſt hereafter know this ſubtile Ruiner*) ſoon diſcover'd the Power he had over the Affections of this deluded Maid, and finding it now a proper time to proſecute the deſign he had form'd for her

her deſtruction (becauſe the return of the Meſſenger ſent to demand her of her Father, would ſoon oblige him to act in a manner different from what he had done) ſent a Letter to her which contain'd theſe Lines:

To the Deareſt and moſt Charming of her Sex, the Adorable *PLAISIRA.*

SOmething has hapned which takes from me the power of looking, ſpeaking, or behaving myſelf in any way as I have been accuſtomed to do, or is expected from me.— I am obliged therefore to refrain thoſe Devoirs this Evening to your Aunt, which it is always my pleaſure as well as duty to pay to her.— But as it is impoſſible for me to live a whole Day without receiving the Food of my Exiſtence from your Eyes, I beg you will not refuſe me the bleſſing of ſeeing you about ſix or ſeven of the clock in the little Field which joins to the Garden behind your Houſe.— I have an Affair of the moſt terrible Importance to my Peace, which I long to diſburthen myſelf of. And on whom but the dear Partner of my Soul, can I rely, or for Advice or Comfort? —— Oh my divine Plaiſira! *I am ſick in Mind, and if from thee I find not eaſe, muſt languiſh in an infinity of endleſs Woe.— Prepare thyſelf then for pity—let only ſoft Emotions ſwell up thy Boſom—be all gentleneſs, all kind forgiveneſs, or I am loſt for ever! ——— I have a Story to relate that will require it all—and which nothing but ſuch heavenly Excellence as that my* Plaiſira *is miſtreſs of, could liſten to without dooming me to everlaſting Wretchedneſs! —— But I will ſay no more.—— Fail not, I conjure you, to meet me at the*

the Place and Hour I mention—there I will explain the Riddle of my Fate, and receive my doom either to be

The Happieſt, or the

moſt Miſerable of Mankind,

SILVANDER.

The Amazement which invaded the whole Soul of *Plaiſira* at the receipt of this, is not to be expreſs'd! ——— She preſently imagin'd that ſomething fatal to their Loves had hapned, but what ſhe could not gueſs. With an impatience ſuitable to the occaſion did ſhe paſs the time, till the hour arriv'd appointed for their meeting: then with the utmoſt confuſion haſtned to the place, where ſhe found him already waiting in expectation of her coming; but with an Air ſo dejected, ſo alter'd from what it was, he ſcarce was to be known.——— At firſt with Sighs, as tho' his Heart were burſting, and ſilent Tremblings which ſeem'd to ſhake each aking Fibre in his whole Frame, did he accoſt her; then falling on his Knees, and graſping her Hands in his with well-diſſembled Agonies—— O *Plaiſira!* — my dear *Plaiſira, cry'd he out,* behold before your Eyes the moſt wretched and moſt guilty Man on Earth.—— I ne'er muſt ſee you more—yet cannot live if abſent.—O therefore let my Deſpair and Death inſpire you with the will to pardon and to pity.——— Pity and Pardon is all I have to ask. ——— Sobs and Groans here ſtopp'd the Utterance of his Words, as Terror and Surprize did hers. ——— But he

he continuing for ſeveral moments in the ſame ſpeechleſs Agony, ſhe gather'd at laſt the Courage to ask him, What it was he meant, and for what unknown Crime he appear'd in this concern?——O! 'tis a Crime (*anſwer'd he, with a Voice which ſeem'd interrupted with ſighs*) which ſhould you forgive, I muſt be wretched ſtill.—Fate only can relieve me.—I have myſelf created an impediment to my own hopes indiſſoluble but by death.——— Oh *Atropos!* (*continued he with a wild Air and Motion*) thou ſhalt henceforward be the Goddeſs I adore! Cut from the fatal Twiſt our Vows have made, the thread of that unhappy Woman's Life, or break mine off!—There needed no more than this Exclamation to to make *Plaiſira* know ſhe had a Rival to whom her beloved *Silvander* had a prior Obligation; and the Surprize and Grief ruſhing too ſuddenly upon her Spirits, depriv'd her at once of all her Faculties, and ſhe fell in a Swoon entirely motionleſs at the Feet of the cruel Betrayer of ſuch Truth and unſuſpecting Innocence.——— 'Tis not to be doubted but that he made uſe of his utmoſt Efforts to recover her, which being at laſt perform'd, ſhe burſt into Lamentations, ſuch as would have mov'd any Heart but his to whom they were addreſs'd.— Having thus prepar'd her mind for the reception of the horrid Tale which his inventive Brain had form'd;—I own (*ſaid he*) that I am married; but 'twas before the Sun-ſhine of *Plaiſira*'s Charms taught me there was a heaven in Woman.--The Maid to whom my malignant Stars directed me to offer marriage, hapned, as ſhe has ſince confeſs'd, to have been long poſſeſs'd of a Paſſion for me; for which Reaſon the Propoſition was immediately accepted, and the

Chief

Chief Prieſt of *Hymen* join'd our Hands with the uſual Ceremony.——— Wretch that I am (*continued he in the moſt ſeeming bitterneſs of Anguiſh*) I then was unacquainted with the Power of Love, nor could imagine there was ſuch a Deity in reality.——— A lovely Object had never fail'd to attract my Eyes, and often had I pleas'd myſelf with gazing on a beauteous Face: But, Oh my Charmer! never did I know the Thrillings of Deſire — the melting Longings, the humble diſtant Fearfulneſs of awe-check'd Wiſhes—the eager Hopes—the cauſeleſs Doubts—— the Reſtleſſneſs which Abſence brings — the wild Confuſion of an unexpected meeting—— the unnumber'd nameleſs Symptoms which denote that Paſſion which *Plaiſira* alone has the Power of inſpiring in the Soul of her *Silvander*. As he ſpoke theſe words, he look'd full in the Eyes of the diſturb'd *Plaiſira*; and perceiving ſhe was prevented from replying by the inward Agitations of her tumultuous Thoughts: There is indeed (*reſum'd he, at the ſame time venting a freſh Volly of redoubled Sighs*) ſomething ſo ſhocking, ſo ſurprizing in the ſad Truth I have told you, that I wonder not to ſee each Faculty alarm'd, and all that heavenly Tenderneſs you once profeſs'd for the undone *Silvander* o'erwhelm'd in an indignant Wonder.———But tell me,——tell me, thou divine one! thou moſt lovely, moſt excellent of all that ever was call'd Woman, does not the fatal Hiſtory create in thy ſoft Soul ſome Pity too as well as Anger?—— Will not my eternal Baniſhment ſuffice to appeaſe the Tempeſt my Misfortunes have rais'd, but muſt the remembrance of me be alſo hateful?—— The heart-tortured Maid had by this time recollected herſelf enough to reply in this man-

manner: You know, *Silvander* (*ſaid ſhe*) that you have greatly been to blame; —— you knew the unhappy Tye which render'd it impoſſible for you to be mine: Why then did you with a falſe Pretence deceive me? ——— It had been truly heroick, and worthy of *Silvander*, had you alone ſuſtain'd the Anguiſh of deſpairing Love, without involving me in the ſame Miſery. —— What benefit can it be to you to know I ſuffer with you? —— Oh! (*continued ſhe, burſting into Tears*) I had been bleſs'd, had I ne'er heard your Vows, ne'er liſtned to that too charming Tongue! Now won, now wholly yours, how ſhall I retrieve my Heart? —— Spite of your Guilt, you are *Silvander* ſtill, and muſt be ever dear to poor undone *Plaiſira*. The mournful Accent with which ſhe utter'd theſe words, was yet accompanied with ſo much Sweetneſs, that either really tranſported with it, or feigning to be ſo for the better carrying on his Deſign, he aſſum'd the boldneſs to take her in his Arms; and what between the well-counterfeited Agony he appear'd in for the impoſſibility of making her and himſelf happy in the manner he ſeem'd to wiſh; and what between the as well-acted Raptures of the moſt endearing Love; he wrought ſo far on her ſoftneſs of Diſpoſition, as to oblige her to forgive the Deceit, which he acknowledged an ungovernable Paſſion had compell'd him to uſe toward her; and alſo to confeſs it was not in her power to ſtifle thoſe kind Emotions he had inſpir'd her with, nor to live abſent from him. This laſt Article was all he wanted; and ſince he found his Preſence neceſſary to her Peace, made no ſcruple of entreating ſhe would permit him to continue for ever in it; which being to be done no

other way than by consenting to fly from her Relations, and concealing herself with him in some obscure Retreat; he at last prevail'd on her to consent to it, and the next day was that which was agreed on for her Elopement. ——— The appointed time being arriv'd, by the Assistance of a Maid-Servant, whom by Bribes she secur'd to her Interest, she convey'd her Clothes, and what Moveables she had at her Aunt's, with herself, into a little Lane which led to the great Road, where he impatiently waited her approach, with a Coach and Six: the Horses being good, and the Charioteer paid well for his Speed and Care, they reach'd the City before any who were sent in pursuit of them, had the power of overtaking them. ———Nothing can be more easy, than in a Place so populous as this, for any Persons, who desire it, to conceal themselves. —— They took private Lodgings, and both passing by fictitious Names, liv'd together for some time without suspicion; but when she came to know (as soon she did) how cruelly she had been imposed on, that *Silvander* was not married, and had only feign'd that Story to avoid becoming her Husband, she fell into a mortal Discontent, yet unable to resent it so far as to part from him, it threw her into a Consumption, of which in a short time she died, leaving behind her two beautiful Babes, which with her last Breath she committed to his Care, entreating he would deal with more Generosity by them, than he had done by their unfortunate Mother. —— You will, perhaps, accuse her of the most unpardonable Meanness of Spirit, in continuing with a Man who had so barbarously betray'd her; and who, having been guilty of so great a piece of Deceit, she

might well believe was capable of any thing that was baſe and hpyocritical. But you muſt conſider in her Vindication, that beſides the paſſionate Love ſhe bore *Silvander*, which it was not in the power of the Diſcovery of his Villany to eraſe, ſhe was now loſt to her Reputation, the Eſteem of the World, and her once indulgent Parents Care. She knew, after what ſhe had done, it would be impoſſible to retrieve the two former; and was not ſure that the extremeſt Penitence would entitle her to the latter. —— What therefore could ſhe do? On whom could ſhe depend, either for Comfort, or indeed Subſiſtence? 'Tis therefore to be believ'd, that *Neceſſity* had at leaſt an equal Share with *Choice*, in obliging her to live with him after the knowledge of his Crime. —— The Meekneſs of her Nature, 'tis certain, prevented her from imploring from the omnipotent *Jupiter*, that Revenge which it was impoſſible for her to take by any human means: But juſt *Aſtrea* from high Heaven, compaſſionating her Caſe, and deteſting the inhuman Betrayer of her Innocence, reſolv'd to puniſh him in kind.—— As I one day lay ſporting with the *Graces* on *Olympus'* Top, my Quiver careleſsly thrown by, the Goddeſs ſnatch'd a Dart, and with unerring Force, ſent it to the falſe *Silvander's* Heart. —— That Foe profeſs'd to Marriage, is now compell'd by the reſiſtleſs Shaft, to enter into thoſe Bonds he has hitherto deſpis'd. —— Soon will the wondring World behold him wedded, and to a Lady, who had ſhe been by Nature endued with the pureſt Inclinations, has receiv'd her Education from a Mother, who both by Example and Precept, has made it her buſineſs to corrupt them. ——I need ſay no more, than that ſhe is the

Daughter of *Cesaria*, whose History I yesterday at full recited to you, to make you judge to what a condition the Wretch who shall become her Husband, must be reduc'd. —— Soon will the Injuries and Death of the unfortunate *Plaisira* be reveng'd,—soon will the false *Silvander* become as contemptible to the vicious Part of his Acquaintance, as he has long been detestable to the good. ——Oh! may each base Prophaner of my Name meet the same Fate, and every Ruiner of Virgin-Honour, warn'd by his Punishment, dread the Approaches of their own, and timely repair the Wrongs they have been guilty of.

The Deity had no sooner concluded the History of *Silvander* and *Plaisira*, than he beheld a great number of Chariots and Chairs, crowding all together into the Court; the sight of which gave him an Opportunity of renewing his Discourse in this or the like manner.

Lo there! *said he*, amidst that throng of mingled *Beaus* and *Belles*, remark the Count *Rufilius*; — his Equipage is infinitely more glaring than any of the others — and has besides something particular from the rest of the World in the Air of his own Dress and Manner of Deportment. ——— He looks, you see, as tho' he scorn'd Mankind, and was above receiving an Obligation even from the Gods themselves; yet will he fawn and cringe to the most inferior Mortal, even for the sake of a Collation, or any favour which will save him the expence of a single Denier.—— He contracts Debts with as many as will give him Credit, and has more undone Tradesmen at his *Levee*, than the first Minister of State has of Petitioning Courtiers: and, indeed, dispatches them much after

after the same fashion, a Bow, a Smile, and verbal Promise of what he means never to perform, keeps Expectation warm, and sends the poor deluded Wretches home well satisfy'd. — Among the rest, the Wife of a certain Laceman was sent by her Husband to sollicite the Payment of a Debt which had been long due, and was very considerable.——The Count, who, tho' far from any amorous Inclinations, knows how to feign them as well as any Man living, and is besides pretty well acquainted with Nature, discover'd something in the Eyes of this pretty Citizen, which made him imagine an Offer of that kind would not be disagreeable.— Seeing her therefore one Morning attending in the Hall, he dismiss'd the rest of his Creditors as soon as possible, and order'd his Gentleman to bid her stay, assuring her she shou'd have a satisfactory answer before she went away.—— The poor Woman over-joy'd, and certain in her Mind of carrying home the Sum, waited with the utmost pleasure till the Room was entirely free; then seeing my Lord approach, went towards him with an humble Court'sy, and was about to return him thanks for the particular Favour he shew'd to her, when he prevented her from speaking, by telling her, That he had business with her of a different nature than she imagin'd—Then began to praise her pretty Neck and Breast, saying, 'Twas pity so fine a Creature as she shou'd be the Wife of a little Tradesman.——*Nature*, (*said he*) when she form'd a Face and Shape so lovely, certainly design'd them to grace the Arms of a Man of Quality, not be bury'd in obscurity behind a Counter.— How hapned it (*continued he*) that you could be so blind to your own Worth, as to throw away

ſuch Charms? —— I dare ſwear you had it in your power to have ſhone in a Coach and Six. Vanity, the reigning Foible of that Sex, which even the ſimpleſt and moſt inferior of them have ſome ſhare of, made her be tranſported at theſe fine Compliments from ſo great a Man; and not in the leaſt doubting but that ſhe merited them all —— Alas, my Lord! (*anſwer'd ſhe*) putting her Hand before her Face, I was an innocent Girl when my Husband married me, and had always liv'd in the Country, where you know, my Lord, they have no notion of what is elegant.—— I aſſure your Lordſhip, were it to do again, I ſhould chuſe better for myſelf. 'Tis not yet too late (*reſum'd he, ready to laugh out at the readineſs he found in her to fall into the Snare*) to make your fortune.—— 'Tis plain you were betray'd into this Match by your Ignorance of your own Merit, — you may retrieve all yet. — I will put you in a way to do it, if you will be advis'd.———O my good Lord! (*cry'd ſhe*) you do me too much Honour,—a poor Woman ſuch as I, is altogether unable to return ſuch Goodneſs. A Perſon of much leſs ſubtilty than *Ruſilius* might eaſily have perceiv'd his Work was done; there was ſo much awkward Extaſy in her Behaviour at the Condeſcenſions he had made her, that he preſently ſaw there would be no great occaſion for farther Courtſhip: Therefore after having told her two or three times over, that ſhe was the fineſt Woman he ever ſaw in his whole Life, and that he was fallen violently in love with her, he ask'd her to go up ſtairs with him to ſee his Houſe. She thought it would have been an Argument of Ill-breeding to refuſe any favour offer'd her by a Perſon of his Rank, and gave him her Hand with-

without any ſcruple or heſitation.—— He led her thro' many ſtately Rooms, where her Eyes, unuſed to Grandeur, were almoſt dazzled with the Magnificence of the Furniture; but that which ſeem'd moſt glorious to her, was a rich embroider'd Bed, where on a ground of blue Velvet were little ſilver *Cupids* repreſented, each arm'd with golden Arrows aim'd at Hearts, which every where ſeem'd careleſsly ſtrew'd up and down; — on the Quilt was figured a naked *Venus*, ſo curious and lively, that it appear'd rather to be the Workmanſhip of the Pencil than the Needle, and at a very ſmall diſtance more like that of Nature, than of either of theſe Arts. —A little Scarf ſhading thoſe parts which Decency forbids to be expos'd, render'd it no breach of Modeſty for our pretty Citizen to gaze upon it, and admire the prodigious Reſemblance which the skilful Mixture of the Colours had to Life.——It is indeed a fine piece of Work, (*ſaid Rufilius*) and ſince I have taken notice of your Charms, has given me much Pleaſure in beholding; I never look on it without flattering my Imagination that I have you before me.——— There is (*continued he, caſting his Eyes ſometimes on the Quilt, and ſometimes on the Woman he was ſpeaking to*) ſo vaſt a Likeneſs between you and this Portraiture, that had you ever been in the Country where it was made, I ſhould believe the Embroiderer had you in her Mind, — only with this difference, that Art cannot come up to Nature ſo far as to preſent us with any more than one Air of Beauty at a time.—— Thoſe varied Motions of the Features, thoſe dimpling Smiles and undeſcribable Graces which play about your Mouth and Eyes, whenever you but ſpeak or move

your Head, in nothing but the living Object can appear. In this manner did he run on for a good while, till all her Senſes became quite drunk and giddy with the intoxicating Flattery. —— Having thus wrought her to his purpoſe, he told her ſhe muſt give him leave to try a nearer Compare between her and her beautiful Reſemblance; and throwing her on the Bed cloſe by it, with but little Reſiſtance, compleated the Deſign to which all theſe fine Words had been the Preparation. —— His Quality, and the Grandeur of every thing about him, gave Charms to all his Actions in this weak Woman's Fancy, which they had not in themſelves. —— She was rais'd to the utmoſt pitch of Felicity, in having it in her power to pleaſe ſo great a Man; ſhe thought of her Husband and Family at home but with contempt, and could not forbear telling the Count, that ſhe ſhould never endure to lie in the Arms of that mean Animal again, much leſs to ſit behind a Counter, and practiſe that odious Cant which Shop-keepers are obliged to make uſe of to pleaſe their Cuſtomers. ——This was the very Point which all along he aim'd at much more than the Gratification of any amorous Inclinations; and claſping her in his Arms with the greateſt ſhew of Tenderneſs,—You never ſhall go from me, (*anſwer'd he*) I cannot conſent to ſhare a Treaſure ſuch as you, with a Creature of your Husband's Stamp: But becauſe (*ſaid he, after a little pauſe*) to take you into my Houſe immediately would make too great a noiſe in the World, and poſſibly ſome People might put it into his Head to have recourſe to Law againſt us both, you ſhall remain in private Lodgings, which I will provide for you, till the Storm is blown over.——

You

You ſhall alſo give me that Receipt which he ſent by you for the payment of the Sum I owe him, that when he comes (as doubtleſs he will, after miſſing you) to enquire for you, I may tell him I have diſcharg'd the Debt, and know nothing more of you,—there will be a treble Advantage (*added this Stain of the Nobility*) in this proceeding: Firſt, that having no farther demands on me, he will have no excuſe for coming to my Houſe, and making any Diſcoveries to your prejudice. Secondly, that it will make him imagine you are retir'd with ſome favourite Gallant, and by engaging his Search for you in places where you are not, keep him from a thought of looking for you where you are. And, thirdly, the Money will be of ſervice to you to buy you ſome Jewels and other Ornaments which your Beauty merits, and which indeed I cannot at this time purchaſe any other way. He cou'd not have wiſh'd her to ſwallow this Bait more eagerly than ſhe did: She readily gave him up her Husband's Acquittance for the Debt, and thought his Propoſition the moſt neceſſary and obliging that could be. ——— The Count over-joy'd that he had ſav'd himſelf ſo much Money, ſent his Gentleman, (who was his Confidant in every thing) to put her into a private Lodging; and ſhe being thus diſpatch'd, when the Huſband came, as, ſurpriz'd at his Wife's long ſtay, he did ſoon after, he told him, that he was amaz'd he ſhou'd come there to enquire for her, that he had paid her the Money according to his deſire, and had receiv'd his diſcharge for it; and with a haughty Air, bid him trouble him no more with any impertinent Demands.——— The poor Man, at his wits end, ran to every

place

place he could think of in ſearch of her; but, alas! ſhe was too carefully conceal'd: and the Grief he took at having been thus abuſed by a Woman in whom he had put ſo much Confidence, together with the Loſs of the Money, which was indeed a conſiderable Sum, not being leſs than 2000 Crowns, render'd him incapable of following his Buſineſs; and he broke in a ſhort time, and to avoid the Proſecution of ſome mercileſs Creditors, was obliged to leave the Iſland, and in ſome other Country ſeek that Subſiſtence which was deny'd him here. *Ruſilius*, who from time to time had intelligence of what paſs'd in the Houſe of this unhappy Man, being inform'd that he was gone, had nothing now to apprehend; and inſtead of taking home the deluded Wife, or paying the Money to her, as he had promiſed, told her, that ſhe muſt think of providing for herſelf, for that the Affair being blown, it was not conſiſtent with his Character to entertain any Woman in the manner he had at firſt deſign'd; and much leſs was it in his power to ſupport her in Lodgings: For whatever Opinion the World might have of his Eſtate, it had been ſo much imbezzled by his Expences, that he muſt be obliged to live more frugal for the future, and by that means endeavour to retrieve both his Reputation and Circumſtances.

Judge, thou moſt diſcerning of Mortals! (*ſaid the Deity*) what this unhappy Wretch endur'd at a declaration ſo fatal to her Hopes, and all thoſe golden Expectations his Inſinuations and her own Vanity had flatter'd her with.—At firſt, ſhe could not imagine he had made this Speech for any other purpoſe than to try her Temper; and when he again confirm'd what he

he had ſaid, ſcarce could ſhe believe her Ears, and thought it nearer to a poſſibility that her own Senſes ſhould deceive her, than that he had done ſo.—— But being at laſt too cruelly convinced, that all her Proſpect of Happineſs had been but fictitious, and that her Misfortune was really as irremediable, ſhe became all Fury, threatned to expoſe him, and to relate the whole Story even in the Theatres and Market-Places of the Iſland. But he only laughing at her Rage, and telling her, that being a Peer, he had always the means of puniſhing thoſe who revil'd him, whether with reaſon or not, ſhe began indeed to conſider, that ſhe ſhould but ſubject herſelf to publick Scorn, and that the Pity ſhe ſhould meet, would but meanly compenſate for the Infamy; and growing more calm, intreated he would let her have ſome part of the Money of which he had defrauded her, aſſuring him ſhe would go with it into ſome remote place, and ſet up ſome little Buſineſs, which induſtriouſly follow'd, would prevent her from having the occaſion of troubling him again. But neither her Indignation nor Perſuaſions were effectual to obtain from him the ſmalleſt pittance to ſupport her in the Calamities to which ſhe was falling. —— And finding her grow importunate, he order'd ſhe ſhould be thruſt out of the Houſe where ſhe had lodg'd: The People being wholly at his devotion, perform'd the cruel Injunction; and never Creature endured Hardſhips more ſevere than did this poor undone Woman. ——— Shame kept her from ſolliciting Relief from her own Relations, and Guilt and Remorſe from thoſe of her unfortunate Husband.——— In the moſt miſerable Condition did ſhe wander, till almoſt ready

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to periſh for Food, ſhe gladly accepted of a mean Service, where that Vanity which had been her Ruin, was mortify'd by hard Labour, coarſe Fare, and rough Uſage. — Her Conſtitution not being of the ſtrongeſt, and much weakned by the inward Griefs ſhe endured, ſhe fell into a violent Fit of Sickneſs, was remov'd from her Maſter's Houſe into a common Hoſpital, where in a few days ſhe died. ——— *Rufilius* was not inſenſible of great part of her Sufferings, yet he never ſent her the leaſt ſupport, nor any Perſon to conſole or adviſe her, which he might have done without any prejudice to his Purſe or Reputation; but rather ſatisfy'd than the contrary, with the Miſeries he was told ſhe labour'd under, becauſe he hoped they would ſoon ſend her from the World; he feared not the Puniſhments which ſooner or later are always inflicted on Ingratitude, and in his Heart defies the Thunder of the ſupreme *Jupiter*, or the eternal Scourge of dire avenging *Nemeſis*.

See alſo that old and ſeemingly grave Perſon, who alighted from his Chariot at the ſame time that *Rufilius* did from his, and continues ſtill walking with him in yonder Piazza before the Hall.———The World contains not a greater Hypocrite. Others may diſſemble ſome Vertues which they have not, and conceal Vices which they have: But he in every thing is the reverſe of what he ſeems; and ſo skilful is he in the Art of feigning, that even thoſe who ſuffer by his Deceits, can ſcarce be ſenſible that it is to him they are indebted for their Misfortunes. Three Houſes where all ſorts of Gaming is allow'd, are kept by Creatures of his, who for a ſmall Salary from him, take the odium of the Affair on themſelves; while he

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privately riots in the Profit.—— Not ſuppos'd to be any otherwiſe concern'd than as a Cuſtomer, he has the Opportunity, unſuſpected, to draw in a great number of young Heirs to play at one or other of them; and pretending to loſe great Sums himſelf, and being equally a Sufferer, prevents them from complaining of their ill Fate, or borrowing any Money from him.——Nor is it only in this Iſland he practiſes his Deceits; a neighbouring Republick, tho' accounted the moſt avaricious and cunning People on Earth, have been outwitted by this *Machiavel*; and in the *Metropolis* of the great and famous Kingdom of *Utopia*, countleſs are the various Stratagems his fertile Brain has furniſh'd him with to drain the Wealth of the Inhabitants. —— *Pecunia* being the only Goddeſs he in reality adores, he ſpares no pains to court her Favour; and tho' in the Temples of the other Deities, no Man appears more devout, nor offers up his Prayers with greater ſeeming fervency, yet in his Soul he ſcorns their Influence, and wants but an Opportunity to ſnatch their golden Images from off the Pedeſtals on which they ſtand, and coin them into Money. —— But ſo much for his Avarice, which has not been the Occaſion of more Ruin among thoſe of his own Sex, than another equally deteſtable Vice has been to the ſofter Specie, tho' now arriv'd at an Age in which Deſire in moſt Men ebbs, and exhauſted Nature no longer feeds the expiring Lamp of Paſſion; yet do the Fires of Luſt ſtill unextinguiſh'd glow within his Boſom, and thrill his wither'd Veins with eager Longings: yet Covetouſneſs, the darling Faculty of his ſordid Soul, forbidding him to purchaſe Love, and juſtly conſcious of his own Defects, render'd hope-

hopeleſs of obtaining any Favours from the Fair, as merely the Reward of Aſſiduity, he has recourſe to means the moſt abhorr'd and cruel, to ſatiate his Wiſhes. —— This Age producing Wretches capable of Villanies unknown, unpractiſed in the former ones, abounds with numbers of Women, who having paſs'd their Youth in Lewdneſs and Debauchery, make it their buſineſs in declining Years to ſeduce others to the ſhameful Trade by which themſelves were firſt undone, and then dragg'd on a wicked and a miſerable Life.—— For this purpoſe they haunt the common Inns, where every day young Country-Maids are brought to ſeek for Services in this populous City. —— Under a ſhew of Kindneſs, theſe Monſters eaſily perſuade the unexperienc'd Girls home with them, where for a trifling Sum, they are expos'd and ſacrificed to the firſt Purchaſer of their Youth and Freſhneſs. —— With ſuch as theſe is that old Leacher in league; and becauſe he grudges the ſmalleſt Expence even to obtain the Pleaſure he moſt longs for, he never hears of one of theſe unhappy Victims of Debauchery, but he magnifies her Perfections to ſome one or other of his Acquaintance who are leſs frugal, and by drawing him in for a large Sum, makes a Bargain with the Seller to have his own Satisfaction *gratis*. —— 'Tis on this very Buſineſs he is now talking with *Ruſticus*; but for this once, his Penetration has fail'd him.——Strangely has he miſtaken his Man,—the Count delights more to receive than give, nor imagines all the Favours which Womankind can beſtow, ſufficient to compenſate for the Expence of even a Treat, or the Preſent of a Ring or Snuff-Box.——The other is, however, labouring to work him to his

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Will, and is not without hope to meet the ſame ſucceſs here, as he has lately had with that gay fluttering Fop who juſt now you ſaw paſs by him with an affected Bow, and is this moment enter'd the Palace of *Berteldus*.

He is call'd the Marquiſs *Del Sercio*, he had a plentiful Eſtate left him by his Father, but has waſted the greateſt part of it in his Pleaſures, and has now ſcarce any thing to depend on but a Poſt at Court; yet notwithſtanding he ſtill ſupports his fine Equipage, and, tho' to the Ruin of a great number of believing Tradeſmen, will maintain the Character of a Beau; a Denomination which is infinitely more valuable to him than his Title, or the Reputation of good Senſe or Honour.— Never was there a greater Bubble to Gameſters, Sharpers, and common *Curtezans* than he. ——— That old Wretch whom laſt I mention'd, even ſince the Ruin of his Fortune, cheated him out of a very conſiderable Sum which he had taken up on Intereſt, partly by the Muſick of the Dice-Box, and partly by the Charms of a pair of black ſparkling Eyes in the Head of a Damſel whom he had debauch'd at one of thoſe Nurſeries of Sin, and was now, as well as her Governante, entirely at his devotion.——— He is now endeavouring to repair his ruin'd Fortune by Marriage with a young Lady of a very great Fortune; but tho' ſhe has it in her own diſpoſal, and is, as well as many others, fond of Noiſe and Shew, which he perpetually entertains her with, is too much the Favourite of *Minerva*, to conſent to throw herſelf away on a Perſon who has it ſo little in his power to give her any ſolid Happineſs——— She receives his Addreſſes indeed, accepts his Preſents, but is thereunto prompted only by

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the Gaiety of her Humour, and natural Inclination to every thing which may afford her Diverſion, and not by any eſteem or liking either to the Perſon or Qualifications of the Marquiſs. Yet buoy'd by a great Opinion of his own Deſert, he looks on the Marriage as good as concluded on, and by aſſuring his Creditors that it is ſo, a while preſerves them from Deſpair, and himſelf from their Perſecutions.

But ſee! (*continued the Deity, pointing to a young and beautiful Lady, who was that inſtant ſtepping out of her Chair*) among the Viſitors of *Berteldus*, the lovely *Miſintha*! Mark what a becoming Bluſh o'erſpreads her Face as ſhe receives the Homage of the admiring Crowd! —— What radiant Glances dart from her charming Eyes! —What a commanding, yet perſuaſive Air dwells in her every Motion! —— What a Harmony of Features! —— What an Elegance of Shape is there! —— How truly perfect is the whole inchanting Frame! —— Nor is the Sweetneſs of her Soul inferior to the Temple in which it is enſhrin'd.——No irregular or impure Deſires ſtain her white Thoughts. —— No Hypocriſy, Ill-nature, or Deceit, deform or ruffle the ſoft Compoſure of her gentle Mind.——Chaſtity and Tenderneſs are in her ſo blended, they ſeem one Vertue, and render her equally valuable to the Deities of both. Not to me is ſhe more dear, tho' the ſublimeſt Votary my Altars boaſt, than ſhe is to the Virgin-Goddeſs, cold *Cytherea*; yet has ſhe receiv'd the Impreſſion of my Dart, and all her Fancy flames with Love's tranſporting Blaze. —— A beautiful Example, that Wiſhes, ſuch as I inſpire, are ſo far from debaſing the Mind, that they enliven it, and preſent it with Ideas more elevated, more refin'd,

ſin'd, than otherwiſe it would be poſſeſs'd of, as a famous Poet, the Native of an Iſland on the other ſide the Globe, moſt juſtly ſays:

Love kindles all the Soul with Honour's Fire,
To make the Lover worthy his Deſire.

Nothing, indeed, is more evident than that when a Perſon is truly in love, he takes all imaginable Care to do what he thinks may entitle him to the Affections of the darling Object.—He aſſumes Vertues to which before his Practice was a ſtranger, and throws off his Vices, which he looks on as ſo many Obſtructions in his way to the bleſſing of her Favour.——He endeavours to appear polite, humane, and affable: nor does he only affect to be ſo; that Tenderneſs which my Impreſſion leaves, even in thoſe Hearts which are by Nature moſt rugged, will, whether he will or not, compel him to Acts of Goodneſs and Compaſſion; and that Deſire which all Men have of being happy, in whatſoever they happen to place the ultimate of their Felicity, oblige them to a propenſity of Behaving in a manner to deſerve it.

But to return to *Miſintha*: Wou'd you believe a Woman endow'd by Nature with all manner of perſonal Perfections, a Mind enrich'd with every Grace, born with a Propenſity to Good, and made perfect by Education;—— a Woman! whom one wou'd think it ſcarce poſſible to ſee without loving, and much leſs ſo, to know without adoring; wou'd you believe, I ſay, that this excelling Creature ſhou'd, by the ſtupidity of an ingrateful Man, have cauſe to wail her want of power to pleaſe!——Wou'd you imagine ſhe ſhou'd ſigh in vain?—She'd beſtow the ineſtimable Treaſure of her

Virgin-Heart on one who values not the Bleſſing? ——Yet ſo it is, —— a Dart of mine flew, uncommiſſion'd from my unwary Hand, and fix'd itſelf in her reſiſtleſs Breaſt. —— With an Ardor not to be expreſs'd, ſhe loves *Seraphion*, the Brother of *Bertoldus*; but far unlike him in Humour and in Principles: —— not that he is more Vertuous, but his Vices run in a different Channel. —— Avarice is the darling Paſſion of his ſordid Soul, and *Pecunia* ſo ſtrictly guards each Avenue of her Votary's Boſom, that 'tis but vain for me to hope ever to do any thing in favour of *Miſintha*.—— "Tis true, he likes the lovely Maid, acknowledges her Worth, and his moſt ſecret Thoughts prefer her to all her Sex beſide: but then there are others whoſe Fortune is ſuperior, and Wealth to him is Beauty, Virtue, Wit, and in fine, the Sum of all that's excellent. —— Being, at her firſt Acquaintance with him, repreſented to him by one who knew not perfectly her Affairs, as a Perſon poſſeſs'd of twice the Thouſands which in reality ſhe enjoys, he made his Addreſſes to her in the moſt ſtrenuous manner; but ſhe who ſcorns Deceit, and knew that his belief had been impos'd on, ſoon inform'd him of the Truth of her Circumſtances: on which he moſt unworthily broke off the intended Match, and abandon'd what, had he a Mind capable of judging rightly, he might have thought himſelf bleſs'd in obtaining, had he been Maſter of a Prince's Revenue. *Miſintha* had too much penetration not to diſcern immediately the Cauſe of her Misfortune; but tho' ſhe deſpis'd a Temper ſo ungenerous, ſhe cannot forbear regarding his Perſon with the ſame Tenderneſs which the firſt ſight of him at firſt inſpir'd: But the manner in which ſhe reſents

ſents the Treatment ſhe has met, is ſo different from what another Woman wou'd do in the like Circumſtance, that I cannot omit relating it, and was indeed the prime Motive which induced me to mention her Story — She rails not, ſhe reviles not, neither does ſhe complain, nor make any Confidants of the Sufferings ſhe ſuſtains:—All her Behaviour is calm as Indifference itſelf; and tho' it is impoſſible for her to be happy without him, yet ſhe ſeems not to be the contrary.——— Never Woman better conceal'd Deſpair, nor bore being forſaken with ſo good a grace. ——— Her Cloſet, and her Pillow are the only Witneſſes of her Laments; and when ſhe has in private diſcharg'd that ſtock of Tears which the Source of her exhauſtleſs Grief ſupplies, in publick ſhe appears all eaſy and ſerene. —To prevent all ſuſpicion that any ſecret Indignation is harboured in her Mind, ſhe continues to viſit the Siſters of the ungrateful *Seraphion*, with the ſame freedom as before ſhe was either courted or abandon'd by their Brother; and at one of their requeſts, being told he was dangerouſly ill, is now come to pay that Compliment to *Bertoldus*.———Wonderful Proof of Moderation in a Sex who for the moſt part are pretty extravagant in their Paſſions, and as often imagine, that giving a looſe to them, is rather an Argument of the greatneſs of their Spirit, than the contrary; whereas in reality nothing ſo much teſtifies a meanneſs of Soul, as an endeavour to retaliate an Injury of the Kind ſhe has ſuſtain'd. —Some miſtaken Judges there are indeed, who cry out againſt thoſe who ſit down tamely, as they call it; with an Affront; but the more diſcerning part of the World, will acknowledge that true Fortitude and Magnani-

mity of Soul, conſiſts more in enduring, than in revenging an Inſult, of whatſoever nature.— Beſides, all things that are juſt, are not prudent; tho' a Man, who, like *Seraphion*, deſerves the ſevereſt Puniſhment which the Wit of Woman can invent, yet ſhe who inflicts it is ſure to make herſelf the Talk of the whole Town; and how far that agrees with that Modeſty which ought to be the Characteriſtick of that Sex, I leave you to determine. There has lately hapned an Inſtance of this kind which many applaud, but more, and thoſe too of the wiſer ſort, condemn: The oddneſs of it may make it worthy of remark, for which Reaſon I will give you the Recital at full.

In a City ſituated ſome twenty Leagues diſtant from this in which we are, is the Reſidence of a Gentleman call'd *Corruvanus*, who ſeem'd to be ſo well pleas'd with the matrimonial State, that he had no ſooner buried one Wife, than he began to caſt his Eyes about in ſearch of another; yet ſo difficult was he in his Choice, that tho' he was introduced to make his Addreſſes to ſeveral Ladies of Beauty and Worth, yet when he found he had made any Progreſs in their Affections, he ſtill found ſome fault or other, either with the Perſon, Character, or Circumſtance, which gave him a Pretence to break off.— But ſhe whom he had proceeded with the fartheſt, was nam'd *Gregoria*, a young Woman of an agreeable Perſon, a ready Wit, an unſullied Reputation, and good Fortune.— The matter went ſo far with her, as to have every thing agreed on for the Match, and a Day appointed for the Celebration of it; he ſeem'd the moſt happy Man in the World when firſt he gain'd her Acceptance of the propoſitions he had

had made, but his Contentment was of a ſhort continuance; the natural Inconſtancy of his Temper beginning to work, prompted him to imagine there might be a poſſibility of obtaining a Woman yet more deſerving than ſhe he had made choice of, at leaſt he could not be eaſy without making that Effort: And becauſe he had already ſollicited a great number in that place, and alſo that the Affair between him and *Gregoria* was publickly known, he entertain'd an Inclination to try his Fortune in this populous Metropolis. ——— The very day, therefore, preceding that which was deſign'd for his Marriage with that Lady, he made her a Viſit, and putting on an Air of the utmoſt Concern, told her he had receiv'd news of an Affair of the laſt Importance, which oblig'd his coming to Town with all expedition,—that he cou'd not, without doing himſelf an inexpreſſible Prejudice, defer his Journey any longer than the next Day, and intreated her therefore, not to take it ill, that he put off the Celebration of their Nuptials till his return, which he aſſur'd her ſhou'd be in a very ſhort time. As much ſhock'd as *Gregoria* was at this Requeſt, ſhe had Preſence enough of Mind to enable her to diſſemble it; and only telling him, that all things muſt give way to Neceſſity, and that ſhe had not the leaſt ſuſpicion any other Motive could induce him to part from her juſt at the time when ſhe expected to have been join'd to him for ever, ſuffer'd him to take leave without any viſible ſign of Diſſatisfaction or Ill-Hnmour. ——— He was no ſooner out of her Houſe, than beginning to reflect ſeriouſly on the Adventure, her Penenration ſerv'd her to diſcover the Truth. —— She doubted not but the ſame reaſon which had

occaſion'd his having quitted others for her, had now prevail'd on him, to treat her in the ſame faſhion; but unwilling to endure it, as the reſt had done, 'Tis certain (*ſaid ſhe to herſelf*) that he is inſenſible of that Paſſion which is worthy of the Name of Love; and having by Experience ſome reaſon to believe our Sex is eaſily impos'd on, is gone in queſt of one whoſe Fortune is ſuperior to mine, which if he ſucceeds in, he will marry, and leave me to make up the number of thoſe Conqueſts he has triumph'd over and forſaken: But if the good Opinion he has of himſelf ſhould happen to deceive him, and he find none to accept his Addreſs, then will he return to me. ——— Either way I am deſign'd his Property. ——— But he ſhall find all Women are not of that tame enduring Nature. ——— I will at leaſt diſcover the baſe Artifices by which he means to impoſe on my belief; and, if there be a poſſibility, at once revenge the Wrong done to myſelf and Sex. She had no ſooner form'd this Reſolution, than ſhe prepar'd to put it in execution, and without communicating her Intentions to any one, went privately and took a place in the Stage-Coach, which going out early the next Morning, ſhe reach'd this City almoſt as ſoon as he. ——— She went directly to the Houſe of an Acquaintance ſhe formerly had made here, and by his help in a little time inform'd herſelf where *Corruvanus* had taken up his Lodging. ——— Spies being immediately employ'd, ſhe was alſo aſcertain'd that it was no other Buſineſs than that ſhe imagin'd, which had brought him here. ——— Bending therefore her whole ſtudy on Revenge, ſhe conſulted with her Landlord by what means ſhe ſhould bring it about. ——— *Trianco* (*ſo he was call'd*)

was

was one of the moſt ſubtile Men living, and hey together hatch'd a Plot, the Succeſs of which anſwer'd their End, and repaid in Kind thoſe Affronts which the Avarice and Mutability of *Corruvanus*'s Temper had thrown on ſo many Women. The Contrivance was begun and carried on in this manner.

A young Woman, who had formerly been a Servant in a Family where *Trianeo* was acquainted, and had behav'd herſelf on ſome occaſions with Artifice enough to make him look on her as a proper Perſon to carry on this Deſign, was immediately let into the Secret of their Deſign, which ſhe indeed found too much advantage in to betray: It was to dreſs her up and adorn her in a manner which might make her paſs for a great Fortune.—— She had ſeen a good deal of the World, and knew how to carry herſelf in a faſhion which might make her be taken for what ſhe ſeem'd, and when equip'd, look'd and talk'd ſo, as to aſſure *Gregoria* ſhe was the fitteſt Perſon in the World for ſuch an Undertaking. Fine Lodgings near the place where *Corruvanus* liv'd, were immediately hired for her, and four Negro Servants in *Bantomite* Habits, by the Care of *Trianeo*, provided to attend her.—— She was no ſooner ſettled, than ſhe began to appear in all publick Places, and never fail'd her Devotions twice every Day in the Temple of *Jupiter*. The news of this great Fortune was preſently ſpread abroad, and Crowds of indigent Beaus were perpetually following her: *Corruvanus* heard much of her, and flatter'd himſelf with a ſecret Hope, that if he could be introduced to her Acquaintance, he might find as favourable a Reception from her as he had done from ſo many others. This Inclination induced

him to liſten carefully to all Diſcourſes of her; and one day being in a publick Ordinary where Gentlemen, tho' before perfect Strangers to each other, converſe freely together, he heard *Trianes* (who, knowing he frequented that Houſe, had placed himſelf there on purpoſe) talk of her in a manner which diſcover'd he had an Intimacy with her, and a perfect Knowledge of all her Affairs. He therefore made it his buſineſs to ſingle him out, and engaging him in a particular manner, entreated to be inform'd concerning the Circumſtances of this Lady. This was all that *Trianes* wanted. He told him, She was born in the *Indies*, the only Child of one of the richeſt Men in that Place; and that by the Death of her Father, ſhe was now in poſſeſſion of above a Hundred Thouſand Crowns; but that being left in the Care of a Guardian, 'twas believ'd ſhe was ſhortly to be married to his Son, and that the thing was ſo entirely agreed upon, that it only wanted the Return of the young Gentleman, who was gone on ſome Buſineſs into the Country, to compleat it. *Corruvanus* was extremely troubled at the latter part of this Account, but frequent practice informing him how to proceed in ſuch Caſes, and too many Succeſſes encouraging his Endeavours, he reſolv'd not to be deterr'd by any Difficulties. —— The Affair however requiring expedition, he thus began to puſh his Fortune: Knowing ſhe frequented the Temple of *Jupiter*, he went there alſo, and diſtinguiſhing himſelf at firſt only by diſtant Bows and Cringes, at laſt he ventur'd to draw nearer, and lead her to her Chair; which offer being accepted with a becoming Baſhfulneſs, the next Opportunity he had of doing ſo, he begg'd

to

to be admitted to viſit her, ſaying he had many Friends in the Country from whence ſhe came, whom he would be glad to hear ſome news of. She being before inſtructed how to behave in every thing, on his eagerly preſſing it, gave him a ſeemingly reluctant Leave; which having obtain'd, he delay'd no longer than that Evening, putting himſelf in poſſeſſion of the Favour he had requeſted. —— The counterfeit Heireſs receiv'd him with a modeſt Chearfulneſs, every thing ſhe ſaid and did being accompanied with the greateſt Good-Manners, tho' moſt ſtrict Reſerve, and nothing appeared in her Behaviour, but what ſerv'd to convince him, that all he had been told concerning her was Truth.——Being naturally bold, and believing that nothing cou'd be ſo dangerous to him as a delay, he entertain'd her even at this firſt Viſit with a Declaration of the moſt fervent Paſſion that ever was; at which ſhe pretended an infinite deal of Surprize, but managed herſelf ſo as to make him think what he had ſaid was not diſpleaſing to her, and that ſhe but feign'd an Indifference of what he in reality but affected to feel for her ſake.— With ten thouſand Entreaties and well-acted Agonies, ſhe was at laſt brought to conſent that he ſhould continue to ſee her, on condition that he ſhould no more addreſs her in the manner he had done that day, and if he had a ſincere Paſſion for her, to make uſe of his utmoſt Efforts to ſtifle it. ——— But this Charge was given with ſo faint a Voice, and with Words which ſeem'd ſo forc'd and ſo little of a piece with the Sentiments of her Heart, that he was far from deſpairing of the Succeſs he aim'd at. She, on the other hand, was rejoiced to find he had ſo readily ſwallow'd the

Bait

Bait laid for him; and the Moment he had left her, ſent to acquaint *Gregoria* and *Tianeo* with what had happned, and deſire their Advice how to proceed for the future. They were extremely pleas'd, as they had good reaſon, with her Management; and improving her natural Talent of Diſſimulation by what Inſtructions they could, left it afterwards to herſelf to carry on the Affair. She was no ſooner riſen the next Day, than ſhe receiv'd a Billet from *Corruvanus*, wherein he complain'd of her Severity in forbidding him to utter what it was impoſſible to look on her without feeling; and proteſting, that it was not even in the power of Fate itſelf to prolong his Life, if debarr'd the Privilege of teſtifying his Paſſion; — begg'd that ſhe wou'd not abſolutely drive him to Deſpair, but permit him to avow himſelf her Slave, till ſome happy Opportunity ſhould arrive to prove him not unworthy of being ſo. —— And all theſe Adjurations were accompanied with ſo many extravagant Praiſes of her Beauty, that the cunning Creature could ſcarce refrain from laughing at the reading. Being in the concluſion very much preſs'd for an Anſwer, ſhe ſent him word by the Servant who brought it, that not being at leiſure to write, and beſides thinking it improper to make that Condeſcenſion to a Stranger, he muſt wait the knowledge of her Thoughts of what he had writ in the Evening, at which time ſhe had permitted him to come to her Lodgings. Tho' this Reply did not pleaſe *Corruvanus* ſo much as a Letter would have done, yet did he live in hopes that he had made an Impreſſion on her, which would in a little time remove all the Scruples which Intereſt or former Obligations might have rais'd againſt him.

him.—— The Hour in which ſhe had permitted him to attend her being arriv'd, he went determin'd to leave nothing unſaid which he thought might contribute to influence her in his favour. ——Never were Parts better acted on both ſides; whoever had been a Witneſs of their Converſation, would have believ'd him to have been the moſt longing, deſperate, dying Lover in the World, and ſhe to have been a Woman truly touch'd with my unerring Dart, yet ſtriving to conceal it. —— With all the Reſerve imaginable did ſhe reply to every thing he ſaid; but then that Reſerve appear'd to have ſo much of Conſtraint in it, and with ſuch painful Strugglings did ſhe ſeem to ſuppreſs the riſing Sighs, that to have thought her not enamour'd to a very great degree, there was a neceſſity one ſhould ſee into her Heart. A hundred times in the ſhort ſpace he was with her, did ſhe half pronounce the Sentence of his eternal Baniſhment, and as often did her Words ſeem to be ſtop'd by ſome ſecret Agitation. —— See me no more, (*cry'd ſhe*) and then, as repenting that Decree—but as a Friend! would ſhe haſtily rejoin with the ſame breath, as if ſhe fear'd he would take her at her word: in fine, a Man of much more penetration, and leſs opinionated of his own Merit than was *Corruvanus*, might have been deceiv'd and blinded by ſuch Artifices as ſhe made uſe of: How then could he refrain being lifted to the higheſt pitch of Extaſy at her imagin'd Kindneſs? —— He doubted not but in a few days he ſhould be maſter of thoſe immenſe Sums which he believ'd in her poſſeſſion, and was framing in his Mind a thouſand gay inchanting Schemes of future Grandeur. Having gain'd ſo much upon her, he left her

no

no time for Conſideration, but preſſing her on that which he took to be the weak ſide of her, the Tenderneſs he believ'd ſhe had for him, ſwore more Oaths than there were Angels to witneſs 'em, that he wou'd not live an Hour, if ſhe refus'd to promiſe never to marry any other Man. How can I do that, (*reply'd ſhe*) when I am already engaged to another? My Guardian has already my Promiſe for his Son; and tho' he is a Man I cannot love, I know no way to break with him, unleſs by throwing myſelf at once into the Arms of another, and, by the Sanction of the Church, take from him the Power of claiming any Right. —— And ſhou'd I, (*continued ſhe, with a deep Sigh*) ſhould I gather Courage to venture on ſo bold an Action, how know I but the Man I wou'd make choice of, might be unkind and cruel to me after Marriage? —— The Report of my vaſt Fortun may engage a ſhew of the tendereſt Devoirs i ſuch a Wealth-adoring Town as this; when in poſſeſſion of my *Money*, my *Perſon*, perhaps, might meet with little Regard. —— How am I ſure (*cry'd ſhe, after a pauſe, and looking kindly on him*) but even *Corruvanus* may deceive me? —— 'Tis not to be doubted but that all the Vows and Proteſtations that was in the power of Language to bring forth, were now made uſe of by the impatient Lover, to diſpoſſeſs her of her Fears, and make her wholly his —— O! with what impudent Prophanations did he call on my Name as Witneſs of his everlaſting Love and Truth! How did he ſwear by each immortal Being, that he deſpis'd her Wealth, and only coveted that richer Treaſure of her lovely Perſon! —— With what unheard of Oaths did he atteſt his monſtrous Flatteries! —— How

did

did he weep, and kneel, and beg her to believe him! —And with what an unexampled Artifice did that cunning Wench ſeem by little and little to do ſo; and at laſt, tho' by ſlow degrees, appear quite melted by his Ardors, and ſinking into his Arms, proteſt ſhe cou'd no longer reſiſt the mighty Power of Love, and would be his, whatever ſhould enſue. By the pains he had taken to bring her to this Diſpoſition, and the vaſt Reward he expected for his Hypocriſy, you may judge his Tranſports at this promiſe, which fearing ſhe ſhou'd revoke on cool Reflection, and relapſe into her former Reſerve, ſcarce cou'd he give himſelf time to thank the Condeſcenſion ſhe had made him, but calling haſtily for his Servant, order'd him to fetch a Prieſt that moment. —— The Fellow, perfectly acquainted with his Maſter's Mind, perform'd his Commands immediately, and they were married that Night in her own Chamber in the Preſence of the People of the Houſe and all the Servants. ——— It being her Wedding-Night, and perhaps the only one in which ſhe cou'd expect the Company of her Bridegroom, the pretended Lady order'd a magnificent Collation to be ſerv'd in, after which they were put to Bed with the Ceremonies uſual on ſuch occaſions, ſhe having firſt taken care to ſlip out privately, and ſend a Meſſenger to inform *Gregoria* and *Trianeo* of the compleated Succeſs of their Project, and that ſhe was now the Wife of *Corruvamus*. That new-wedded Husband thought himſelf not more happy in the Poſſeſſion of his imaginary Heireſs, than did the malicious *Gregoria* in triumphant Revenge on her perfidious and avaricious Lover. ——— She long'd for the Morning to proclaim the pleaſing Miſ-

chief,

chief, and his Shame and Ruin.—— Scarce had the Chariot of enlivening *Phœbus*, gleaming from diſtant Skies, declar'd the God's Approach, when ſhe forſook her Bed, and ſending for the Jeweller, Mercer, Laceman, and all thoſe various Tradeſmen whom ſhe had oblig'd to furniſh the counterfeit *Indian* with Things neceſſary for the carrying on her deſign, ſent them in a body to wiſh the Bride and Bridegroom joy, and to demand the ſeveral Sums due to them for equipping her. 'Tis not very poſſible to conceive the Surprize which *Corruvanus* was in, when he was told ſuch a number of Perſons came all at once to enquire for him, at a Place where he could not as yet have expected any body: but it would be difficult to deſcribe the Horror which ſeiz'd on every Faculty of his Soul, when ſuffering them to be admitted, they acquainted him with the Buſineſs which had brought them there.—— Terror and Amazement at firſt took from him the Power of Speech, but looking wildly ſometimes on his Wife, and ſometimes on them, by his Eyes ſeem'd to deſire a farther Explanation of this ſhocking Affair: But they having given him their Bills, thought they had no more to do, but to wait till he ſhould order them what time to call again for their Money; and ſhe thinking that in her Circumſtances, Silence would beſt become her, ſpoke not a word; till a Servant delivering a Letter to *Corruvanus*, he haſtily open'd it, and found in the Contents, a full unriddling of the fatal Myſtery. It was from *Gregoria*, who, having firſt upbraided him with his Inconſtancy, and the many Proofs he had given of his ſordid, avaricious Nature, proceeded to inform him of the Meaſures ſhe had

had taken for her Revenge, and concluded her Epiſtle with Reflections more ſtinging, more ſeverely keen, if poſſible, than the very Puniſhment ſhe had inflicted on him.—All that he had of Man or Reaſon in this Exigence forſook him.—He ſeem'd all Diſtraction, and, if not withheld, had, in the ſudden heat of Fury, ruſh'd on the artful Inſtrument of *Gregoria*'s Revenge, and made her Life the Sacrifice of his diſappointed Hope: but being prevented in that Attempt, he flew raving out of the Houſe, with his Mouth full of Curſes, and his Heart of Miſchief.

The Bride, who on the Diſcovery expected not much better Treatment, was little alarm'd at his Behaviour: but diſmiſſing the Tradeſmen with an Aſſurance that they ſhou'd be paid, ſet herſelf down to conſider in what manner it was now beſt for her to proceed. She was ſcarce fix'd in Contemplation, before *Gregoria* came to viſit her, and applauding what ſhe had done, charg'd her ſtill to maintain the ſame Spirit and Reſolution. —— Conſider (*ſaid ſhe*) that you are the Wife of *Corruvanus*, and that no Pretences can deprive you of that Title, nor hinder you from an Allowance for your ſupport proportionable to the Eſtate of the Man you have married;—do not therefore ſuffer him to perſuade or terrify you out of what is your juſt due; you ſhall never want a Friend nor Purſe to aſſiſt you in aſſerting your Right, while *Gregoria* lives and can command a Denier. The Aſſurance this Lady gave her of eſpouſing her Cauſe, encouraged the other to reſolve as ſhe would have her, and to be guided by her in every point of her Management in the Affair. After this ſhe diſcharg'd two of her Servants, becauſe to keep them all, ſhe thought would render

render her condemnable by the World, and make her be look'd on by him and all who knew her, as a Perſon who aim'd only at his Ruin; and to leave herſelf without any, would be too mean for the Wife of *Corruvanus*, whoſe Family and Fortune were really very conſiderable in the World: but the Diſcretion with which ſhe behav'd, had no effect on him; he now hated her as ſincerely as before he had pretended to love her, and being determin'd never to live with her, conſulted with ſome Gentlemen learned in the Laws, by what means he ſhou'd avoid it: They told him there was none, unleſs he could prevail on her to accept of a ſeparate Allowance. —— Dear as he lov'd his Money, and odious as ſhe was to him, he made her an Offer of this kind; but it was ſo ſmall, that by the Advice of *Gregoria* ſhe refus'd it, and told him poſitively that he muſt either take her home, or make a Settlement upon her, ſuch as ſhould enable her to live as grand in another Place as ſhe could have expected to have done with him, had he married her merely thro' Inclination. — Never was a Mind more tortured, more diſtracted than was his! — He remain'd for ſome days wholly incapable of fixing on any Reſolution; ſometimes he thought of carrying her down to his Country-Houſe, and by continued Ill-uſage endeavour to rid himſelf of his Burthen by wearying her out of her Life; but then he conſider'd, that the Laws of this Iſland are very favourable to Wives, and that having Spirit enough to complain, ſhe would not fail of redreſs. —— Sometimes he was for allowing her the utmoſt of her demands, rather than endure the Mortification of ever ſeeing her more; but this his ſordid Temper would not permit him

him to conſent to: in ſhort, both theſe Methods were ſo equally dreadful to him, that he knew not which was the leaſt Evil, nor could reſolve which to make choice of. Madneſs was mean to thoſe Agonies which he endur'd from the mingled Paſſions of Shame, Remorſe, Rage, and a Conſciouſneſs of having but too much merited the Misfortune he labour'd under.—— The continual Inſults he receiv'd from *Gregoria*, and the Reflection which in all Places and all Company ſhe daily caſt on him, making the Story the Subject of Ridicule wherever ſhe came, made him, if poſſible, more incens'd againſt her, than he was againſt the Woman he had married; and burning with the moſt inveterate Malice, ſome Perſons either with a deſign to get Money out of him, or deſirous of rendering him yet more a Mark of Contempt, perſuaded him to have recourſe to Law againſt that Lady, making him believe that he might obtain great Satisfaction from her, being that he could ſo eaſily prove even by her own Letter, that ſhe had not only a hand in the Impoſition put upon him, but alſo was the chief Contriver and Abettor of it.——— He ſhould have thought himſelf in ſome part made amends for the Vexation, if he could any way revenge himſelf on her who had been the occaſion: And therefore employ'd a Lawyer immediately, —who making his Story as plauſible as he could on the ſide of his Client, *Gregoria* was cited to the Bar; but being allow'd alſo to plead in her own defence, ſhe gave ſuch handſome reaſons for what ſhe had done, and ſo effectually prov'd it an Act of Juſtice, that her ſpeech met with a general Applauſe; there was not one who heard it, but commended her Ingenuity and Spirit.—— She

was clear'd by the Judges by whom she had been try'd, and *Corruvanus* order'd to go home and take care of his Wife. The Hisses of the whole Assembly pursu'd him till he was out of hearing; and as he was cast, being obliged to pay the Charges of the Court, he grows distracted to think how dear he has purchased this addition to the Shame with which he had been before sufficiently loaded. —— 'Tis in vain that the few Friends he has persuade him to moderation; Life becomes a burthen to him, all Hell is in his Bosom, and more than once has he attempted to destroy himself, and rid him of Thoughts which seem to him too terrible to be borne: But the divine *Jupiter*, willing to prolong his Punishment yet a longer space of Time in the Scene of his Offences, will not suffer *Atropos* to break the thread of Life, and he continues in that dreadful Station which the damn'd endure, of wishing to be depriv'd of their Sense of Pain, yet having that Sense still grow more sharp and more susceptible of Woe. ——— An Allowance is not as yet decreed for the Woman he has married, but in a little time doubtless will be determined; till then, *Gregoria*, according to her promise, defrays all the Expences she is at.

Thus, noble Youth! (*pursu'd the Deity*) have I given you the particulars of a Story which has made much noise in the Island. ——— It was indeed a witty and a just Revenge which *Gregoria* inflicted on the Ingrate, but in my Opinion not so consistent with the Modesty of that Sex which are never free from Censure, but when they endeavour not to do any thing which may render them remarkable. ——— Let us now continue our Progression. —— There are numbers

numbers of Follies yet unexpoſed, and therefore ungueſs'd at, which I ſhall bring you to be a Witneſs of; and when I have done, will leave it to you, one of their Fellow-Mortals, and conſequently partial to failings of your own Specie, to judge whether I ought to remain longer in a Place where I hear nothing but daily Blaſphemies of my Power. —— In ſpeaking theſe words, he went out of the Court-Yard of *Bertoldus*'s Palace, and wander'd a little on the Banks of that delightful River, whoſe diſtant Proſpect had ſo much charm'd the Stranger; they had not gone very far, before the approach of a Chariot made them ſtop to ſee who was in it, and they ſoon found it contain'd a young Lady of admirable Beauty, and of ſo ſweet an Air, as if Youth and Innocence vy'd with each other which ſhould render her moſt amiable; that being a pretty remote place where the Stranger and his divine Conductor were ſtanding to obſerve her, they ſaw her Coach ſtop, and the Fellow who drove it, quit his poſt and come down and open the Door; which done, he took his Lady out in his Arms, who teſtify'd her Conſent by throwing hers about his Neck, and encouraging his Boldneſs with a thouſand ardent Kiſſes. They retir'd together a few Paces, where the Coach ſerv'd as a Skreen to hinder our Traveller from the ſight of thoſe Indecencies which could not but have been ſhocking to modeſt Eyes, but which he too plainly gueſs'd at by the foregoing Paſſages between them. Had he not before been witneſs of the little nicety thoſe Women retain who give themſelves over to the purſuit of a brutal Inclination, when he was in the Dreſſing-Room of the fair Hypocrite, he had now been ſurpriz'd beyond the Power

of his Reaſon to ſuſtain ; yet was he ſo overwhelm'd with Grief and Anger to ſee this excellent Piece of Nature's handywork debaſethe Dignity of her Charms and Quality, forego her Vertue, and yield herſelf a Proſtitute to a Wretch ſo infinitely unworthy of her, that the Tears ran down his Cheeks, and every Limb ſhook with convulſive Tremblings. The Deity obſerving his diſorder, ſpoke to him in this manner.

The Pity *(ſaid he)* which thou ſheweſt for the wilful Wretchedneſs of thy Fellow-Creatures, diſcovers a tender Soul, and a natural propenſity to Vertue in thee. —— O mayſt thou ever retain this praiſe-deſerving Principle! May great *Jupiter* ſtill keep thee firm to Goodneſs, and every envious Demon tempt thee to Vice in vain. —— Then will a round of never-ending Bleſſings wait thee, and Happineſs immortal be thy Portion, here and hereafter.

A Bow of humble Thanks return'd this Benediction, and the God of pure Deſires began to gratify that Impatience which the Sight of this fair Wanton had created in the Boſom of his Favourite, in theſe or the like terms.

That Woman *(ſaid he)* whom now you ſee deform, by ſo mean, ſo wretched a Proſtitution, almoſt celeſtial Charms, was once belov'd by the moſt agreeable and deſerving Youth that ever graced a Title, but being depriv'd of marrying her by a too rigid Father's Power, he took ſhipping, deſigning an endeavour to forget his hopeleſs Paſſion by the moſt probable means, Abſence. But, alas! his Love and Life found both one period in the remorſeleſs Ocean. She, whoſe deſtructive Beauty had been the Cauſe of his Misfortune, was little troubled at it; and in a

ſhort

ſhort time after married a Gentleman of a great Eſtate, tho' pretty much advanc'd in years. Conſcious of the diſproportion between them, and the impoſſibility there was that Youth ſhou'd be fond of Age, eternal Fears perplex him, leſt ſhe ſhou'd ſeek in other Embraces thoſe Raptures he but vainly wiſhes to afford: For this reaſon, not *Argus* watch'd the golden Fruit with greater diligence, than does this jealous Huſband the Treaſure of his Soul. —— No Viſits he permits her to pay or to receive; no Cards, no Balls, no Plays nor Aſſemblies, are allow'd her; the very Windows are forbidden to be open'd, nor has ſhe been permitted to ſtir out of Doors without being accompanied by him; till having the Misfortune to be overturn'd in his Chariot, he broke his Leg, which Accident having for ſome time confin'd him to his Chamber, ſhe pretended to be extremely indiſpos'd, and that nothing but the Air wou'd do her good: with much perſuaſions he conſented to let her go, but with this condition, that ſhe ſhou'd call on no body by the way, nor paſs thro' the City with the Glaſſes down. —— The ſight of you (*ſaid he*) may tempt ſome airy Coxcomb or other to follow you, and perhaps be impertinent when you come into any private Place. —— She promis'd to obey his Injunctions; but not content with that, he call'd his Coachman into the Room, and believing he might depend on his Fidelity, having liv'd with him ſome Years, I give (*cry'd he*) the Charge of your Lady into your hands this day, ſhe is young and unadvis'd, but I command you not to ſtop at any place, but to drive with all the ſpeed you can till you come into the Fields, and if you chance there to meet any Coaches or

Chariots, to turn out of the way, without giving any body an Opporrunity to ſee who you have in your Coach. The Fellow, you may believe, aſſur'd him that he would be punctual in obſerving his Orders: but they being given before the Lady, rouz'd all that ſhe had of Woman in her. She had before entertain'd ſome thoughts of diſappointing her Husband's Caution by ſome means or other, but had not quite reſolv'd on it; but this apparent Proof how little he confided in her, entirely determin'd her to make him what he ſo much fear'd to be. —— That recluſe manner in which he had oblig'd her to live ſince her marriage, had not afforded her any Opportunities of Gallantry, and tho' ſhe very well knew there were a thouſand who wou'd be tranſported at the leaſt encouragement from her, yet ſhe knew not directly how to go to any of them; beſides, as ſhe was put into the Coachman's power, there was little probability he would falſify his Fidelity to his Maſter without any Advantage to himſelf; and being kept entirely within doors, ſhe had not occaſion for any extraordinary Expences, and was kept wholly without Money; ſhe had not a Purſe of Guineas wherewith to bribe his Service, and therefore took it into her head to tempt him another way, and that he himſelf ſhould be the Man that ſhould perform what her Husband was ſo fearful he ſhould give another the Opportunity of doing. ——— Revenge and Inclination join'd to fix her in this Reſolution; and as ſhe was ſtepping into the Coach, when he ask'd her whither he ſhould carry her? To the moſt private Airing-place, (*ſaid ſhe*) I leave the choice of it to you, and as I am under your Charge, am willing to leave the diſpoſal of myſelf

ſelf entirely to you. Theſe words were pronounced in the moſt tender and obliging Accents, and accompanied with a Look ſo ſweetly languiſhing, that they cou'd not fail of raiſing ſtrange Emotions in the Breaſt of him to whom they were addreſs'd. —— Hurry'd with a wild Idea of ſomething which he could not yet account for nor comprehend, ſcarce knew he what he did, or had the power of governing his Horſes, till paſſing thro' a back Lane in which there were but few People going, he found the String pull'd, at which pleaſing ſignal he came down to know her Commands, wholly forgetful or regardleſs of his Maſter's not to ſtop. He hoped now an explanation of thoſe myſterious Words which had ſo much agitated him, and full of Expectation, and trembling 'twixt Deſire and Fear, approach'd the Door. —— She ſaw in his Eyes the confuſion of his Soul, and ſatisfy'd to find him of ſo ready an Apprehenſion, put an end to the ſurprize in which ſhe had involv'd him, in theſe terms. I call'd you down, (*ſaid ſhe*) to ask you what your opinion is of my Husband's Conduct? The Confinement in which he keeps me, and the Orders he has given you to be watchful over me, makes you no ſtranger to the fears he is in: tell me, therefore, if you think him not to blame, in ſo plainly diſcovering his ſuſpicions of my Vertue? —— Is it not enough to make any Woman reſolve to revenge herſelf on him even in the way he is moſt apprehenſive of? —— The Fellow, who could not yet perſuade himſelf that theſe Expreſſions were meant in his favour, was very much at a loſs how to reply to them; at laſt, with ſome heſitation and ſtammerings, I cannot wonder, Madam, (*cry'd he*) when I conſider my Maſter's Age and your

prodigious Beauty, that tho' ſenſible of his own demerit, he ſhould imagine Heaven deſtin'd not the entire poſſeſſion of ſuch a Treaſure for him. — But then (*reſum'd ſhe, with the moſt alluring Smile*) is not his impolitick Jealouſy worthy of the utmoſt ridicule, in truſting me to the Care of one, who, if he pleaſes to make uſe of it, has the power to render all his Caution vain?— Shou'd he not have choſen ſomething diſagreeable and forbidding Love, to have been my Conductor to this Solitude to which we are going?——— It is not Titles, Wealth, or Grandeur, which excite deſire, — one may ſometimes find thoſe Charms in a Perſon of a mean Station, which outvies with all that his Superior can boaſt.—— What hinders him from fearing that you, to whom he has ſo inadvertently truſted the Guardianſhip of that Virtue he ſuſpects, may be the very Man with whom 'tis moſt in danger? —— Does he think I have not Eyes to diſtinguiſh what is agreeable, or does he believe you wou'd prefer your Duty to him, to your Gratitude to me? —— There needed no more to convince this Fellow of the Happineſs ſhe intended for him, and tranſported almoſt paſt his Senſes at a condeſcenſion ſo unexpected, ſo infinitely beyond what he had ever dar'd to hope, almoſt to wiſh, ſcarce cou'd he refrain from throwing himſelf at her feet as ſhe ſat in the Coach; but ſhe bidding him reſerve his Raptures till they came to a more convenient place to indulge them in, he got leave from the hurry of his diſorder'd Joy to retire to his Poſt again, and drove her with as much precipitation, you may believe, as was conſiſtent with ſafety, to this remote place, where they imagine no Eye but that of Heaven is witneſs of their Deeds.—

What

What follow'd, I have no occaſion to inform you: you have ſeen the ſhameful concluſion, — and by it may judge, that when a Woman is determin'd to be ill, all precautions are ineffectual —— Jealouſy and Suſpicion are frequently inducements, but ſeldom or never prove ſufficient bars to hinder Vice. —— Pride and Revenge ſometimes, without the help of Inclination, compleat the Cuckold's fears, and drive the enraged Wife to Actions to which before her Soul was moſt averſe. Women are by nature mild and tractable; Kindneſs and Confidence may work them to any thing; beſides, by the ordinary coldneſs of their Conſtitutions are leſs prone to amorous Deſires than is the other Sex, but then withall they are obſtinate and wilful, diſdainful of Controll, and fond to prove they are above it. ——I wou'd have you, therefore, worthy Youth! if ever you become a Husband or a Father, to ſecure the Honour of your Family by gentle means; all others are ineffectual, and will only ſerve to break your peace in the attempting, and render you more expos'd when diſcover'd to be fruitleſs. —— Beware alſo how you are guilty of a breach of Promiſe to the Woman you love, or make any needleſs trials of her Temper: few there are who will forgive the firſt, or abide the latter: And having given you this Advice, I will relate a little Hiſtory on this head, which may ſerve as an Example to prove the Truth of what I ſay, and as often as you remember it, warn you of the danger of theſe two methods of proceeding with a Sex, which is indeed the pureſt part of the Creation while with Sin untainted, but when once corrupted, and overſway'd by Paſſion, the very worſt and moſt irreclaimable.

A young Gentleman nam'd *Geronte*, had a paſſionate Affection for *Celinda*, a young Lady of great Beauty, Wit, and Fortune; he ſollicited her on honourable terms: ſhe receiv'd him favourably, and after ſome time allow'd for decent Courtſhip, and the inſpiring her with equal Paſſion, a day for the conſummation of their Loves was appointed. But while things were getting ready for the Solemnity, a Caprice enter'd the head of *Geronte*, he fear'd he was not ſo well belov'd by *Celinda* as he wiſh'd, and that he owed her conſent to this Match more to his own Importunity than her Inclinations. —— He was too nicely delicate in his Paſſion, and cou'd not bear to be indebted for his Happineſs to a leſs Motive than an adequate Tenderneſs and mutual Deſire. The modeſty of *Celinda*'s Behaviour confirm'd his jealous fear, that ſhe felt for him nothing more than a cold Eſteem, or at beſt a Friendſhip, —— her Virgin Baſhfulneſs obliging her to conceal thoſe thrilling Wiſhes, thoſe Palpitations of an amorous Inclination, he believ'd her ſenſible of none. Like a Miſer he pined amidſt a ſcene of Plenty, and grew unable to enjoy the Treaſure he was ambitious of.—— Exceſſively diſcontented in his Mind, he at laſt reſolv'd to make trial of her love, and the means he invented to do it, was to put off the Marriage juſt on the day in which it was intended to be celebrated. —— He made no excuſe to her for behaving in this manner, or at leaſt took care it ſhould be ſuch a one as no Woman could approve of from the Man ſhe lov'd. —— His deſign was in this, to ſee in what manner ſhe would reſent, which if ſhe did not do in the moſt outrageous degree, he would then be convinc'd of her Inſenſibility; judging,

judging, and indeed with reaſon, that a real and ardent Paſſion, when ill treated, turns to the ſevereſt Indignation —— He wiſh'd nothing more than that ſhe would draw his own Sword, and attempt to run him through the Heart, and ſincerely pray'd that he might ſee her guilty of ſome wild effect of Deſpair; the more extravagant it was, the more he ſhould be convinc'd that ſhe had lov'd with an equal proportion. The Day ſo much deſir'd by both (tho' for different reaſons) at laſt arriv'd; early in the Morning he went to viſit her, and finding her encompaſs'd with her Milliner, Mantua-maker, Tire-Woman, and other Perſons, which were to adorn her for the Wedding, he call'd her aſide, and related to her the Story he had invented for breaking off, at leaſt for a time.—— It would be in vain for me to attempt to relate what it was ſhe felt while he was talking to her, all words would come far ſhort of the reality, and but injure her mighty Sufferings; therefore I ſhall only ſay, that they ſurpaſs'd her own power of utterance, as they do my deſcription. She made very little reply, and when he took his leave, made no attempt to ſtay him, or to do any deed of deſperation; but this was ſo far from being occaſion'd by Careleſſneſs, or want of Tenderneſs, that it was wholly the reverſe, which joining with amazement, overwhelm'd her Soul, and render'd her unable either to complain or to revile. —— She fell into a Swoon after his departure, from which ſhe was not but with great difficulty recover'd; but as ſoon as the power of Thought return'd, and Reflection reſum'd its ſway in her diſorder'd Brain, ſhe conceal'd as much as poſſible her Chagrin from the Obſervation of thoſe about her,

her, and diſmiſſing them with an Order to come again, retir'd to her Cloſet, and began to conſider what in ſuch a circumſtance would beſt become her to do. ——— That decent Pride, and regard of Reputation which all Women of Honour ought to have, told her it would be an indignity to herſelf to let him know the Secret of her Grief; —— to expreſs herſelf in any terms which ſhould make him think ſhe could not live without him, ſhe look'd upon as both mean-ſpirited and vain; yet her ſurprize having prevented her from hearing ſome part of what he ſaid to her, and deſirous of a farther Explanation, ſhe took Pen and Paper, and writ to him in this manner.

To the Ungenerous *GERONTE.*

WHEN I conſented to be yours, I flatter'd myſelf with an Opinion, that of the two you thought yourſelf the moſt happy; and as my Gratitude for your feign'd Paſſion was the greateſt Motive which induced me to make you that promiſe, my Friendſhip for you makes me very eaſy in your abſolving me of it. I would have all thoſe to whom I wiſh well, pleaſe themſelves in every thing, and am ſo far from reſenting your Behaviour in this Point, that I ſincerely wiſh you may be able to anſwer it to yourſelf; and to prove that I do ſo, deſire you will ſend me an account in writing of thoſe Reaſons which have obliged you to alter your Intentions. —— I doubt not but they are ſuch as are conſonant with Reaſon; and if ſo, I ſhall be one of the firſt to approve them. I only wiſh you had been able to have judg'd of your own Inclinations before this day, not only becauſe our proceeding ſo far has given me ſome trouble which I might have ſpar'd myſelf,

myſelf, but alſo that I fear you will find it difficult after what has paſs'd between us, to make the World believe you are the Man of Honour you have appear'd to be, or that you once were thought to be by

The Injured *CELINDA.*

P. S. *If you yet retain any deſire of obliging me, you muſt expreſs it in ſending me an immediate Anſwer.*

It was with an inexpreſſible Agony of Mind that ſhe ſuppreſs'd the ſtruggling Paſſions enough to enable her to write to him in this cool and temperate manner; but that which was the effects of her diſcretion, he miſconſtrued as occaſion'd by want of Tenderneſs: And every thing contributing to feed that unaccountable Chimera which had poſſeſſion of his Brain, he now believ'd himſelf fully aſſur'd, that as Convenience had oblig'd her to conſent to marry him, Pride alone had influenced her not to feel any uneaſineſs at the breaking it off; and as he really lov'd her to the greateſt exceſs that a Heart is capable of, endur'd more than there is a poſſibility even of conceiving without having firſt felt the ſame.——— The oftner he read her Letter, the more he thought himſelf convinc'd that his conjectures had but too certain a foundation, and when he came to that part of it, in which ſhe tells him that Gratitude was the principal inducement to engage her to marry him,—— Aye, (*cry'd he to himſelf*) I at firſt believ'd it no otherwiſe, but I am now aſſur'd it was leſs even than that. —— *Gratitude* in time may ripen into Love, and *Friendſhip*, as ſhe calls it,

it, ill rewarded will turn to Hate.— If either of these tender Motions had ever had possession of her Heart, she could not with this tranquil Air have borne an Affront such as I have offer'd. —— True Love is nice, tenacious of its Prerogative, jealous of every thing, and even at the appearance of a Slight, converts itself to Rage; —the softest Tempers become all Fury, when Tenderness abus'd provokes to Vengeance, — yet is *Celinda* calm, the fair Insensible moves, and looks, and writes, with usual Mildness, nor feels one grain of all that mighty load of Anguish which presses down the poor undone *Geronte*'s Heart! In this manner did the distraction of his Mind compel him to rave: at last, taking up the Letter again, and observing the Postscript; she requires an answer, (*said he*) an answer she shall have, —but it shall be such a one (*continued he, fiercely*) as shall alarm her Pride. My Passion is not of that tame enduring nature as is hers; my Love rejected and my Hopes defeated, cry for revenge.— She shall at least share some part of the Agonies she inflicts! She is no Woman, if personal Reflections cannot move her!—— I'll wound her in the tendereſt part, her Vanity! ———In this humour did he sit him down to write, and following only the dictates of his mistaken Rage, express'd it in these spiteful Lines

To the greatest Coquette of her Sex, the vain affected *CELINDA*.

THE pains you take to attract the Devoirs of Mankind, among the rest had that effect on me, to create a Curiosity of knowing how Women of your humour behave on a nearer Conversation.— I assure you,

you, it must be a Face infinitely more beholden to Nature than yours, which could engage me in a ſerious Paſſion, nor do I believe I ſhould think the moſt beautiful worthy ſo dear a price as Liberty. ——— *I never had the leaſt thought of marrying you, but becauſe I ſaw you put on an Air as if you expected it, I was contented to humour it for a time, but the Jeſt beginning to grow ſtale, and having ſome other Affairs on my hands of a more weighty kind, I came this Morning to undeceive you; but ſince what I then ſaid to you is not ſufficient to abate that unconquerable Vanity of yours, and you deſire a farther Reaſon for my Behaviour, I give it you now at full, and hope you will give yourſelf no more trouble about*

Your humble Servant

at a Diſtance,

GERONTE.

If (*continued the Deity*) you know any thing of the diſpoſition of that Sex, you will not need to be inform'd that an Epiſtle, ſuch as this, muſt fire the gentleſt of them with the utmoſt extravagance of Rage. *Celinda* was indeed a Woman of Merit, and had as little ſhare of that Vanity of which he accus'd her, as any of her Sex; but yet ſhe could not find herſelf affronted in terms ſo rude and groſs, without reſenting it in the moſt violent manner. ——— Not only to be forſaken, but ill treated alſo, and abuſed by the Man ſhe lov'd above her Life, was not only terrible to be borne, but as it came from a Man who had the Character of the ſtricteſt Honour, and to whom ſhe had never given

given the leaſt occaſion for the Reproaches he made her, appear'd ſo confounding and amazing, that ſcarce could ſhe believe her Senſes. —— Convinc'd, however, by reflection, of the Truth, ſhe began to conſider him as either mad, or unworthy of the Eſteem with which ſhe had regarded him; and grief and wonder giving way to rage, when ſhe was in the higheſt pitch of it that mortal can be, a Gentleman came to viſit her, one who long had lov'd her; and hearing her marriage with *Geronte* was put off, took that opportunity, hoping it might be a favourable one, to renew his Addreſſes: It prov'd ſo, indeed, beyond his expectations; for ſtung to the Soul at the unexampled Ill-uſage of the Man ſhe lov'd, deſpairing of retrieving him, and reſolving never to attempt it, to put it wholly out of her power therefore to do ſo, and to convince him that ſhe was not deſtitute of a Lover more faithful than himſelf, ſhe not only liſtned with more attention than ſhe had ever done before to the declarations of this other, but alſo promis'd to marry him. The Tranſport he was in at a Succeſs ſo much above his expectations was proportionable to the Paſſion he then had for her, and fearing a ſecond Alteration in her Humour leſs to his advantage than this had been, preſs'd her for the performance of her Promiſe that very minute: The ſame reaſons which had induced her to make it, join'd with his Entreaties to prevail on her to confirm it, and ſhe was indeed a Bride the Evening of that very Day ſhe intended to be ſo, tho' of a different Man.

Scarce had the new-wedded Pair receiv'd the good-morrow from any of their Friends, before *Geronte*, to whom this news was immediately re-

reported, flew to the Houſe, diſtracted with extremity of Deſpair, to know the certainty of that ill Fate which his own jealous Folly and Caprice had drawn upon himſelf; which when he had learn'd from the Mouth of the Bridegroom himſelf, (for *Celinda* refuſed to ſee him) he fell into Agonies which excited the Compaſſion of all who ſaw him: in his Ravings he let fall Expreſſions which betray'd the Cauſe of his Misfortune, and made *Celinda* the moſt miſerable Woman in the World in having thus raſhly put it out of her power to reward a Paſſion ſo ſincere, ſo ardently tender as that which even his very Rudeneſs now demonſtrated. —His Servants were oblig'd to put him by force into his Chair, and carry him from her Houſe; the ſight of every thing in it, and above all the preſence of him who was now become the Maſter of it, encreaſing the Miſery of his Condition. —— But alas! the change of place made no alteration in his behaviour, and they ſoon perceiv'd it was not a ſudden ſtart of Paſſion, but a ſettled Frenzy which had ſeiz'd him, which not all the Art of the moſt skilful Phyſicians could remove, and which in a little time depriv'd him of Life. —— Almoſt in the Pangs which ſeparated the Soul from the Body, the great *Jupiter* was pleaſed to reſtore him the uſe of his Reaſon, which he employ'd in writing to *Celinda* an account of the firſt riſe and occaſion of that Folly which had render'd both ſo unhappy; and then, as if he had no further buſineſs either with Life or Reaſon, relaps'd into his former Diſorders, and expir'd.

What he had written to *Celinda*, with a narrative of his Sufferings, being brought to her, only ſerv'd to give an addition of diſquiet to

that afflicted Lady, who was already preſs'd with more than ſhe had Courage to ſuſtain. Her Husband, convinc'd that ſhe had married him but in Malice to *Geronte*, ſoon grew cool in his Affections, and in a little time unkind and cruel: which, join'd to her own ſecret Remorſe and Grief for the Misfortunes and Death of *Geronte*, threw her at length into a ſecret Diſeaſe, which depriv'd her alſo of Life.

Thus (*purſu'd the God of Soul-diſſolving Fires, to his attentive Gueſt*) have I ſhow'd you an Inſtance how dangerous it is to trifle with that Sex, who, for the moſt part, are impatient enough in their Paſſions, to ruin their own Peace, if by it they have a proſpect of deſtroying that of the Man who has offended them. Even a Parent's Power, when exercis'd with too much Rigour, they throw off: An appearance therefore of Indulgence, muſt always gild the bitter Pill of Command, or you in vain will wiſh to find Obedience.

While the divine Inſtructor was proceeding in theſe Reflections, the happy Coachman return'd with his condeſcending Lady, and having put her into the Chariot, drove away with as much ſpeed as he had come; but they were ſcarcely out of ſight, when a Chaiſe appear'd, which, tho' drawn but by one Horſe, and without any Equipage attending it, had yet ſome Marks and Tokens which diſcover'd that the Owner was of Quality: There was in it a Gentleman and a Lady, and tho' they paſs'd very ſwiftly by, the Rage which appear'd in the Face of the one, and Confuſion in the other, made our Traveller imagine, they were going on ſome extraordinary Adventure. See there! (*ſaid the Deity*) the ſad effects of forced Inclination, and let no Conſi-

deration

deration move thee ever to wed, till in thy Breaſt my prompting Influence reigns. ——— Never were there a Pair more truly wretched than are thoſe which juſt now paſs'd us; yet is it not the want of Wealth, nor State, nor Titles, but Love alone, which makes them ſo. ——— Deſpiſing him, whom Law obliges her to reverence, the tranſgreſſing Wife takes all Opportunities in diſhonouring him, and in the Act of Wantonneſs, proves the double pleaſure of Revenge and Love. —— She is deſcended from a Family eminent for Intrigue on the one ſide, and Cruelty on the other. —— Her Grandfather being by the Sovereign of this Iſland made Governour of a Province under him, he exercis'd his Authority in ſo arbitrary and bloody a manner, puniſhing every little Offence either with Death or Torture, that he was juſtly call'd among thoſe poor Wretches, *The Lover of Horrors!* ſince indeed he ſeem'd to take pleaſure in no other Spectacles. His Wife was the only Perſon who offended him, yet 'ſcap'd the effects of his Fury; but there was ſomething of a Dotage for her in his ſavage Soul, much of the ſame nature with that I have deſcrib'd to you of *Maltolius*, which withheld his Power from hurting her, tho' ſhe gave him all the Provocations which the moſt diſſolute Life could do. A Daughter of this equally deteſted Pair, inheriting the Vices of them both, was married to a young Nobleman worthy of a better fate; his Vertue made him hateful to her, and before he had been one Year her Husband, ſhe contriv'd a way to ſend him from the World, having liv'd all that time in a criminal Intimacy with her own Footman: Of that ſhameful Amour, the Product was this Woman, who but with a ſmall

ſtock of Charms, and leſs of Honour and Reputation, was, on the account of her vaſt Fortune, made the Bride of *Baſilmenus*. By Love and Promiſe devoted to another, Death could ſcarce have been more dreadful to him than this Marriage; but the Commands of a too rigid Father, and the proſpect of inevitable Ruin if he refus'd, oblig'd him to take ſhelter in Arms, which elſe he would have flown from. The ſweetneſs of his Diſpoſition, however, and the conſideration of what he ow'd to his own Character, would have oblig'd him to have uſed her well, had ſhe behav'd with any tolerable Decorum: But far from renouncing the Vices of her Family, or taking warning from the Hatred their Actions had drawn upon them, ſhe ſeems to glory in unvanquiſhable Wickedneſs. — She ſhuns the Converſe of all but ſuch who, like herſelf, are abandon'd to Debauchery. —— In the Company of the moſt profeſs'd Libertines does ſhe paſs her days, and prides herſelf in diſturbing with inceſſant Clamours, that Repoſe which is owing to the Nights, reigning a very Tyrant over her Domeſticks, and the Fury of her Huſband's Peace. —— For the Gratification of her looſe Deſires, ſhe is never without ſome indigent Enamorato, who for Gain pretends to feel that Paſſion which ſhe has not Lovelineſs to inſpire. A thouſand Circumſtances have concurr'd to prove her guilty of this Crime, as well as others; but never till this day could *Baſilmenus* confirm it by ocular demonſtration. — Happning to return much ſooner than was expected from a little Country-Journey, he caught her in the very Act of Shame with a Mechanick, who came to her under the pretence of rectifying ſomething about the Furniture of the Houſe. —

He

He contented himſelf with ordering the Fellow to be heartily cudgel'd by two of his Footmen: and having commanded the Chaiſe to be made ready, forced the Lady to go into it with him, telling her he would endeavour an expedient to cure that immoderate Heat in her Blood.——— They are now gone to that part of the River which runs into the *Ægean* Ocean; there he deſigns to plunge and hold her down, till one half Moment added would rid him of his Torment, and put it paſt her power ever to offend him more. —— By this time have they reach'd the Brink of that impetuous Current, which, ſmoothly as it here glides on, is rough and horrid there. ——— I hear her Shrieks and his relentleſs Threats; —— ſhe owns her fault —— profeſſes penitence, and ſwears henceforth to be a faithful and obedient Wife; —— but unbelieving all her Proteſtations, and hardned by repeated Injuries, he ſcorns her forc'd Contrition. — Still does he keep her trembling Limbs beneath the rapid Waves, whoſe every Daſh ſtrikes Terror to her guilty Soul; — Death in its moſt dreadful form, attended by a thouſand Fiends, ſeem riding on the Billows, and gaping to devour her, — but juſt as they are about to ſeize the affrighted Prey, he ſnatches her from the deluded graſp; — panting and breathleſs, numb'd with cold and fear, he throws her on the graſſy Bank, till the enlivening Sun her vital Warmth reſtores, and with it Senſe of Pain; then with obdurate Rage, hurls her a ſecond time amidſt the Whirlpool. —— Now ſure to die, again ſhe weeps and begs, —— but weeps and begs in vain, her Anguiſh is his Triumph,— he ſmiles with glutted Rage to ſee the various Agonies diſtorting all her Form, and in the ut-

moſt Horrors of her Deſpair, juſt when ſhe thinks the Soul and Body parting, and all the dire Ideas of Futurity glare full upon her, then does he ask her, if ſhe'll again repeat the Joys of Luſt? —what Complexion, what Degree of Men beſt ſuit her amorous Taſte? —— Tells her he is her beſt Phyſician, and that theſe refreſhing Bathings will be of admirable uſe to a Lady of ſo much fire in her Conſtitution; ——and with deriding Air, begs her to exert that Spirit, of which on other occaſions ſhe has demonſtrated to have ſo great a ſhare. —— Thus does he continue to torment her, till Nature can indeed endure no more, and he muſt ceaſe, or put an end to Life. ———Now is ſhe a ſecond time put into the Chaiſe, where, unable to ſit, ſhe lies acroſs with her Head beneath his Feet.—— They are returning, but the ſight of them will add nothing to the Deſcription I have given you: Let us now turn to Subjects more deſerving your attention.

Behold (*continued he, pointing to a ſtately Dome ſituated on the other ſide the River, and at a little diſtance from it*) the Manſion of *Argaſpe*, a Man of mean Birth and Education, but by the partial Favour of ſome great ones, has been thought worthy of ſome Employments, which, knowing how to make the moſt advantage of, have given him the Opportunity of amaſſing a vaſt Sum of Money. —— He purchaſed an Eſtate of a Perſon, whoſe too great Liberality and Good-nature had reduced to the neceſſity of parting with it: This unhappy Gentleman had a Daughter, whoſe Beauty and other extraordinary Accompliſhments, in a Nation leſs devoted to *Pecunia*, one would have thought might have entitled her to a Match great enough to have retriev'd the Miſ-

fortunes

fortunes of her Family; but tho' there were not a few, who languiſh'd for ſo deſirable an Object, yet the knowledge that ſhe had no fortune, deterr'd them from making any honourable Pretenſions to her, as the Character of her Vertue, and that becoming Reſerve with which ſhe always behav'd herſelf, did their Endeavours of a contrary nature. This young and blooming Virgin, by ſome unfortunate Chance, hapned into the Company of *Argaſpe*, who growing enamour'd of her Charms from the firſt Moment he beheld them, thought of nothing but the means to make himſelf Maſter of them. To marry her, was not conſiſtent with his avaricious diſpoſition, and to ſollicite her on any other terms, he foreſaw would be in vain; the only Method therefore which he could promiſe himſelf in taking, was to make her Vertue the Dupe of his Deſigns, and by addreſſing her in a manner which ſhe ſhould think it her chief Intereſt to admit, work her by degrees to an Inclination, the Advantage of which would be wholly his, and terminate at laſt in her undoing. Having laid this Scheme of Villany, the firſt ſtep he took to accompliſh it, was, to make a Viſit to the old Gentleman, and accoſting him with an Air of the extremeſt Regard, —— Sir, *(ſaid he)* I have had the bleſſing of ſeeing your fair Daughter, and have the higheſt Eſteem for her, —— thoſe perſonal Perfections which Nature has been pleas'd to endue her with, cannot fail of exciting the moſt tender and paſſionate Deſires in all who ſee her; but that Modeſty with which her Charms are accompanied, and thoſe excellent and infinitely more valuable Graces of the Mind, which your Example and Precept have impreſs'd on her, while they check all looſe Deſires, render

her worthy of a much more elevated State than I can pretend to raiſe her to. ——But (*continued he*) if the moſt faithful Reſpect, and fervent Admiration of her Vertues, may entitle me to ſome intereſt in her Affection, and your Approbation, none ſhould endeavour more to merit the Title of your Son than will *Argaſpe*. You may eaſily believe the Joy, which a Propoſal ſo ſeemingly advantageous muſt create in the Mind of one of the moſt tender Fathers in the World.—— He had lamented his Misfortunes chiefly on the account of this darling Child, and to be told that it was in her power to put herſelf in poſſeſſion of all that his ill Fate had taken from him, gave him a pleaſure which can only be conceiv'd. ——— He was no leſs charm'd with the Generoſity of *Argaſpe*, and reply'd to what he ſaid in terms which gave the other no cauſe to doubt but that half his work was done. ——— He call'd the young Lady to him, and acquainting her with the Honour he intended her, charg'd her to receive him as the Man appointed by Heaven to reſtore her to that Proſperity, which they ſo lately had deplor'd the loſs of.—— It was with modeſt Bluſhes, but no reluctance, that *Lamira*, (*for ſo was this young Charmer call'd*) liſtned to theſe Commands: the Perſon and Behaviour of *Argaſpe* was agreeable enough to make her ſatisfy'd with the Propoſal he made her, even tho' it had been of leſs conſequence to her Intereſt; but every thing concurring to render the Eſteem ſhe was beginning to conceive for him the effect of Prudence as well as Inclination, ſhe thought ſhe could not without being guilty of a Sin to the former put a conſtraint on the latter. —— Love, Duty, Intereſt, Gratitude, all oblig'd her to think of him

him with the utmoſt Tenderneſs, and to treat him as a Perſon whoſe Generoſity deſerv'd ſhe ſhould forego all the reſerve with which ſhe hitherto had carried herſelf to Mankind.—He had leave to viſit her as often as he pleas'd, and as long, nor were any Hours thought unſeaſonable; all other Company or Attachments gave way at his approach, nor were there any modeſt Liberties deny'd him. Thus far had his Artifices prevail'd, and perceiving he had eſtabliſh'd in her Soul ſomewhat more than what could be influenc'd by the Commands of a Father, or the proſpect of Advantage, he began to think it now time for the execution of his baſe Deſign.——They were frequently alone together, and he had many Opportunities for attempting it, but the Innocence and Confidence ſhe repos'd in his Honour and Reſpect, prevented him for a good while from offering any thing to her prejudice.——It was a Cruelty to wrong her, which he could not preſently commit, tho' he had reſolv'd on it.—Some little ſparks of Good-nature would at ſome times prompt him to the performance of his Promiſe to her Father; but then immediately thoſe vertuous Inclinations were quell'd by the more prevailing Avarice of his Diſpoſition, and the Paſſion which her Perfections had in reality inſpir'd him with, leaving him not the poſſibility of living without enjoying her, it ſeem'd to him a kind of neceſſity; and he accus'd himſelf of Weakneſs and Irreſolution, in having ſo long deferr'd the Accompliſhment of his Deſires.——He was encourag'd in the determination of ruining her by *Ruffilius*, an intimate Acquaintance of his, and one of the moſt debauch'd Men of the Age: What, languiſh for a Woman, (*ſaid he*) whom you have in your power!

power! — I would fain ſee the Face which gave me Deſire, and at the ſame time inſpir'd me with an Awe which could render me incapable of fulfilling that Deſire.—'Tis beneath the Dignity of a Man to waſte one Hour in awe-check'd Wiſhes.—Were the Goddeſs of Virginity, cold *Diana*, on Earth, and had a Form to pleaſe me, even her Immortality ſhould not eſcape my Vigour! — I would enjoy, then leave her to reflect at leiſure, while I to new, untaſted Joys directed my roving Thoughts, regardleſs of her Threatnings or Complainings. This Advice, ſo agreeable to the Diſpoſition of him to whom it was addreſs'd, ſoon diſſipated all the little Regret which hitherto had been the Protection of *Lamira*, and he aſſur'd *Ruffilius* that the next time they met, he ſhould ſee him triumphant with the Spoils of ruin'd Chaſtity, and in a condition which ſhould enable him to talk of that fair Engroſſer of his Soul with leſs Emotions. Thoſe Reſolutions which are conformable to a vicious Inclination, are with infinitely more eaſe maintain'd, than thoſe which lead to the thorny Paths of Vertue.— *Argaſpe* was now confirm'd in Villany, and bent to be deterr'd by nothing in the proſecution of his licentious Wiſhes; to compaſs which, he feign'd a Buſineſs of the utmoſt Moment, in which he intreated the Father of *Lamira* to befriend him. 'Tis not to be imagin'd that he ſhould be deny'd any thing by a Perſon who look'd on him already as part of his Family, and to whom he believ'd himſelf ſo much oblig'd. —— The Affair which he pretended, was this; He told him that having lent a very large Sum of Money to a Perſon who had been an intimate Friend, but was now about to leave the Iſland, he would willingly have him ſtay'd, and ſecur'd by proper Officers, but that they

they being for the moſt part ſuch as would take a Bribe, he could not repoſe any Confidence in them, without ſome Friend in whom he might confide to overlook their Behaviour. Now, (*ſaid he*) ſhould I accompany them myſelf, I am too well acquainted with my own eaſy Nature, not to know that the ſame Arguments which prevail'd on me to lend ſo great a Sum, would ſtill prevent me from taking thoſe meaſures I ought to do for the recovery of it. ——— I therefore take the liberty to commiſſion you, who cannot if you would forgive what is not your own, to take this charge upon you, having no Perſon whom I dare ſo much depend on, either for their Zeal or Integrity in an occaſion ſuch as this. The credulous old Man having readily undertaken the Affair, equip'd himſelf with Horſes and Perſons proper to aſſiſt him in it, and ſet forward on his Journey, the end of which was above twenty Leagues from his own Houſe; the cunning *Argaſpe* having laid the Plot to ſend him too far to return immediately, to the end that he might have time to reconcile his Daughter by his Artifices to the Violence he deſign'd to offer to her, in caſe ſhe conſented not to his Deſires by gentle means. This only Guardian of her Honour being remov'd, and the fair Prey defenceleſs, he loſt not a Moment of the long'd for Time, but haſted to her Houſe: She, little ſuſpecting his Intent, receiv'd him as ſhe was accuſtom'd to do, with modeſt Kindneſs and a chearful Welcome, nor did he at his firſt Approach diſcover any thing which could give her cauſe to abate her uſual Confidence. Being alone, under the pretence of diverting her Melancholy, he deſir'd to ſup with her, which ſhe conſented to with pleaſure; but he took

took care in filling out the Wine to mingle ſomething in it of a more intoxicating kind, which tho' ſhe drank of but with moderation, had the effect he aim'd at, to dethrone her Reaſon, and in its room raiſe wild Ideas in her giddy Brain. —— Soon ſhe appear'd another Woman, — her Eyes with ſtrange and wanton Motions roll'd, — her Tongue, unuſed but to reply with ſlow and modeſt Anſwers, now run inceſſantly, and blabb'd unask'd the Secrets of her Heart. —— A thouſand and a thouſand times ſhe ſaid ſhe lov'd him, —— and when his roving Hands, encouraged by her Fondneſs, preſum'd to wander o'er all the Beauties of her ſnowy Breaſt, nay, ſtray to liberties yet leſs excuſeable, ſcarce did ſhe repulſe the Boldneſs. ——Thoſe Lips, which till this Moment he had never dar'd to kiſs but with the utmoſt Reverence and humble Awe, he now devour'd, and uncontroll'd fed on her balmy Breath, till quite diſſolv'd and loſt in ruinous Delight, ſhe yielded to his preſſures, and with eaſe reſign'd that Treaſure which a few Moments before ſhe would have died for the preſervation of.———Thus did the wicked *Argaſpe*, as he had promis'd *Ruffilius*, triumph o'er the Spoils of violated Chaſtity and Virgin-Honour! —— Luxurious Appetite could form no Wiſh beyond what he enjoy'd. — The infatuated Maid with laviſh Fondneſs aided all his Raptures, and unknowing what ſhe did, renew'd Deſire, and urg'd him to repeated Violations. —— The Night far ſpent, ſcarce could he get looſe from her Embraces; but unwilling the Servants ſhould entertain any ſuſpicion of what he intended ſhould be, at leaſt for a time, kept ſecret, he broke from her, aſſuring he would be with her in the Morning early: But,

alas!

alas! the Morning brought with it other Inclinations to them both; he fully ſatiated with the luſcious Banquet, had now no farther Longings nor Impatience: But for *Lamira!* when at the dawn of Day, Sleep left her Eyes, that Sleep which was to be the laſt ſhe e'er ſhould take in peace, and thoſe pernicious Spirits which had ſo far transform'd her Mind, evaporated and work'd off, Reaſon return'd, and Thought, and Recollection had their uſual power, ne'er did the Sun behold ſo loſt a Creature! —— With Horror and Amazement did ſhe look back on the Tranſactions of the laſt guilty Night! — With Agonies intolerable view the proſpect of her enſuing Shame! —— Much did ſhe blame *Argaſpe*, but more herſelf, nor could imagine what Magick had bewitch'd her. —— Amidſt that rack of Reaſon and confuſion of the Senſes, Memory alone, for an addition to her Miſery, remain'd untouch'd, and free from the Enchantment: — She forgot not the ſmalleſt Circumſtance of the infamous Delight, which Vertue, now reſum'd, render'd deteſtable in reflection. —— Among the reſt, the Appointment ſhe had made with the Author of her Undoing, came freſh into her Mind, and nothing ſeem'd ſo terrible as the ſight of him, after what had paſs'd between them. —— In the firſt Emotions of her Deſpair, ſhe was for putting an end to her Life and the Misfortunes of it at once; but that Religion which teaches rather to bear all Ills than cut that Thread which Heaven-commiſſion'd *Atropos* prolongs, prevented her; and that Principle of Honour which forbad her to do a baſe Action by any one, encouraging her to believe *Argaſpe* was of the ſame Diſpoſition, gave her ſome hope ſhe might retrieve all yet:

yet; but resolving not to see him till she was assur'd of his Integrity, she compos'd herself as well as she could to write these few Lines, either to prevent his coming, or oblige him to come in such a manner as should restore her to that Tranquillity he had robb'd her of.

To the Cruel *ARGASPE.*

IF learn'd in Sciences, or skill'd to trace Heaven's mystick Meanings in its starry Index, tell me, O thou Undoer of my Honour, what malignant Planet had influence last Night? —— *What Foe to Goodness inspir'd thy Breast with such polluted Wishes, and prompted me to Deeds my Soul abhors, and shudders but to think of!* ——*'Twas Madness sure, mere Madness in us both!* —— *You could not else have broke thro' all the Laws of Hospitality, nor wrong'd a Maid, whose Honour, if Vows have any power to bind, must soon become your own; nor could I have been so lost to Vertue and to Fame, nay even to Prudence and to Interest, unless some Demon had possess'd us both.* — *Oh* Argaspe! *the remembrance of that Scene of Guilt and Shame is dreadful to me, and I could even hate myself and you; nay, renouncing all Religion, turn Blasphemer, accuse Heaven of my Crime, and curse my Guardian Angel, who, too remiss and careless of the Charge committed to his Care, abandon'd me to ruin.* —— *Yet is it still in your power to retrieve all, to save my Soul from Despair, and your own from the guilt of having contributed to it.*—— *I have sworn never to see you, till I can look on you with Honour; if then you design to visit me this Morning, come not unaccompanied by a Priest, who, by that Ceremony which makes the Act of Love a Vertue, may sanctify what we have done.* ——*Till this be perform'd, I have*

have not Courage enough to behold the Sun, to meet my Father's Preſence, nor can think of you but with the utmoſt Horror. — Oh then be ſpeedy to preſerve my Fame, reſtore me to my Peace, and yourſelf to the favour of the offended Gods, and the Affection of the otherwiſe

Moſt Wretched,

moſt Undone,

moſt Guilty,

LAMIRA.

What effect this Epiſtle had on him, you may gueſs by the Hiſtory I have given you of his Diſpoſition, and the means by which he acquir'd the Poſſeſſion of this unhappy Beauty; but careful not to drive her to Extremes, which might too ſoon diſcover all, and more confirm'd than ever in his Reſolution never to do what ſhe expected from him, he ſent her by the ſame Meſſenger this Reply.

To the Unjuſt *LAMIRA.*

YOU accuſe me and yourſelf, too ſcrupulous Charmer! of a Fault which never was eſteem'd ſo in the Eye of Heaven. What tho' we anticipated the Ceremony of the Church, and ſnatch'd thoſe Joys which both were deſtin'd for, ſome Hours and Days, perhaps, before the time — Can a few words of Form by Man invented, and mumbled over by a dull Prieſt that's paid for what he does, convert to Virtue, *that which*

which in itself is Vice? —Oh no; a Woman of your good Sense and Understanding must know better. — The Joys of Love can ne'er be term'd Pollution, but when Variety of Objects adulterates the Flame; our Souls, I hope, are more cemented than ever, to be guilty of that Crime. — I am convinc'd we ne'er can be but for each other: Why then is what we have done, or what we yet shall do, an Argument of Guilt or Shame? You are already as much my Wife, as that Solemnity you require can make you, tho' for your Satisfaction that too shortly shall ensue. But, my Dear! should we too rashly hurry up this matter, now in your Father's absence, no Guests invited, no Preparations to make it such as would become our Quality, or my Lamira's *Merit, the World would wonder at the suddenness, and perhaps suspect the Cause. ——— By an Over-nicety, you would expose what you are so careful to conceal. — Be easy, therefore, till every thing may appear as it was at first design'd, and be assur'd the only Crime you have been guilty of, is in wounding with the knowledge of your Disquiet and unjust Suspicions the Soul of him who will ever be*

His Ador'd *Lamira's*

Most passionately Tender

and ever Faithful

ARGASPE.

P. S *I flatter myself with a hope that this will engage you to recede from that cruel Resolution you have taken of seeing me no more till the Celebration of our Marriage, which would not only be dealing with too much severity with me, but also be an Injury to your own Fame, in giving the World room to enquire into the Cause;*

Cauſe; nor know I in what manner you could excuſe ſuch a Behaviour to your Father, without letting him into a Secret you ſeem ſo fearful of betraying.

She grew infinitely more eaſy than ſhe had been on the receipt of this Letter; ſhe had nothing to object againſt his Reaſons for delaying the Marriage till her Father's return, and believing him what he pretended to be, had no miſtruſt but that it then would be accompliſh'd. ——She could not however conſent to ſee him, being both by Nature and Education the moſt modeſt Creature that ever was; ſhe could not think how much her Diſtraction had made her ſin againſt that Vertue, and behold the Man who had been witneſs of it, without being ready to die for Shame. Being convinc'd, however, by another Billet from him the ſame day, that as he had been accuſtomed to viſit her at leaſt every Evening, to abſent himſelf on the ſudden would give room for ſuſpicion to the Servants, or as many as ſhould be told it, ſhe at laſt permitted him to come; but with what Emotions, what Confuſion in her Eyes and Mind ſhe beheld him at his approach, can hardly be conceiv'd! This ſoft Diſorder and unaffected Baſhfulneſs, gave an addition to her uſual Charms, and new-fir'd the Soul of *Argaſpe* with thoſe Deſires which he thought had been extinguiſh'd;—— and burning for a ſecond Enjoyment, he made uſe of his utmoſt Wit and Eloquence to perſuade her, that neither of them had been guilty of an offence to Vertue—Call'd every God to witneſs that ſhe was his Wife, that he regarded her with the moſt pure and holy Flame, and that if he had look'd on the

Conſummation of their Loves as a Diſhonour to her, he would have ſuffer'd Death rather than have been guilty of it. With how much eaſe are the Innocent deceiv'd, and how ready is deluded Humanity to credit what they love! Poor *Lamira* believing all he ſaid, at length grew calm, and with her Diſquiet her Shame too vaniſh'd; being perſuaded to conſider herſelf as his Wife, ſhe was without much difficulty prevail'd on to conſent that he ſhould treat her as ſuch, and Obedience being one of the moſt meritorious Duties of that Title, ſhe thought herſelf oblig'd by it to refuſe him nothing. ——— Thus was ſhe brought by degrees to yield without reluctance to his Will, and to look on that as a Vertue, which before ſhe dreaded as a Vice. But now, alas! approach'd the dreadful Proof that where a Paſſion is not juſtly eſtabliſhed, the chief Incentive to Deſire is the difficulty it meets with in its Gratification. ——A free Poſſeſſion and unlimited Enjoyment ſoon cool'd the tranſient Flame of falſe *Argaſpe*; inſipid now appear'd the Joys he lately languiſh'd for, and tireſome the fond Careſſes which were once ſo raviſhing. —— The Return of her Father depriving them of thoſe Opportunities they had in his abſence, prevented the loſt *Lamira* from the knowledge of her Misfortune for ſome time.

That unſuſpecting Gentleman little imagining what had hapned in his abſence, was come back full of Concern that he had not been able to execute the Truſt repos'd in him, no ſuch Perſon being to be found in the place he was directed to purſue. *Argaſpe* made him many Retributions for the trouble he had given himſelf, and told him withall, that having been miſinform'd as to the name of the Sea-port where this pre-

tended

tended Debtor had intended to embark, he had now gain'd certain Intelligence of the right place, and that there was an indiſpenſible Neceſſity for him to appear in the Affair himſelf; for which reaſon he muſt take his leave of him for a little time. The old Gentleman would have eaſed him of the pains, and took a ſecond Journey, or have accompanied him; but the other, who had now no farther occaſion for his abſence, nor had any real Buſineſs in that part of the Country to which he ſaid he was going, told him it would be improper; and having reiterated his Promiſe both to the Father and Daughter of having the Marriage ſolemnized with the utmoſt Magnificence at his Return, he bad them Adieu with Deſigns in his Head of a far different nature than either of them imagin'd.

Inſtead of going on Buſineſs, as he had ſaid, a little way into the Country, he embark'd in the Company of *Ruffilius*, and ſome other of his Acquaintance, for *Utopia*, where the old King being deceaſed, the Coronation of the ſucceeding Heir drew great Numbers of the Nobility and Gentry from all parts to be preſent at ſo auguſt a Solemnity.—He had been gone ſome time before *Lamira* or her Father had any other Apprehenſions but thoſe pleaſing ones which the Expectations of his Return afforded; but when they were inform'd of the Truth, that it was to *Utopia* he had remov'd himſelf, and that no other Affair than his Diverſion had occaſion'd his taking leave of them with ſo much ſuddenneſs and abruptneſs, a mortal Diſquiet ſeiz'd on the Minds of both; the old Gentleman preſently believ'd his Confidence had been abuſed, and that either by the Baſeneſs or Inconſtancy of *Argaſpe* he was diſappointed in thoſe pleaſing

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Expectations with which he had flatter'd himſelf of retrieving his Family from thoſe Misfortunes to which they were reduced.—— He endeavour'd however to conceal his Chagrin as much as poſſible from *Lamira*, and to give her what Conſolation was in his power; and perceiving her ſunk with Melancholy, was continually reminding her of the Inſtability of all human Affairs, and that if *Argaſpe* had deceiv'd their Hopes, it was no more than many other Men had done to Women, whoſe equality of Fortune had render'd more ſecure, and therefore more greatly diſappointed: — that he did not doubt but that ſhe was ſtill under the Protection of the Gods, who ſome time or other would reward her Vertues, and perhaps make her happy with a more deſerving Man. But, alas! he little knew the Source of that unhappy Lady's Grief, and that theſe kind of Diſcourſes, ſo far from comforting her, added to the Miſery of her Condition. When he told her that the Gods would provide for her, how near was ſhe to crying out, Ah no! I have renounc'd their Care, I have nothing to hope or to expect either from Earth or Heaven; but Shame and Fear prevented her, elſe had ſhe in the Diſtraction of her Mind a thouſand times began the dreadful Tale of her Undoing, and the Cauſe ſhe had to deſpair. Great were her Afflictions from the firſt Reaſon ſhe had to imagine herſelf forſaken, but infinitely greater, when ſoon after ſhe found herſelf in a Condition which would not ſuffer the Crime ſhe had been guilty of long to remain a Secret. ——She was with Child, and as the Product of her Shame increas'd, the ſenſe of her Miſeries grew with it, each little Motion, each Start the unguilty Embryo made, was a ſad Monitor to its

its wretched Mother of what ſhe had done, and what ſhe was to ſuffer: But tho' ſhe was ſeveral times about to relate the truth of her Misfortune to her Father, yet could ſhe never bring herſelf to do it; Shame, and his well-known Vertue ſtill deterr'd her, and ſhe choſe rather to conſume with ſtifled Agonies, than diſcloſe a Secret which ſhe knew would be ſo ſhocking to his Nature. —— She both fear'd to increaſe the Affliction ſhe ſaw him already involv'd in, and to let him know how little Advantage ſhe had made of the Education he had given her, and how much ſhe had render'd herſelf unworthy of the Tenderneſs with which ſhe had been treated by him; but the impoſſibility of concealing for ever the Wretchedneſs of her State, made her look on Death as the only Good which could befall her, and to pray inceſſantly to *Jupiter*, that he would put an end to her days before the fatal Time arriv'd, in which, in ſpite of her Efforts, her Diſhonour muſt be obvious, not only to the Eyes of her aſtoniſhed Father, but to others alſo.

In the midſt of theſe diſtreſsful Reflections, news was brought that *Argaſpe* was return'd from *Utopia*, and that in his Journey hapning into the Acquaintance of a young Lady, who was travelling with her Father to ſome Relation's Houſe, that he had made his Addreſſes to her, and being approved by the old Gentleman, every thing was concluded on for the Marriage, for the Celebration of which he ſtay'd in the Country, which it was expected would be ſoon, and that a little time would bring him and his Bride to Town. Judge the Confuſion in which this account involv'd the diſconſolate *Lamira!* the going of *Argaſpe* to

Utopia, without acquainting her with his Design; the neglect he had testified of her, in having never written to her all the time of his absence, had given her but too much an assurance of her Fate: but to hear it now confirm'd, that he indeed was false, that he was inevitably lost, was such a surcharge of Woe, as must immediately have sunk her to the Grave, if not upheld by Fate, to endure yet greater Ills than any she had yet sustain'd. The expiration of that time in which the Consequence of her unhappy Passion would strive for light, and struggle to be born, being almost now arriv'd; and Guilt, and Shame, and Fear presenting a thousand wild Ideas to her distracted Mind, nothing seem'd more strange than that she did not, disappointing the Decrees of Heaven, lay violent hands on her own Life, and tear herself from the approaching Miseries.

Having thus long conceal'd the chief Part of her Misfortune from her unsuspecting Father, she now resolv'd to venture every thing, endure every thing rather than let him know it. She had a few Jewels of a small Value, and a little Money; those she pack'd up with her Clothes, and having order'd an Hackney-coach to wait her early in the morning, at the corner of the Street where she liv'd, determin'd to fly her Father's House, tho' where to take Refuge she was utterly a stranger: but mistaken in her Calculation, as to the Time of her delivery, she fell into the Pangs of Child-birth the very Night preceding that Morning which she intended should be witness of her flight.— Those dreadful Groans and Shrieks, which not all her Resolution could enable her to smother, soon alarm'd the Family.—— Her Father, and the Ser-

Servants, all ſtarted from their Beds, and ran immediately to know what had occaſion'd thoſe Cries. —— Alas! the Cauſe too ſoon diſclos'd itſelf: — the Terror, the Confuſion ſhe was in, aided that Rack of Nature, and drove, without any other aſſiſtance or application, the wretched Infant headlong into the World. What a ſight was this for a Father! — What Heart can conceive as it deſerves what his endur'd! — Unable for a time, or to interrogate or reproach, he ſtood immoveable, and had more the appearance of a Statue than a Man, while the female part of the Family leſs concern'd, tho' almoſt equally aſtoniſh'd, crowded about her to offer what little help was in their power; one ſnatch'd up the Child, while another took in her Arms the affrighted Mother, who by this time was fallen into a Swoon.

Soon as the afflicted Parent had recover'd preſence enough of mind to do it, he retir'd to another Room, and order'd that Perſons proper to attend in ſuch a Circumſtance, ſhould be ſent for to his unfortunate Daughter; who being immediately brought, and all neceſſary means apply'd, that wretched Beauty recover'd from her Faintings; but the poor Babe ſoon eas'd her of a Mother's Care, and but beheld the World and left it. This plain diſcovery of her Crime, could not ſo far eraſe the Tenderneſs in a fond Parent's Soul, as not to make him extremely anxious for her Preſervation: he enquir'd after her Health almoſt every moment, and renew'd his orders that all imaginable care ſhould be taken of her, tho' without letting her know it, or offering to come into the room.—— He thought it would ill become his Character, too eaſily to forgive the Diſhonour ſhe had brought on his

Name, and to upbraid her might be a means to render all the endeavours he took for her recovery fruitleſs: but while he was employ'd in his cares for her health, he wholly neglected his own; and the Surprize and Grief having ſeiz'd on his Spirits more than he himſelf was ſenſible of, or than his Age and Weakneſs was able to ſuſtain, he took to his Bed, and in a few days expired of no other Diſtemper but Sorrow.

Finding his Fate approaching, he ſent for an approved and faithful Friend, and having communicated to him the whole Hiſtory of the Misfortunes of their Family, intreated him to take charge of his Funeral; and that he would contrive it ſo, that *Lamira* ſhould be ignorant of his death, till being perfectly recover'd from that dangerous Condition in which ſhe at preſent languiſh'd, ſhe might be able to receive the News without prejudice to her ſafety (which ſtill was moſt precious to this tender Father) and that he would do all in his power for the comfort and aſſiſtance of that fair Unfortunate. After having given theſe Injunctions, and receiv'd the other Aſſurances that they ſhould be perform'd, he turn'd away his Head, and with a Sigh gave up his troubled Soul.

Every thing being executed according to the Will of the deceaſed, it would be too tedious, as well as needleſs, to repeat the Lamentations which the forlorn *Lamira* made, when after her recovery ſhe was inform'd how great a Loſs ſhe had ſuſtain'd; you may believe they were ſuitable to the Occaſion, and the filial Affection ſhe bore to the moſt indulgent Parent in the World. During the time of her confinement to her Chamber, ſhe had dreaded nothing ſo much as the tender Reproaches ſhe expected to receive from him,

him, as ſoon as he could prevail on himſelf to ſee her; but now to be told that he was no more, and that he ow'd his Death to the Grief he conceiv'd at her Misfortune, was ſo terrible an Addition to the Horrors ſhe before endur'd, as had like to have thrown her into a Condition little better than that from which ſhe was ſo lately recover'd. But whether there be ſome hidden Good for her in Heaven's eternal Store-houſe, or whether the great *Jupiter*, relentleſs to her Prayers, decrees her yet to ſuffer more, is not permitted to any but himſelf of the whole Hierarchy of Gods to know; but we may gueſs, that it is not for nothing that her Life amidſt ſuch various Sorrows is ſtill miraculouſly preſerved.

That faithful Friend, to whoſe Care her dying Father with his laſt Breath bequeathed her, has ſince recommended her to the Society of a Court-Beauty, with whom ſhe now lives as a Companion, receiving from her all the kind Offices ſhe cou'd expect to find from a Perſon the moſt nearly related to her by Blood; knowing no want of any thing but that Content and Peace of Mind, which the Remembrance of her Misfortunes, and the Baſeneſs and Ingratitude of *Argaſpe* have depriv'd her of, in all probability, for ever.

But becauſe I doubt not but you deſire to know what is become of that Monſter of Mankind, I muſt not forget to inform you, that he has not liv'd entirely free from the Puniſhment due to his Villany: Diſappointed in his Expectations of the Dower he was made to believe he ſhould receive with the Woman he married, and doubly curs'd in the Levity of her Behaviour, he lingers out his Days in continual Diſcon-

content, and to which Death, if not attended by a ſevere Futurity, would be infinitely preferable.

While the Deity was in the latter-part of his Relation, a large and magnificent *Gondula* ſailed up the River, attended by ſeveral ſmaller ones, fill'd with Muſicians, who ſeem'd to charm the Air with varied Melody. ——— The Stranger had never before heard any thing ſo harmonious; he ſeem'd tranſported, raviſh'd with the enchanting Sounds, and would fain have ask'd permiſſion of his heavenly Guide, to have follow'd them along the Bank of that delightful River, but that the God prevented him by chiding his Curioſity in this manner: Ah, frail Humanity! (*ſaid he*) how ready are even the moſt Virtuous to obey the excitements of wanton Pleaſure! the Muſick thou haſt heard, indeed, is excellent; nor can a Mortal ſtill arrive at more Perfection than his by whom it was compoſed; but as 'tis here made uſe of, and joined to Words the groſſeſt, moſt obſcene that ever ſhock'd a modeſt Ear, 'tis Poiſon to the Senſes, and ſhould be ſhunn'd by all who would preſerve their Souls untainted with the Vice which 'tis deſigned to propagate. ——— ——— Know, (*continued he with angry Bluſhes*) this Concert is intended for the Honour of that *Demon*, whom Fate, for the puniſhment of too eaſily deceiv'd Humanity, permits to wear my Form and Name. ——— The Party whom it attends, are gone out under the pretence of offering a Sacrifice to me; but were you to hear the Converſation, or behold the Actions which the Canopy and Curtains of yonder ornamented *Gondula* conceals, you would acknowledge thoſe who could practiſe them, muſt be ſuch on whom my Influ-

Influence never had any effect. —— There is not in the Iſland a Society ſo firmly devoted to Luſt as thoſe which juſt now paſs'd us.——— The Slaves of brutal Appetite, they torture Thought, and rack Invention to find out new ways to raiſe Deſire, and provoke Pollution. —— Six Men, and an equal number of Shame-defiers of the other Sex, make up the deteſtable Cabal. ——— They are all of Quality, and by that Privilege are ſafe from thoſe Inſults which their Behaviour would otherwiſe ſubject them to from the leſs inſolently ſinful Populace. ———The Count *Rakhellio* glories in being the firſt Founder of this horrid League, and prides himſelf in being the Fiend's chief Agent here.— Married to a young and blooming Beauty, ſcarce a Month had he been in poſſeſſion of her Charms, before they grew inſipid to him : —— he complain'd of the Coldneſs of her Conſtitution, that ſhe wanted the neceſſary Artifices to make Enjoyment pleaſing, and bringing two of the moſt noted Practitioners of the ſhameful Trade, into the Chamber where ſhe was, forc'd her to behold him act his monſtrous Luſt with both of them before her Face ;— then bid her learn of them the happy Skill to gain a Husband's Love. —The next in place, equal in Vice, is young *Servinus*, Son of the Count *Del Murno*, who being in diſgrace with his Father for attempting a Rape on one of his own Siſters, is at preſent ſupported in his Expences by the Chevalier *Burſus*, another Member of this abhorr'd Society. —— Inferior to none in every Deed of Hell, is *Arco*, chief Favourite of the Prince *Ergaſtus*, raiſed to that envy'd Station by complying with his vicious Inclinations, ſoothing his Debaucheries, and ſacrificing to his brutal Paſſion

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the Virgin-treaſure of a young Maid nearly al-ly'd to him. —— Since to renounce the Gods, contemn their Bleſſings, and defy their Rage, is one of the moſt engaging Qualifications here, well may the impious *Damion* find a favourable reception, whoſe Converſation is wholly made up of Oaths and Blaſphemy. ——*Bullatius*, fa-mous for midnight Broils and Riots, compleats the Male-part of this prophane Aſſembly. And after having related the Characters of them, I think it ſcarce needful to give you any parti-cular account of the Women, who join them-ſelves to Wretches ſo abandon'd by every Grace, and who are not only the moſt profligate of Mankind, but alſo glory in their being ſo; you may very well believe without my telling you ſo, that they are ſuch as have entirely caſt off all ſenſe of Honour and of Modeſty, and ſworn themſelves the Votaries of Hell. —— Yet are they, as I before obſerv'd, of the firſt Rank, one of them the Siſter, another the Daughter of a Duke; the meaneſt of them is of noble Blood, on which depending as a Sanction for her Vice, ſhe ſecurely revels in unlimited Debauches, nor fears the Infamy of vulgar Sinners. —— As they are ſo exactly pair'd, you think, perhaps, each has her favourite Mate, and to indulge the Calls of Paſſion with one darling Charmer, they fly the buſy Town's too curious Eyes, and find their Bliſs in amorous Solitude. —— Ah no! ſuch a proceeding, were to their Ardor Conſtancy annex'd, would be a Vertue rather than a Fault; the God of Love would never bluſh to ſee Deſire ſo rais'd or ſo appeas'd. —— But it is with monſtrous and horrid Fires their ſooty Boſoms glow! ——No Charm but of the Sex is here conſider'd,—no

Right,

Right, no Property is known among them, but all promiſcuouſly mingle as Chance, or preſent Inclination ſhall direct;—each Woman has of every Man made trial, and every Man each Woman has enjoy'd. ——— A little farther up this ſilver Stream a Water-gate there is, which leads you to a Foreſt beauteous in its Shade,—'tis there, their uſual Rendezvous is kept,—— there the commiſſion'd *Gondula* will ſtop, and be unloaded of its weight of Vice.—The Servants, whom the attending Veſſels bear, ſpread o'er the graſſy Plain the choiceſt Cates and richeſt Wines; which done, they to their Poſts retire, waiting their Superiors return. ——Now every Senſe with proper Fare is glutted, — the Smell with thouſand various Odours, which in this earthly Paradiſe abound,—the Ear with Muſick's ſofteſt Harmony,—the Taſte with all the Provocatives of Deſire that artful Luxury can invent,—the Sight with Objects moſt pleaſing to a luſtful Fancy, the naked Beauties of the different Sexes,—and for the Touch, each try their utmoſt Skill to raiſe Enjoyment to its higheſt pitch, and charm the wanton Partner of Delight with Extaſies before unpractiſed.— Sometimes with obſcene Healths the ſparkling Glaſs goes round. ——— Sometimes, extended on the verdant Glade, careleſly lolling, every ſecret Charm expoſed to allure, they tempt each other to repeated Pleaſures. ——— Tir'd, but not ſatisfy'd, to their reſpective Homes each does at length return, and vent what Stock of Vigour the Debauch has left them, in Railings, Oaths, and Curſes on their Servants; it being one of their pernicious Maxims, to be good-humour'd only to each other, and when they are no longer capable of Pleaſure themſelves, to inflict what

Pain

Pain is in their power on the reſt of the World. —— - In every thing, while on Earth, reſembling thoſe Fiends whoſe Votaries they are, and with whom hereafter they muſt eternally reſide. You will perhaps wonder that *Nemeſis*, ſo prone to Vengeance, does not pour out her Horn of Judgments on their devoted Heads; but know there is a certain Time for all things by Fate ſet down, which not even the ſupremeſt of the immortal Beings can anticipate or alter. Had the impatient Thunder leave to fly on every daring Criminal this guilty Iſland yields, Heaven would be left defenceleſs, its Bolts be ſpent, and numbers of unpuniſhed Wretches would remain to propagate new Ills, and laugh at *Jupiter*.

The various and diſturb'd Emotions which appear'd in the Face and Geſtures of the Deity all the time he was ſpeaking, inform'd our Traveller, that the Gods themſelves are not exempt from Paſſion, and that they frequently feel that on the account of ungrateful Humanity, which they are above the occaſions of on their own; and touch'd with a juſt ſenſe of this Beneficence to his Fellow-Creatures, he proſtrated himſelf in grateful Adoration, and before he was aware burſt out into this rapturous Exclamation, O wondrous Clemency! (*cry'd he*) O Love Divine! Earth ſins, and Heaven laments!

The God of Tenderneſs no ſooner heard theſe Words, and ſaw the Poſture of him who ſpoke them, than ſtretching out his Hand to raiſe him, How happy were it (*ſaid he*) for deprav'd Humanity, if all could think like thee! ——For expiation of the moſt daring Sins, all Heaven requires, is Penitence and Prayers, — in return

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to the Benedictions it affords, Gratitude and Zeal; yet this is thought too much——the Gods may give, but Man forgets, or is above acknowledgment.— Even those who pass for Virtuous, and by avoiding known Enormities, stand in some Rank of Merit, even they appear insensible of our mighty Bounties; or imagine that their Actions, because less wicked than their Neighbours, have a Title to our Favour.

The wrong'd Divinity had perhaps proceeded farther in these too just Reflections on the Insensibility and Ingratitude of Mankind, had not the appearance of an old and seemingly very grave Gentleman, who just then approach'd the Place where they were standing, occasion'd him to break off, that he might proceed with those Discoveries he had promised to the Stranger.

View well that Form (*resum'd he*) would you not believe by every outward Mark, that it contain'd a Mind all Sanctity and Virtue?—— What Reverence do not those hoary Hairs command! —— What Wisdom, what depth of Thought, seems seated in his penetrating Eyes! —— What Mildness in his unruffled Brow!—— Were one to draw a Portraicture of the King of Gods, where should one find a Resemblance so near as this? ——— Yet, Oh! how deceitful are Appearances! his Soul is the black Image of Hell's horrid Sovereign.—— Murder and Lust, Hypocrisy, Avarice and Fraud, with a thousand Demons more inspire his Aims, and influence his every Action.——— Born in a Land where Poverty is a Crime as well as a Misfortune, he took an early care not to be that way guilty. ——By ways unknown even to the greatest Proficients in the deceiving Science, he rais'd his Fortune from an abject Station, and triumph'd

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in the Spoils of ruin'd Honesty.——— An advantageous Person made him the Darling of the Fair.——Never was Man more successful in Amours, tho' once it had like to have cost him dear.———

Hap'ning to have an Intrigue with the Wife of a certain Chevalier of his own Country, it was by some Accident discover'd to the Husband, who immediately sent him a Challenge; but he having always the utmost regard to his own Preservation, instead of meeting him, sent in his room two Ruffians, who depriv'd that unhappy Gentleman of his Life, as he before had done of his Honour.—— The Villany was not of a long time found out, and he flatter'd himself with an Assurance that it never would; but after having liv'd some Years in this Security, he heard that one of the Assassins being apprehended for some other Crime, and sentenced to death, he had with his last Breath made open Confession of this Murder, and the Person's Name who had employ'd him in it. ——— Alarm'd with this Account, he presently bethought himself that all the Stratagems he could invent to evade Justice, would be ineffectual, because the criminal Correspondence he had with the Wife of the deceased, being publickly known, it would serve for a convincing Evidence against him.—— He therefore pack'd up all his Effects with an almost incredible expedition, and transported them with himself into this Island, where he is out of danger of any Prosecutions from his own Country.—— What Crimes he has been guilty of since his arrival here, he takes care shall be out of the reach of Law.—— Safe from the Power of Man, he fears not the Vengeance of the Gods.— My Power particularly he defies; and instigated, old

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as he is, by much the ſame vicious Inclinations as thoſe which prompt that curs'd Society, whoſe Characters I lately gave you; he keeps in his Houſe no leſs than three of the moſt notorious and ſhameleſs Courtezans that ever made Profeſſion of the Trade; — by the moſt ſhameful Arts they ſeek to revive decay'd Deſire, then gratify, by turns, the brutal Appetite they have excited. — O raging, monſtrous Fires! which even Age, Infirmities, nor the near Proſpect of approaching Death, and all the Horrors of Futurity cannot extinguiſh! To what a Height will Man's encreaſing Wickedneſs extend! — Scarce will the Contemplation ſuffer me to proſecute what I intended, ſo hateful is it to the heavenly Nature to dwell on Themes like theſe. Yet will I not diſappoint a Curioſity which I have rais'd. ——— Let us now proceed to yonder pompous Dome, whoſe gilded Battlements ſeem loſt in Clouds and reaching to the Heavens. 'Tis call'd the Senate-Houſe, a Building as illuſtrious in its Appearance, as it ought to be for the Decrees made in it. —— We will go and take a nearer View of the Outſide; you may hereafter at your own leiſure enter in, and ſee the manner in which a few ſelected Perſons decide the Fate of Nations; but at preſent it will be of greater Conſequence to you, to remain in a convenient place, where, uninterrupted by any loud Debates, or private Murmurs, you may behold each Member of this auguſt Aſſembly paſs by, and be inform'd both what and who they are which form it.

The Deity had no ſooner utter'd theſe words, than the Stranger experienc'd the performance of them. —— The Lawns, the Meadows, and the ſpacious Stream, which had ſo lately fed his

Eyes with gay Variety, were vaniſh'd quite, and in their room huge Walls of Stone and maſſy Gates made all of burniſh'd Braſs, were now the Proſpect —— It was in a magnificent Piazza, ſupported by Marble Pillars of the *Dorick* Order, that he found himſelf placed by his celeſtial Conductor. — A profound Silence reign'd thro' all the place, except a diſtant murmuring Noiſe like that of the humming of Bees, which iſſued from an outer Court, in which he could perceive there were a great number of People who ſeem'd waiting the reſult of ſome important Affair, and buſy with expectation.

Here, you with eaſe (*reſum'd the God*) may take a particular View of the Chief of the Nobility and Gentry of this Iſle; for few there are of any note but are either Members of the Senate, or have buſineſs with it. — Through this Piazza they muſt paſs. —— 'Tis now about their time of breaking up: —— And ſee, already ſome of them appear. —— Behold the Marquiſs *Del Nollarius*, as eminent for his excellent Wiſdom in Council and Debates, as he is for his ill Taſte in his Amours, maintaining at a prodigious Expence a foreign Courtezan, of ſo deform'd and foul a make, that one would imagine whoever had made choice of her for a Miſtreſs, had done it but to mortify the Vanity of ſome more lovely Fair, whoſe Cruelty had prompted them to take this Method for Revenge. A Country-man of her own, after having too plentifully ſacrificed to *Bacchus*, was carried by ſome merry Companions to her Houſe, where having lain with her all Night, he was ſo much enraged with himſelf the next Morning, when, at the return of his Reaſon, he reflected

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on what he had done, that he wrote on her Window with a Diamond, theſe Lines;

The Sin was not more foul I did commit,
Than is the She with whom I acted it.

But it is with other Eyes the Marquiſs conſiders her, and 'tis probable imagines ſhe appears as amiable to others as ſhe does to him; and as tho' the poſſeſſion of her were a matter to be rather envy'd than the contrary, he takes pride to appear with her in all publick Places; and when alone, his Equipage and Chariot diſtinguiſh her to the Obſervation of thoſe, who elſe would be far from gueſſing her to be the Favourite of a Peer, whoſe Greatneſs and more ſhining Merits might entitle him to the Affections of the fineſt Women.

The next who comes in ſight is Count *Thaumantio*, entitled to a place in this honourable Aſſembly more by his Birth than Merit, which conſiſts in Qualifications vaſtly different from thoſe becoming a Senate-Houſe. —— He perfectly underſtands the Art of Dreſs,— can entertain the Ladies with an Air of Gallantry, and has an admirable Talent in Raillery; but ſo great a Stranger to the Laws and Statutes of the Nation, that having been ridicul'd for not giving his Opinion when there has hapned any Diſpute among them; and at laſt venturing to do it in a Caſe of great Importance, he made a long Harangue, at the concluſion of which, a grave old Peer who ſat next him, ask'd him what he had to offer, for as yet he had ſaid nothing. The poor Count was ſo much daſh'd at this Reprimand, that he has never ſince dar'd to open his Mouth in this place; for which painful

Silence he makes himſelf amends elſewhere; and when he happens to be where he imagines himſelf the Oracle of the Company, ſeldom or never holds his tongue. He is one of thoſe who think it a Proof of Wit to ridicule my Power; and tho' he is married to a Lady of an Extraction very much ſuperior to his own, and miſtreſs of many Perfections, yet more worthy to excite Affection, he makes no ſcruple to ſay before her face, That Love is a Paſſion unworthy of a wiſe Man, and that he was always above that Weakneſs ——

To this vain Trifler, in whoſe Character there is little either of Vice or Vertue, ſucceeds the Duke *De Almant*; he is accompanied by the great *Agenor*. —— Behold, in theſe two Men, the Pillars of their Country!—Patriots, ſuch as of old render'd this Iſland dear to the immortal Gods, and its Alliance of the utmoſt Conſequence to the admiring Nations. —— Would you behold a perfect Pattern of the ſublimeſt Wiſdom, ſtricteſt Honour, Fortitude, Magnanimity, Generoſity, and Temperance, retain the Idea of noble *De Almant* in your Mind: —— If of Courage, Liberality, Courteſy, and Sweetneſs of Diſpoſition, think of *Agenor*.—— Between them they ſhare all the Virtues which can adorn Humanity; or rather, each has all. —— So equally excellent in every Grace, that to give a Character of the one, you give it of the other alſo. —— Both have experienc'd the Joys of *Hymen*,—both led by me into his ſacred Temple, continue great Examples of virtuous Love, and Conſtancy unſhaken. Oh! that in this Day's Progreſs I could produce more Votaries like theſe: —— But ſee *Ramellius* next fills up the Scene; — my Tranſports fade at ſight of him. —Ah, what a Change is here! —— Read in his gloomy

gloomy Brow, the Index of his Mind, pale Envy, Avarice, and Cruelty.—— Something within has happen'd, which has rous'd his ſavage Nature, and forc'd him to throw off the Maſk of Affability, which he too often wears to gain eſteem, and the opportunities of doing miſchief.—— Now he appears himſelf without Diſguiſe, and all-forbidding Truſt, or Confidence.—— By Birth, a Peer of the firſt Rank; — by publick Offices yet more diſtinguiſh'd. He employs the one part of his Prerogative in oppreſſing the poor Tenants of his Lands, and the other in extorting exorbitant Fines from thoſe in Places under him. ——Honour, Generoſity, Pity, Gratitude, or Juſtice, he has none, even to thoſe the moſt nearly allied to him by Blood.—— Tho' devoted to that Fiend, whoſe Influence too frequently paſſes for mine, his ſordid and avaritious Diſpoſition extends itſelf to the Women who moſt oblige him.—— He is now ſo remarkable among the common Courtezans, that not one of them will yield her proſtituted Favours till he has depoſited the Purchaſe of them in a third Perſon's hands. He is——but the Detail of his Vices, tho' groſs, afford ſo little Variety, that the Hiſtory of them muſt give way to that of thoſe three young Noblemen, who this moment are entring the Piazza, Arm in Arm.—— They are in every Affair of Life ſo link'd to each other, that even the Gravity of that Aſſembly to which they have the honour to belong, cannot ſeparate them.—— Should I ſtop here, you would, perhaps, imagine that whatever Faults they may be guilty of, ſo ſtrict an adherence to the Rules of Friendſhip might diſcover ſomething valuable in their Natures; but you will be of a different Opinion when I ſhall inform

you, that it is only a frequent Partnerſhip in Debauchery which is the cement of that Union you ſee between them. —— Nothing can be more ſtrange than their appearance in the Senate-Houſe, which, though an Honour conſequential to their Birth and Titles, they ſeem to diſregard. —— Their Nights conſumed in Riot, the God of Sleep engroſſes the moſt part of their Days. Various have been the Miſchiefs which have been acted by them in their wild Scenes of Frenzy, (for it will bear no other Denomination) when the Grape's intoxicating Juice dethroning Reaſon, and ſubverting all the nobler Faculties of the Soul, renders Men incapable of every Office proper to Humanity, and fit only for the Society of Fiends —— Among the number of thoſe Enormities which cry to Heaven for Vengeance, there is none which more particularly excites my Indignation, and for the revenge of which I will never leave ſolliciting the omnipotent *Jupiter*. —— One Night, when every friendly Planet was o'erpower'd, and only Foes profeſs'd to Virtue had dominion o'er the Minds of Men, did this Triumvirate of Libertines, diſguiſing themſelves like common Ruffians, break into the Houſe of a Gentleman, the Virtue of whoſe only Daughter each had by turns attempted, but in vain. —— Being provided of Piſtols, Gags, Cords, and all the Implements made uſe of by the Perſons they repreſented, they eaſily took from the old Gentleman, and all the Servants, the means of preventing the Miſchief they deſign'd; then repairing to the Chamber where the young Lady was almoſt dying with thoſe Fears which the noiſe they had made in the Houſe had given her but juſt an occaſion for; and after having drawn

Lots

Lots which ſhould have the firſt Enjoyment of her Virgin Charms, each rioted in the full Enjoyment of their brutal Wiſhes. —— In vain ſhe begg'd, in vain ſhe knelt, and wept, deaf Luſt regarded not the Cries of her Diſtreſs.——— The ſame *Demon* which had inſtigated them to take this pains in the purſuit of their Deſires, hardned their Hearts for the accompliſhment; and long before Morning broke, they left her the moſt loſt, moſt wretched Creature that e'er the Sun beheld. —— For Years had ſhe with utmoſt Ardor lov'd a faithful Youth.—Never were Minds more pair'd; nor did I e'er look down on a Sacrifice more worthy my acceptance.—— A fews days more, and *Hymen* ſhould have join'd their Hands whoſe Souls had long been one: —— but now, thus ruin'd, thus defil'd by unknown Raviſhers, her Nicety would not permit her to bring polluted Raptures to his chaſte Embraces. ——— She retir'd to the Temple of *Veſta*; he, mad with Deſpair, unhoping Vengeance, as depriv'd of Love, enter'd himſelf a Volunteer in a foreign Climate, where, in the firſt Engagement, plunging himſelf where he ſaw Dangers thickeſt, he met that Death he courted, and which indeed was more to be deſir'd than ſuch a Life of Torment.—— The News ſoon reach'd the unhappy Beauty's Ears, which adding to her former Sorrows, rid her alſo of the burthen of Reflection, having never known one moment's Peace of Mind ſince the fatal Night of her undoing, to that in which ſhe yielded up her Breath.——

This one Example is ſufficient to let you into Reaſons on which the Intimacy between them is founded. —— But to compleat their Characters, I muſt inform you, that as occaſion ſhall

require, each is for the others, Pander, Bully, False-witness, or the Actor in any Fiendlike Enterprize, which can contribute either to the promoting Villany, or to the escaping the Punishment due to it. Shun the Acquaintance of these prodigious Libertines, O worthy Youth! as thou would'st preserve thy Soul uncorrupted by their Principles, or thy Fame from the Scandal of their Actions.

Another too I see approaching, whose Conversation is of equal Danger; he bears the Name and Title of a deceased Peer, whose Wisdom, and whose Virtues, adorn'd Nobility: but this, tho' his near Kinsman, inherits nothing of his Merit, but all the Vices of an imperious Mother, and most dissolute Father. The Person he is now in Conference with, is one of the Heads of a Faction who have given much trouble both to the Sovereign and Senate. — You scarce will find a Man possess'd of less bodily Perfections, yet has his Wit render'd his Addresses to the Fair successful. —— He has long had an Intrigue with one of the most lovely Women of the Age; but full of fashionable Ingratitude, he grows sated with her Charms, and is contriving the means to get rid of those Tendernesses which are now become uneasy to him. —— The Method by which he proposes to do it, is to introduce that other to her Acquaintance; by his Directions he is to feign a Passion for her, to follow her where-ever she goes, to toast her Health in all Companies; and, in fine, to give all publick Demonstrations that he is her Lover; on which he, who was once her real one, is to seem inflam'd with a Jealousy equal to the other's Tenderness, and on that Pretext swear never to see her more. —— Observe how much Diver-

sion

ſion the forming of this Scheme affords to both. —— With what Grimaces do they ridicule the Fondneſs ſhe has ſhewn to this Traytor to his Vows.—— I pity the unhappy, and too eaſily impos'd on Woman.—— The whole Story will be expoſed. —— She will ſoon become the Jeſt of the laughing Town, as ſhe is at preſent of her Undoer.

Mark (*continued the Deity*) with what ſullen Pride the Duke *Severus* walks, diſdainful of his Fellow-Peers: He is indeed of a Family the moſt antient among the Nobility, and has not, by any known or remarkable Vices, diſgrac'd the Honour of his truly noble Anceſtors. Add to this, that he has many Perfections both of Mind and Body, but a too great Haughtineſs of Temper eclipſe their Luſtre, and render terrible what elſe would be engaging to the World.—— There are two things which at preſent ſit heavy on his Soul; the one is, that he ſees the Man whom moſt he hates, prime Miniſter, and is by that means entirely depriv'd of any part of the management of publick Affairs. ——— The other, that he is diſappointed of his Aim in marrying *Marama*, who tho' no more than a titular Princeſs, has a Revenue which might entitle her to a Match with the firſt Monarch in the Univerſe. Tho' in poſſeſſion of a vaſt Eſtate, and a large Tract of Land which calls him Lord, his greedy Eyes are eager after more; and to have gratified the Luſt of his Ambition, gladly would have wedded where not one Charm but Wealth could tempt Deſire. *Marama* has been for many Years a Grandmother; but Age is the ſmalleſt of her Imperfections: ——— She is of a Diſpotion ſo perverſe and peeviſh, ſo deſigning, mercenary, proud, cruel, and revengeful, that it has been a

matter

matter of debate, if she were really Woman, or if some Fiend had not assumed that Shape on purpose to affront the Sex, and fright Mankind from Marriage. Such as she is however, she has in her possession Charms which to him exceed the loveliest Eyes, or softest Nature; and never Man sollicited with greater Ardency, the brightest and most blooming Beauty, than did he this wrinkled Hag.—— The Affair went on so far between them, that she made him a Promise to be his Wife, but on some secret Disgust, she revoked it, and forbad his visiting her any more. So unexpected a Repulse has made him, who was before the worst-natur'd Man breathing, arrive at such a height of Discontent, and Sourness of Behaviour, that he is unfit for Conversation, and shuns, and equally is shunn'd by all Society.

Not so does the young Count *De Espree* support a Disappointment of the like nature: Having every thing provided for the celebration of his Nuptials with the Woman he passionately lov'd, the Night preceding that Day which he expected should make him a Bridegroom, she stole privately away, leaving a Letter on her Tolet, that the Motive which induced her going, was to avoid marrying the Count; but without giving any Reasons for this sudden Reluctnce to that which she had before seem'd perfectly pleas'd with.———When early in the Morning the Tidings reach'd his Ears, he appear'd like one distracted, but after coming to the house, and being shew'd the Letter, he immediately grew calm; judging with Reason, that nce the Lady knew so little of her own Mind it was much better she changed it before, than after the indissoluble Knot was tied.

But

But look! (*purſu'd the heavenly Intelligence, with an uncommon warmth*) with heedful Eyes obſerve that Perſon who is juſt now entring the Piazza. He is, I aſſure you, of the firſt Rank of the Nobility, accounted too a Man of Wit and Pleaſure; would you imagine it by his Aſpect, would you not rather take him for a Trading-Cit, a Fellow who walks three Miles an hour within the narrow compaſs of a Shop-Door, and perſecutes each Paſſenger with a *What do ye lack, Sir?* But to be a Proficient in Debauchery, is ſufficient among the Men of Mode in this Iſland to eſtabliſh the Character of a Good-Companion,— and in that he excels. ——— I cannot however avoid relating to you a merry Paſſage in his Life, which had like to have loſt him all the Honour he had acquir'd for witty Leudneſs. ——— Hapning to ſee a Girl at the *Opera*, he became what they call paſſionately in love with her, that is, he had a violent Inclination to debauch her. — She had hitherto preſerv'd a tolerable Reputation, had a modeſt Behaviour, and a good ſhare of Cunning. ——— He ſaw it was in vain to attempt her by thoſe means he had been accuſtomed to make uſe of to common Courtezans, and therefore addreſs'd her in a very obſequious manner, yet ſo as to let her underſtand what ſort of Reward it was he expected for his aſſiduities.—— She eaſily perceiv'd his drift, and far from being charm'd with all the fine things he ſaid to her, nor thinking herſelf in the leaſt oblig'd to his pretended Friendſhip, reſolv'd to make the beſt Advantage ſhe could of his Profeſſions.——— One Evening when they were together, and he was declaring the mighty Paſſion he had for her in the moſt elegant Expreſſions he was maſter of,

I think myſelf (*ſaid ſhe*) infinitely honour'd in the regard your Lordſhip ſeems to have for me; but alas! it is not in my power to be ſo grateful as I could wiſh: —— My unfortunate Circumſtances will not permit me to receive you with that Gaiety and Freedom you expect. —— I am encompaſs'd with difficulties, which will not ſuffer a thought of Love to enter my Head. —— I am involv'd in Debts, eternal Duns attend my Morning-wakings, and Crowds of Bailiffs watch my fearful Walks.— It is not in my power, nor in my hope ever to remedy this Misfortune, and I muſt ſhortly fly my relentleſs Creditors, and in ſome foreign Climate ſeek that Repoſe which they deny me here. The Peer, who is not of a humour to ſcruple any Expence which may procure the Gratification of his Wiſhes, was pleas'd to think he now knew the means which would oblige her to deny him nothing; and taking what ſhe ſaid as a kind of Offer of herſelf, in caſe he made her eaſy in the World, immediataly aſſur'd her that he would do ſo; and deſir'd ſhe would give him an account in writing of her Engagements, which he would bring the Money to diſcharge the next day. ——This being the very thing ſhe aim'd at, you may believe ſhe eaſily comply'd with his Commands; and calling for Pen and Paper, ſat down to calculate the ſeveral pretended Debts: neither need you doubt but that ſhe took care to make them amount to a conſiderable Sum. Which having done, ſhe preſented him the Paper, and with a well-counterfeited Fear and Baſhfulneſs in her Countenance, I have perform'd the Injunction your Lordſhip laid on me, (*ſaid ſhe*) but cannot have the vanity to hope my Happineſs is of conſequence enough to

yours,

yours, to engage the payment of ſo great a Sum. If the half of my Eſtate (*anſwer'd he, after having look'd it over*) could purchaſe my Angel's Satisfaction, gladly would I lay it down; this is a trifle to what I deſign for you, take therefore no farther thought, to-morrow you ſhall have the Money.

Both Parties were now extremely delighted in the expectation of fulfilling their ſeveral Deſires; the Girl found hers the next day compleated in a good Purſe of Gold; but the Lord no ſooner had thrown it into her Lap, than he found himſelf as far as ever from the Gratification of his. ——She now complain'd of an Uneaſineſs in her Lodgings, that the People uſed her with Ill-manners, and that ſhe ſhould never know an hour's Content, till ſhe was Miſtreſs of a Houſe; artfully inſinuating, that ſhe might then give a looſe to any Inclination ſhe had a fancy to indulge: but at preſent ſhe had Perſons who obſerv'd her Actions, and obliged her to Cautions, which were no way agreeable; and which depriv'd her of the Pleaſure of receiving his Lordſhip, either as often, or as freely as otherwiſe ſhe would. Having already given ſo much without any return, he thought it would be Ill-husbandry to refuſe more, after which he could not imagine ſhe could find any pretence to delay the Bleſſing he expected. ——— He therefore comply'd to this demand with the ſame Air of Alacrity as he had done to the former. ——— A fine Houſe was immediately hired, and very handſome Furniture bought for it, and young *Madam* deſiring to have every thing according to her own fancy, made the Purchaſes herſelf, and it is to be believ'd, ſet down the prices at a Rate extravagant enough; by which means

ſhe

ſhe made a ſecond Purſe not much inferior to the firſt in value.

Being now in poſſeſſion of all ſhe had deſir'd, the Donor thought it high time to demand his Recompence; which doing in modeſt terms, and ſuitable to the Behaviour he had ever treated her with, ſhe pretended not to underſtand what it was he meant: and evading with a viſible artifice the giving any direct Anſwer to what he ſaid, he found himſelf obliged to ſpeak more plain, and at laſt told her, that it was the deſire he had to enjoy her, which had engag'd him to act in the manner he had done; and that having gratify'd her in every thing ſhe requir'd, he now expected the ſame from her, nor would any longer be deny'd the Happineſs his Generoſity had entitled him to receive. —— O Heavens! (*cry'd ſhe, affecting a Surprize*) is it poſſible you can harbour ſuch a Thought! — Did you ſave me from one Ruin, only to involve me in another, which would be infinitely greater? I receiv'd the Benevolences you were pleas'd to afford me as an Act of Charity, not as the Purchaſe of my Vertue, which nothing ſhall ever prevail on me to relinquiſh. My Lord was in reality much more amaz'd at her manner of proceeding than ſhe pretended to be at his; but plainly perceiving that ſhe deſign'd to jilt him, was reſolv'd to make her know ſhe was miſtaken in the Man ſhe had made choice of for that purpoſe, and tho' he had hitherto carry'd himſelf to her with the greateſt diſtance, believing it the ſureſt method to obtain her Affections, he could upon occaſion put on the bold and daring part as well as the ſubmiſſive. ——Telling her therefore that he thought it not his Buſineſs longer to intreat for that which he look'd on as his

his due, began to uſe Familiarities with her, which, indeed, convinc'd her he would not be impos'd on. —— But having provided againſt the Danger, when ſhe found that there was no prevailing on him to deſiſt, ſhe ſhriek'd, and cry'd out a Rape; on which immediately ruſh'd into the Room two Men arm'd with Sword and Piſtol, who asking him what he meant by offering rudeneſs to their Kinſwoman, made him glad to quit the Houſe and his intended Miſtreſs, leſt any worſe Miſchief ſhould befall him, than the loſs of about two thouſand Crowns, which in his Acquaintance with her he had expended. —— The Story taking air, he received from the Railleries of his Acquaintance a worſe Mortification than either the parting from his Money, or the diſappointment of his amorous Expectations had been. But to retrieve his Character of ſucceſsful Debauchery as well as he was able, he ſelected from the publick Brothels two of the lewdeſt, moſt abandon'd Proſtitutes he could find out, and maintains them in a very ſplendid manner, ſaying, he will have no concern for the future with any thing but honeſt open Courtezans, who own their Trade, and will act with him on the ſquare.

The Hiſtory and odd Adventures of this young Damſel, who ſeemed to have a perfect knowledge of the World before ſhe was well enter'd into her Teens, wou'd afford you much Matter of Diverſion, had I Time or Leiſure to relate the various Ways by which ſhe has impoſed upon Mankind, and with how much eaſe the Deceivers of thouſands have been by her deceiv'd. —— But the obſervation of Perſons more material now oblige me to drop the Theme. The Crowd begins to thicken. —— The Senators

nators come out apace, and seem in haste each to repair to their respective Business or Diversion. Behold the Count *Melamus*, eminent in nothing so much as for his lovely Person, and publick Intrigue with the Wife of his own Father. Old *Aristarchus*, who to revenge himself on the Disobedience of his Children, has lately married a young Creature, without either Beauty, Wit, or Fortune. —— Foreign *Macro*, whose destructive Wiles betray'd to Ruin the brightest Maid which has for many Ages adorn'd this Island with illustrious Beauty. —— *Sergius*, of great Descent, and the Inheritor of vast Possessions, but by incessant Riots grown poor, and a Dependant on those who rose but by his Interest and Favour. —— The Dukes *De Ulto* and *Marbien*, whose Histories I yesterday related to you. —— —— *Herodius*, famous for his Wit and Spirit, but as much the contrary for his Irresolution and changing Temper, which never suffers him to continue long enough in one Mind, either to be of any real Service to the Persons he seems to have a Friendship for, or a Prejudice to those whose Behaviour calls on him for Revenge. —— *Belius*, by Birth a Prince, and by that Privilege alone allow'd a Place in this Assembly, being of Intellects so weak, and so incapable, that the only Proof he ever gave of common Sense, was in making choice of a Lady for his Wife, whose only Dowry was an excellent Understanding. —— *Cecropius*, born to some Titles, but rais'd to more by the too partial Favour of the late Sovereign. —— When some time since he was employ'd in a foreign Embassy, he corrupted the Wife of a first Minister; and afterwards, being detected, expos'd some Letters she had sent him, to her Husband, to prove she was the first Seducer.

cer. ——— *Guiderius*, of mean extraction, but unexpectedly arriv'd at Posts of Honour, behaves with the usual Insolence of an upstart Parasite. —— He had the confidence on some little Pique between them, to send a Challenge to the Prince *Olario*, who being of a Disposition far from warlike, made up the Quarrel on his own terms. ——Since that, he is become the terror of all peaceable Gentlemen who have a mortal aversion to the sight of the inside of a Scabbard. —— He can, however, with an infinite deal of resignation endure a box on the ear from his Wife, and rumour says, was very near receiving a worse Chastisement from her Hands, on her being told that he had a Bastard-child at nurse. ——*Trebisond*, the roaring Bull-Dog of the Sen—e, with false *Perillo*, who fawns on all he meets. —— The latter of these is married to a Woman notorious for her Intrigues, which he is so far from being chagrin'd at, that he encourages her to receive Addresses of that nature; nor does he fail of finding the account he aims at in this extraordinary Condescension. —The Lady has a great stock of amorous Inclinations; he is wholly taken up with his Ambition, and can easily forgive her for gratifying those Desires abroad which he has not much leisure to indulge at home,—especially when this Liberty is conditional; — she is to exchange Secret for Secret, nor must consent to betray her Husband's Honour, till she has discover'd something by which he may ruin that of another Person. —The Intelligence she has gain'd by this means is not to be imagin'd, nor the Advantages he has reap'd by it.—— *Coricles*, a Libertine profess'd, and Foe to all that's good; burning with in-

ceſtuous Fires for his young Niece, the ſpotleſs Maid, ignorant of Vice, was by his Arts ſeduced, then turn'd to wander, friendleſs, thro' the World.

But ſee, behold among this worthleſs Tribe, how like a Power ſupreme *Dorinthus* moves! — how graceful is his Mien! —— there ſeems, methinks, ſomething of Divinity about his Form, or elſe the known Perfections of his Mind ſhine thro' his Eyes, and lighten all his Air. ——— By birth a Prince, but there's an innate Greatneſs which Titles cannot give; ——full of all Vertues which dignify Deſcent, but thoſe which moſt endear to Mankind, are Wiſdom and Liberality.

To him ſucceeds, (but O how far unlike!) *Caſtor*, a new-made Peer, but for what Virtue, the Power which made him ſo, would fail to anſwer: Scorning the Embraces of the beſt of Wives, unnatural Longings taint his ſickly Fancy, and inſtigate his worſe than brutal Appetite to Acts the moſt deteſtable to Heaven: His Pages, Footmen, nay, his very Grooms, if young, and of a tolerable Aſpect, receive their Lord's Careſſes, and take place in his Affection; while the abandon'd Lady, a Widow while her Husband lives, in lonely Sheets bewails her wretched State, and cries in vain to *Jupiter* and me, to turn his Heart, and work ſome alteration in her Fate. ——— *Venario*, a long Practitioner of the ſame horrid Vice, and Foe profeſs'd to Love and Womankind, tho' lately for Intereſt wedded to a blooming Beauty, ſupports in utmoſt Splendor a baſe-born Slave, the Minion of his Pleaſures; and, O moſt unheard of, monſtrous Impiety, perceiving the

Wretch

Wretch caſt on his new-made Bride an amorous Eye, forced her to yield her Charms to his Embraces, nay held the Door himſelf, and ſmil'd to ſee his Paramour triumphant o'er his own Honour, and the defenceleſs Chaſtity of his unhappy Wife. —— Fearing the juſt Complaints of ruin'd Vertue might draw on him the Puniſhments due to ſuch conſummate Villany, at firſt with cruel Threats he bound her Tongue to Silence, till by frequent compelling her to renew the Sin, it by degrees grew leſs terrible to endure, and at the laſt became a pleaſure. ——— With ready willingneſs ſhe now flies to the Arms of her once hated Raviſher, and thanks her Husband for allowing her to taſte thoſe Joys with another, which ſuit not with his Inclination to beſtow on her himſelf. Thus has this Prodigy of Wickedneſs corrupted the Soul as well as the Body of an innocent Maid, who, if married to a Man of but common Honeſty or Honour, might have been a fair Example of Integrity and Vertue.

The falſe *Hiero* next appears, Son of a late Apoſtate of that Name, and Heir of all his Vices: Long ſince had *Jupiter* decreed the downfall of this impious Race; but as the fatal Blow was juſt about to fall, I ſtop'd the force, and having at that time an influence o'er the King of Gods, took the boldneſs to arreſt his Hand, and repel impending Vengeance. ——— But imagine not I acted thus in favour of *Hiero*, —no, would the Woes have fallen on him alone, I would with Joy have added to their Weight. —— The reaſon I preſerv'd him, was, that in his Fate, the moſt faithful Votary whoſe Oriſons e'er graced my Altars, muſt have inevitably

been involv'd. ——— He is married, and to a Lady, whose Beauty, Vertue, Sanctity, and Tenderness serve as a Shield to ward her Lord from danger, and blunts the Sword of Justice; while she survives, her Merits are his guard, perhaps too, her bright Example may in time reform his Principles, and turn him into Goodness; — if so, the Ear of Heaven is ever open to Penitence; and he may yet be pardoned.

Weak-minded *Flavius* now attracts your Eyes, remark him well, that you hereafter may remember and avoid him. —— In budding Youth bred up among a Party, which, when arriv'd at Manhood, he approv'd, swore to espouse and serve; but when once trusted by them, basely forsook his Faith, the fears of Danger, or the hopes of Gain extorted from him their most hidden Secrets, and all their well-laid Schemes were by his Infidelity render'd abortive, and drew Destruction on the Authors heads. —— Much have I to alledge against this Traytor to all Honour, Friendship, Justice, Gratitude; and dismal are the Scenes of Misery occasion'd by his Perjury: but in your continuance among these Islanders, the History cannot 'scape you; —you will be inform'd at full, without my help, both of the reasons which first gain'd him Credit, and after induced him to abuse it. ——I see approaching a Wretch yet more prophane, more impious, if it be possible, than any I have named: He is call'd *Basilius*; when the gay Bloom of Youth sat smiling on his Cheeks, and revell'd in his radiant Eyes, never was a Man more form'd to charm the Fair; to the Beauties of his Person, he had also added an uncommon share of Wit. —— She must have more than Female-

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Judgment, who could preſerve herſelf undeceiv'd by his pretended Ardors. It would be too tedious to recount the various ways he had to ruin, or the numbers who have fallen Victims to his Inſinuations. But the moſt remarkable was *Erminia*; none ever ſo long maintain'd the Field of Honour, or with ſo much difficulty was prevail'd on to quit it. —— She yielded not but with a ſolemn Promiſe that he would reſtore by marriage, that Vertue which he but borrowed for the ſupport of his impatient Paſſion: The Contract was firm'd by millions of Oaths, nor did ſhe doubt the performance of it, as ſoon as the death of his Father ſhould leave him Maſter of his Actions and his Fortune. But, alas! if ever he deſign'd that piece of Juſtice, which there is little probability of, he alter'd his Mind long before that time arriv'd; and wholly ſated with the free Poſſeſſion of her Beauties, grew weary of counterfeiting the Lover; and thought of nothing but the means of diſingaging himſelf in ſuch a manner as ſhould not drive her to extremes; knowing his Father to be of a temper (tho' he had baſely miſrepreſented it to *Erminia*) ſuch as would oblige him to do her juſtice, if ever he were let into the Secret. Some pains it coſt him to find out an Expedient to get rid of her; perhaps not leſs than it had taken him up to gain her: but thoſe *Demons* who are ever ready at hand to furniſh Invention with the means of Miſchief, obey'd his Invocations, and put into his head a Stratagem as artful, as it was baſe and cruel. —— He had a younger Brother, in Voice and Stature very much reſembling himſelf; he had been ſome time abroad on his Tra-

vels, and was lately return'd; *Erminia* had never ſeen him, nor had heard any thing of his Character: he was of a Diſpoſition as lewd, and as diſhonourable as his Brother, but more open and leſs artful. —— To him did the inhuman *Baſilius* relate the Hiſtory of his Amour with *Erminia*, the Promiſe he had made her, and the fears he was in, that if proceeding by any violent meaſures, it ſhould come to his Father's ears, and he ſhould compel him to the performance of it: —— He intreated therefore, that he would ſupply his place with her one Night, and by that means give him a pretence for quitting her, which even ſhe herſelf could not condemn him for. The young Man was over-joy'd at an opportunity of obliging his elder Brother, eſpecially in ſo ſweet a piece of Miſchief, and readily comply'd, leaving the method of bringing it about entirely to him, which he did in this manner. He went to viſit her that Afternoon, and telling her that he deſign'd himſelf the happineſs of paſſing the Night with her, begg'd ſhe would order her Servant to ſit up, not only becauſe it would be late before he could diſengage himſelf from ſome Company he was oblig'd to go to, but alſo coming at ſuch an unſeaſonable time to her Apartment, might alarm the Family where ſhe lodg'd, he might be admitted without any Noiſe: She had a Parlour which look'd into the Street, and they contriv'd it ſo that the Maid ſhould ſit with the Window-ſhutter half open, and be ready at his giving a little rap at it with his Fingers to unfaſten the other part, at which it being ſo low, he might enter with eaſe; to prevent all ſuſpicion, alſo the Candles were to be extinguiſh'd. The obedient

Erminia

Erminia looking on herſelf as his Wife, comply'd without reluctance to his Deſires; and every thing being thus concluded on, he took his leave, waiting for Midnight to bring his Brother into her Arms with as much impatience as he had formerly done to be there himſelf.——At laſt it arriv'd, and the young Gentleman being inſtructed how to behave, acted his part ſo well, that both the Maid and Miſtreſs took him for no other than the Perſon they expected; by the one he was conducted to the Bed, and by the other receiv'd there with all the welcome he could wiſh.——When he had lain there about two Hours, *Baſilius*, as was agreed between them, thunder'd prodigiouſly at the Street-Door: ſome of the Servants calling from the Top of the Houſe to know the occaſion of that Noiſe, he told them that he muſt ſpeak with *Erminia*'s Maid, and that he would not leave the place till ſhe came down to him. The Girl was ſtrangely frighted and amaz'd, but infinitely more ſo when ſhe ſaw who it was that ask'd for her; What is the meaning (*ſaid he, counterfeiting Drunkenneſs*) that you were ſo deficient in the Duty you ow'd to your Miſtreſs, and in the promiſe you made me?——Was I a Man to be impos'd on, or will the Circumſtances I am in with *Erminia*, ſuffer her to let her Servant play tricks with me, and laugh at my eaſy nature? I have been this Hour at the Window, while you, I ſuppoſe, were ridiculing my Credulity.—But where is ſhe (*continued he*) I will know the meaning from herſelf. The confuſion which the poor Wench was in, prevented her from making any reply, and terrified to death at what the Conſequence of this Miſtake might be, was ready

to ſwoon at the Interrogatories he made her. — He eaſily gueſs'd the occaſion of her diſorder; but taking no notice of it, ſnatch'd the Candle out of her Hand, and ran haſtily up ſtairs, and into the Chamber of *Erminia*; who, alarm'd with the Noiſe ſhe heard in the Houſe, was juſt about to call to know what had occaſion'd it! But what Surprize! what Aſtoniſhment! what Horror ever equall'd hers, when ſhe ſaw *Baſilius* approach the Bed! If any thing ever ſeem'd like it, it was that which he pretended to be in, at finding her in that place with another Man.— He ſtood for a Moment or two as if transfix'd, his Sword half out, his Eyes ſeem'd to ſparkle with indignant Fire, his Lips to tremble with convulſive Rage, yet unable to utter the Dictates of it, as his Arm was to perform the Office for which it at firſt was rais'd; while his Brother, who was to appear more bold, ſtarting up in the Bed, added to the Agonies of *Erminia*'s Soul by theſe Words: I take it very ill, Brother, (*ſaid he*) that you ſhould purſue me in this manner. —I never diſturb'd you in your Pleaſures, and think it more than becomes you to interrupt mine. —— Of what conſequence to you are my little Intrigues? Death and Confuſion (*cry'd the other, feigning juſt then to have regain'd the liberty of Speech*) know you not whom your Embraces have polluted? Are you ignorant that this Woman is my Wife? If her vile Soul ſtarts not at an Act of Inceſt, is yours ſo hardned, that neither the horror of the Crime, your Houſe's Honour, nor the eternal Peace of your poor Brother, whoſe Life was wrap'd in hers, could fright you from committing it? —— But, (*continued he*) I will do juſtice on you both, you pair

pair of Monſters! —— Die, Wretches, — die by his Hand you have ſo greatly injur'd. ——— With theſe Words, he pretended to make a paſs at him with all his fury, which the other warding with the Bed-clothes, cry'd out at the ſame time, Hold, Brother, I conjure you! ——— Permit me, e'er you kill me, to unriddle part of this black Scene of Fate. —— If the Woman I have enjoy'd be your Wife, far was it from my Knowledge or my Thought. —— Neither is ſhe to blame, I enter'd in the dark, and by all Circumſtances was miſtaken for another. ——— Replete with Wine and amorous Deſires, I humour'd the Deceit. —— We both are innocent in Intent, tho' I confeſs in Fact too guilty. How got you admittance? *(reſum'd the other)*. Paſſing thro' the Street, *(reply'd he)* I ſaw a Woman at a low Window; Curioſity made me draw near, and ſoon as I approach'd, ſhe accoſted me with, Are you come, Sir? my Miſtreſs thought you long. The ſame Devil which had drawn me to the Window, prevail'd on me to enter at it, ſhe making a ſign to me that I might come in that way. —— I imagin'd it no more than an Aſſignation of Gallantry made with ſome favourite Lover, who was to reap ſtolen Joys in the abſence of the Husband, or the Father; and ſcrupled not to ſupply his place. — This is the Truth, as Heaven, who hears me, knows.

The Maid, who had by this time recover'd herſelf enough to follow *Baſilius* into the Room, ſeconded what his Brother had ſaid; and he ſeeming to be convinced, converted the Rage he had been in, to Grief: It is I then, *(cry'd he)* I only am the Cauſe of my own Ruin, by making this

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wild Appointment, and ſtaying paſt the Hour in which I ſhould have kept it. ——He then fell into Ravings on the Force of Wine, and Company, which had detain'd him; curs'd Fate, himſelf, and ſcarce ſpar'd Heaven. —— None that had ſeen him, but muſt have thought him poſſeſs'd of the moſt poignant Sorrow that ever ſeiz'd the Heart of Man. —— The Brother too appear'd in Agonies little inferior to his; but poor *Erminia*, whoſe Anguiſh was real and intolerable, fell into a condition which would admit no conſolation; ſhe retain'd the uſe of Reaſon juſt long enough to know that ſhe was ruin'd paſt redemption, then loſt it for ever. —— The Brothers, after having expreſs'd ſome Concern for her Diſtreſs, recommended her to the Care of her Servant, and withdrew to paſs the remainder of the Night in talking of this Adventure: Each applauded the other for the lively performance of the ſeveral Characters they had repreſented; and the tragick Scene they had been acting, ſerv'd for a pleaſant Farce, which every now and then they repeated ſome part of again, to heighten Humour, and make the Wine go down with better reliſh.

I could give you (*ſaid the Deity of pure Delights*) many more Inſtances of the unexampled Baſeneſs of this Wretch's Nature; but I think this one ſufficient to evince the Truth of what I alledge, and make you judge, if he who could be guilty of an Action ſuch as this, might not be capable of any thing that the moſt horrid Villany can inſpire.

See! a reſief from theſe deteſtable Reflections is in view. —— *Dorileas*, the Darling of the Fair appears! —— *Dorileas*, the Delight of

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all that know him! —— A lovely Perſon, but more lovely Mind! — His every Expreſſion is dictated by the ſublimeſt Wit, his every Action by Tenderneſs and Good-nature! —— A Generoſity, ſcarce to be equall'd, ſhines in all he does! ——To be diſtreſs'd, is a ſufficient Plea with him for Favour: And it was with the greateſt Juſtice that a Perſon on reading his Character, written by a great hand, added to it theſe Lines;

Pleas'd to do Good, he ſeeks the Wretched out,
Relieves their Miſery, and diſpels their Doubt.
None e'er to him of Fortune's Frowns complain'd,
And went away unheard, or unſuſtain'd.
O may he be of all he asks poſſeſs'd,
And Heav'n bleſs him, as all by him are bleſs'd:
And when ſome happy Maid's prevailing Charms
His generous Heart with Love's ſoft Paſſion warms,
To make her worthy, may each Grace combine,
And all the Joys which Marriage gives, refine.

The Alacrity, the Courteſy, the Affability with which he confers a Favour, is no inconſiderable addition to it. —— Some by redeeming a Man from one Misfortune, plunge him into another, and perhaps a greater; at leaſt it often happens ſo, when the Receiver is of a generous Mind. Nothing can be more grating than to be oblig'd, where the Perſon who has been prevail'd on to do it, looks on you as a Slave that he has purchaſed with his Money, and in his Preſence you are neither to have the Privilege to ſpeak your own Words, nor think your own Thoughts.

Thoughts. ——When *Dorileas* does a Kindneſs, it is in a manner which ſhews it is a Pleaſure to himſelf, and is ſo far from treating his Petitioner with contempt, that he rather grows more obſervant to his Humours the more he knows of his Neceſſities. This is his Behaviour in general to thoſe who ſtand in need of him; but in his Friendſhip he has no bounds; —— he thinks nothing his own that the Man he profeſſes to eſteem ſhall have occaſion for; — his Power, his Intereſt, his Fortune, his very Life, all but his Fame, is at the devotion of him whom he calls Friend. ——— Nor is his Loyalty to his Prince, or Zeal for the Welfare of his Country, Vertues which ſhine leſs brightly than thoſe I have already nam'd. —There is, alas! but one Perfection wanting to make him the Admiration of the wondring World, and a fit Pattern for all Mankind to ſquare their Actions by.—— Were but his Conſtancy in Love equal to his Faith in Friendſhip, with how much pleaſure ſhould I look down upon him, how pride myſelf in ſuch a Votary! But that is a Joy to come, nor do I yet deſpair but that my Darts may ſome time find impreſſion on his Heart. — Oft has my Bow been drawn, and oft I reach'd the part I aim'd at, but then they ſlightly graz'd, and with *Apollo*'s Aid, he pluck'd with eaſe the unhurtful Points, and threw them at his feet. — Always Gallant, Gay, Polite, his ſprightly Wit gains him more Conqueſts than the moſt obſequious Paſſion, if unaccompanied by thoſe Charms. ——O that all faithful Lovers had *Dorileas*' Arts to move, or *Dorileas* had their Zeal and Truth! ——Yet does Good-nature, Gratitude, and Generoſity ſo well ſupply the place

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of Ardor, that they who have moſt reaſon to ſearch into his Meanings, ſcarce can perceive the difference. — Some Years ago, *Melinda* was the general Toaſt of the Town, it was a kind of Faſhion to admire her; among the reſt, *Dorileas* made ſome ſlight Addreſſes to her, but what he wanted in aſſiduity, his Wit and Beauty made ſufficient reparation for. —— In fine, ſhe lik'd him, lov'd him, he was ſenſible of it, and became more preſſing; in a ſhort ſpace of time he woo'd and won her. — She then was in the Summer of her Age, he in the Spring; yet now Decay comes on apace, and all thoſe Graces which once attracted each deſiring Youth, begin to wither on her fading Cheeks, maintains ſhe ſtill her Empire o'er his Behaviour.——His Soul, not ſhe, nor any of her Sex has yet had power to conquer; but as he once profeſs'd himſelf her Vaſſal, he ſtill is ſo as much as ever. — He treats, addreſſes, makes her Preſents of great Value, keeps from her Knowledge as much as poſſible whatever other Amours he is engaged in, and is in every thing ſo like a Lover, that he may very well paſs for ſuch with thoſe who have the power of judging but by Appearances.

I would have the fair Sex ſet it down for a Maxim, which may be ſometimes ſerviceable both to their Fame and Peace, That a Man of a good Underſtanding, if he has not always the moſt Tenderneſs, will never fail of being more grateful, than a Man of mean Capacity. —— His fine Senſe will repreſent to him, in ſuch lively Colours, the monſtrouſneſs of uſing a Woman cruelly, only becauſe ſhe has ſhewn too great a Regard for him, that it is next to

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an Impoſſibility he can be guilty of it; and if, like *Dorileas*, conſcious that he cannot return the Affection ſhe has for him with equal Fervor, will, to make up that Deficiency, the more induſtriouſly ſtudy to oblige her in any other Affair of Life, in which it may happen in his power to do it. ——— Fools are ever refractory, ſelf-opinionated, and churliſh; and when once the Paſſion of Deſire is extinct, the Woman who has favour'd them may bid adieu to all dependance on their Friendſhip: —— Yet will not that unheeding Sex take Warning by the multiplicity of Examples which both Hiſtory and daily Experience furniſhes for their Obſervation.——

What occaſion'd me to make this Remark at preſent, was the ſight of yon gay fluttering Fop, who now walks with another of much the ſame degree of Honour and good Senſe. I ſaw juſt now a Page belonging to a Lady of the firſt Quality deliver him a Letter; he is now communicating the Contents of it to his Companion. I will occaſion him to drop it, that you may ſee how little nice thoſe Women who abandon themſelves to the gratification of a vicious Inclination, are in their Choice of a Gallant.

The Deity had no ſooner ſaid this, than a commiſſioned Breeze of Wind, or rather an attending *Silph*, inviſible to the Stranger's Eyes, wafted the Paper to his hands; which delivering to his Gueſt, he commanding him to read, it contain'd the following Lines.

To

To the Agreeable Count *CIMBOLUS.*

HOW delighted am I, my dear Count, *that the Diſcovery of your Intrigue with* Purcelia *has ſtifled all the little Jealouſies my Husband began to have of our Intimacy.—— I have nothing now to fear but the tattling Diſpoſition of* Dalinda. *—— You know ſhe has been witneſs of a thouſand agreeable Follies between us, which if reported might make my ſuſpicious old Man deprive me of ever ſeeing you more; —— I would have you, therefore, purſue your Addreſſes to her.—— I know the Creature has a Paſſion for you, and I will take care to heighten it, by ſaying a thouſand things to your advantage; —— and I can tell you one thing which falls out luckily enough for our Deſign.—— She is to be at our Houſe this Afternoon; if the* Senate *breaks up time enough for you to make a Viſit, I will find ſome Pretence to leave you together.—— I hope you know the Prerogative of your own Sex, and the Weakneſs of ours, too well to be frighted at her affectation of Virtue, or threatning to cry out.——'Tis enough, I give you the Opportunity; —— your making a proper Uſe of it will be an infallible means to bind her to Secrecy, and ſecure you many happy ones with,*

(My dear engaging Devil)

Your moſt Paſſionate,

and moſt Impatient

ROSINDA.

P.S.

P. S. *If you can any way contrive to come to us, I charge you let not the dull and leſs ſignificant Buſineſs of the Nation detain you.* ——— *I ſhould be glad to entertain you an Hour before* Dalinda *comes.*

You may judge (*reſum'd the God, as ſoon as he perceiv'd our Traveller had done reading*) by the Stile of this Billet, what the Writer of it muſt be. —— No Woman poſſeſs'd of the leaſt Spark of my Inſpiration, could endure to ſhare on any Terms, the Affections or Perſon of the Man ſhe loves.——'Tis directly oppoſite to the very nature of that Paſſion of which I am the Author; and tho' Jealouſy be one of the worſt and moſt dangerous Emotions a Soul can poſſibly entertain, yet where it enters, there is infinitely more reaſon to believe Love has been before it, than where you find a Mind of this compoſure.—— It is the Sex, not the Man, ſhe is charm'd with; and with the ſame eaſe that ſhe reſigns him to another, would ſhe yield herſelf to the Careſſes of a ſecond. —— You ſee his Perſon, there is little in it capable of attracting, in his Converſation leſs; it is therefore the Man in him that ſhe alone admires.——She is young, is married greatly to the advantage of her Fortune, but unluckily for a Woman of her Conſtitution. —— He is old, and has his Head always taken up with State-Affairs. ——— He has little Time to entertain her, and ſome Amuſement ſhe muſt have; but if ſhe had in the leaſt conſulted her Diſcretion, ſhe might have found among the Number of her Admirers, a Choice more worthy of her Charms, than the Count, who

who is too much an Admirer of himself, to pay any very great court to the Ladies; and as fearful as she seems, of having her Intrigue discover'd, 'tis highly probable he may be the first who blabs it. —— He already exposes her Letters: — What tho' he conceals the Name, the Hand may be known, and then her Reputation suffers; perhaps it also reaches the Husband's Ears, and nothing, if that happens, can ensue but Ruin.

While the Divine Historian was thus employ'd, a great Number of Persons passed by, whose Characters the Stranger expecting to be told, could not forbear testifying some little Surprize at the omission; which the other observing, You wonder (*said he*) that I have seem'd to forget the Business on which I brought you to this Place;—— but know, that those whom I have not now pointed to your notice, are either such who have nothing in their Lives worthy the repetition; or such whose Vices, or whose Virtues I shall with more ease convey to your Apprehension hereafter at their own Houses, than in this Place.—— I have yet in store for your discovery new Wonders, which to-morrow shall bring forth; in the mean time, would have you retire to that Repose which is necessary to Humanity; and in your intervals of waking, let Contemplation supply the place of Sight. Review with the Mind's Eye the various Scenes of Life which this Day's Progress has presented.— Make that Use which Heaven demands of thee, of these Discoveries, to imitate the Virtues, and avoid the Vices of thy Fellow-Creatures.—— Refine frail Nature: — Endeavour at least, to throw each darling Failing from thy

Soul; and those Reflections which, in thy coolest Hours of Thought, Reason inspires, retain about thee always; then canst thou never be by any ill Passion sway'd, nor do a Deed which Conscience can condemn: Conscience and Reason still go hand in hand; and when thou dost amiss, the one is thy Accuser, the other is thy Judge.——What they approve, the Gods will ratify.—— Let those then be thy Guides; and while the dangerous Path of Life thou tread'st, stray not one Step beyond the Bounds they set. —— Let what I have said be written in thy Heart, and keep it ever treasured in thy Mind. ——This Night allow to Rest and Cogitation; soon as the Morning dawns, we will revisit these pompous Towers, and stately Palaces, and explore the hidden Vices of their haughty Owners.

Here the Deity finish'd his Exhortation; and the same indescribable Power of Transition which had unfelt convey'd him to so many Places, was now about to return him to that rural Scene in which he took such pleasure; when on a sudden appear'd the *Genius* of the Isle. —— Gladness sat smiling on each reverend Feature, and Joy triumphant sparkled in his Eyes. —— Turn *(said he)* thou sweetest, best of the immortal Powers! —— Again chear thy once favour'd Nation with thy Smiles!—— and let thy Indignation cease to rage. —— Long oppress'd Virtue now resumes her Sway, and every Vice shall fly before her Throne.—— Thy Temples shall be re-edified,—— thy Altars blaze with the noblest Victims—— Thy Laws in their full Force restor'd; and Love

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and Honour henceforward be the Cemen t of Society.

Thou ſpeak'ſt as thou would'ſt have it, (*reply'd the Deity with a Smile, which had more in it of Diſdain than Pleaſure*) hadſt thou accompanied us in that Review which we this day have taken of Mankind, thou would'ſt not thus exult with vain Delight ——— But from what Cauſe ſprings this unuſual Rapture? ——— Which of thy Sons, tir'd with unproſperous Villany, now feigns Repentance for the Ills he has done, and fain would thrive by Virtue? ——— Or, to aſcribe a juſter Cauſe for Hope, what Schemes, what Projects have the deſerving few laid down for Reformation?

From no vain Start of tranſitory Hope (*reſum'd the hoary Gravity*) but from a firm Aſſurance do my Tranſports flow. ——— With heedful Ears attend while I impart what in thy abſence *Jupiter* has decreed in favour of my Race; and the inceſſant Prayers my Heart-felt Griefs have offer'd.

As lately in a dark Cell, remote and deſolate, I mourn'd the Vices thy Review explor'd, and own'd the Juſtice of thy indignant Threats, I heard the Trump of *Fame* with chearful Notes proclaim aloud;

JOY TO THIS ISLAND.

BACK TO YOUR NATIVE HELL RETIRE YE DEMONS!

VIRTUE, AND LOVE, AND HONOUR, ARE RETURNING.

——— Rous'd at theſe wiſh'd-for Sounds, I rear'd my Head, and thus did the Goddeſs greet me:

Hail happy Being! Heaven by me ſalutes Thee. ———Thy Prayers are heard, thy Wiſhes all are granted.—— This bliſsful Spot of Earth no more ſhall groan beneath the oppreſſive Weight of Sin and Shame. —— Thy long degenerate Sons, bluſhing at their late Errors, and replete with vertuous Vigour, ſhall exert that Spirit which heretofore gave them the power to lord it over the inferiour World. —— A Troop of noble Youths, by me inſpir'd, thirſt to reform the Manners of the Age: With ſolemn Vows they bind themſelves to right the Injured, —defend the Widows and the Orphans Claims, —reſcue aſſaulted Chaſtity,—and fight the Cauſe of all that are defenceleſs and forlorn. To my Protection are the gallant Band committed, under my Banners do they liſt themſelves: Each on the Badge of his ſacred Order bears this Inſcription in Capital Letters engrav'd,

A KNIGHT OF FAME.

By

By that Title are they enrolled in Heaven's immortal Court, and thus muſt be diſtinguiſh'd here below.

But haſte, (*continued ſhe*) ſtrait to the Senate-Houſe direct thy joyful Flight: ——— There wilt thou hear the happy News confirm'd, and ſee the Youths who have thus greatly dar'd.

This ſaid, her azure Wings expanded wide bore her aloft, and her loud Trumpet with its thouſand Pipes at once reſounding the Heaven-directed Tidings, away the Goddeſs ſoar'd, while the glad Air eccho'd the welcome Notes thro' Earth and Seas. —— *Neptune*, o'er-joy'd, forſook his watry Throne, congratulating his lov'd Iſland's happy Change; and all the leſſer Deities, which haunt the Woods and Groves, crowded to hail my Fate with Songs of Tranſport.

Soon as the ſudden Ruſh of Joy would give me leave, I haſted to the Senate. ——— There I beheld my Happineſs confirm'd: —— There bleſs'd the noble Troop of Heaven-directed Youths, who, zealous to begin the glorious Task they have undertaken, to-morrow march in awful State to the celebrated Temple of their Patroneſs: ——— There offer up their Vows, and receive the Sanction of their Knighthood.

Now, O moſt lov'd of all the Heavenly-Rulers, (*continued the tranſported Genius, proſtrating himſelf at the ſame time beneath his feet*) wilt thou refuſe to grace with thy indulgent Smiles this grand Solemnity? ——— Wilt thou not cement with laſting Love and Concord, this Band ſo true to Vertue and to Honour?

He had, perhaps, proceeded farther, if the God of Tenderneſs had not prevented him, by raiſing

raiſing him from the Earth with theſe Words: Since (*ſaid he*) the Goodneſs of omnipotent *Jupiter* has wrought ſo bleſs'd an Alteration, you need not doubt but that I, who have ſo long petitioned for this Mercy, will joyfully contribute all in my power to aid the wiſh'd Succeſs. —— Then turning to the Stranger (who had liſtned to this Diſcourſe of the Genius with Wonder and Attention) Thou too ſhalt be partaker of this truly glorious Sight. —— And as thou haſt diſcovered the Vices which incurr'd the Diſpleaſure of the immortal Gods, and call'd for Vengeance on this abandoned Iſland, thou alſo ſhalt be witneſs of its Return to Vertue, and the means by which it is again reſtor'd to the Protection of all-clement Heaven.

With humble Adorations the highly-favour'd Youth teſtify'd his Gratitude; which done, they were all three immediately convey'd to a cloſe Shade, where all the Charms of Nature join'd to invite Repoſe: A thouſand guardian Spirits were placed around his fragrant Couch, to ſkreen him from the Dangers of the Night, and charm his Slumbers with delightful Dreams; while the conducting God and raptured Genius paſs'd the time in a manner not to be comprehended by the ſhallow Depths of weak Humanity.

FINIS.

A KEY.

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8.	Marilla,	Mr. *W*——*t.*
14.	Lucilius,	*E*— *C*——*n.*
15.	Placidia,	Miſs *P*———*y.*
16.	The firſt,	Dr. *F*——*d.*
17.	The next,	Dr. *M*—*d.*
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20.	A blooming Beauty,	Lady *H*———*y.*
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25.	Sarpedon,	E. *M*———*d.*
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39.	Celebrated Toaſt,	Lady *E. H*———*gr.*
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95.	Lucilius,	Lady *C——d.*
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